FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

OCTOBER 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

THE BAREBACK CONTESSA

BRANDO INTERVIEWED:
HE WANTS TO DROP
THE WHOLE ACT

COCKPIT GOSSIP
WITH CIA'S SUPERPILOTS

PLUS: BIKES, LEATHER,
NAZIS, FLESH, BESTIALITY
& THE NEW WAVE'S
OLD DAYS

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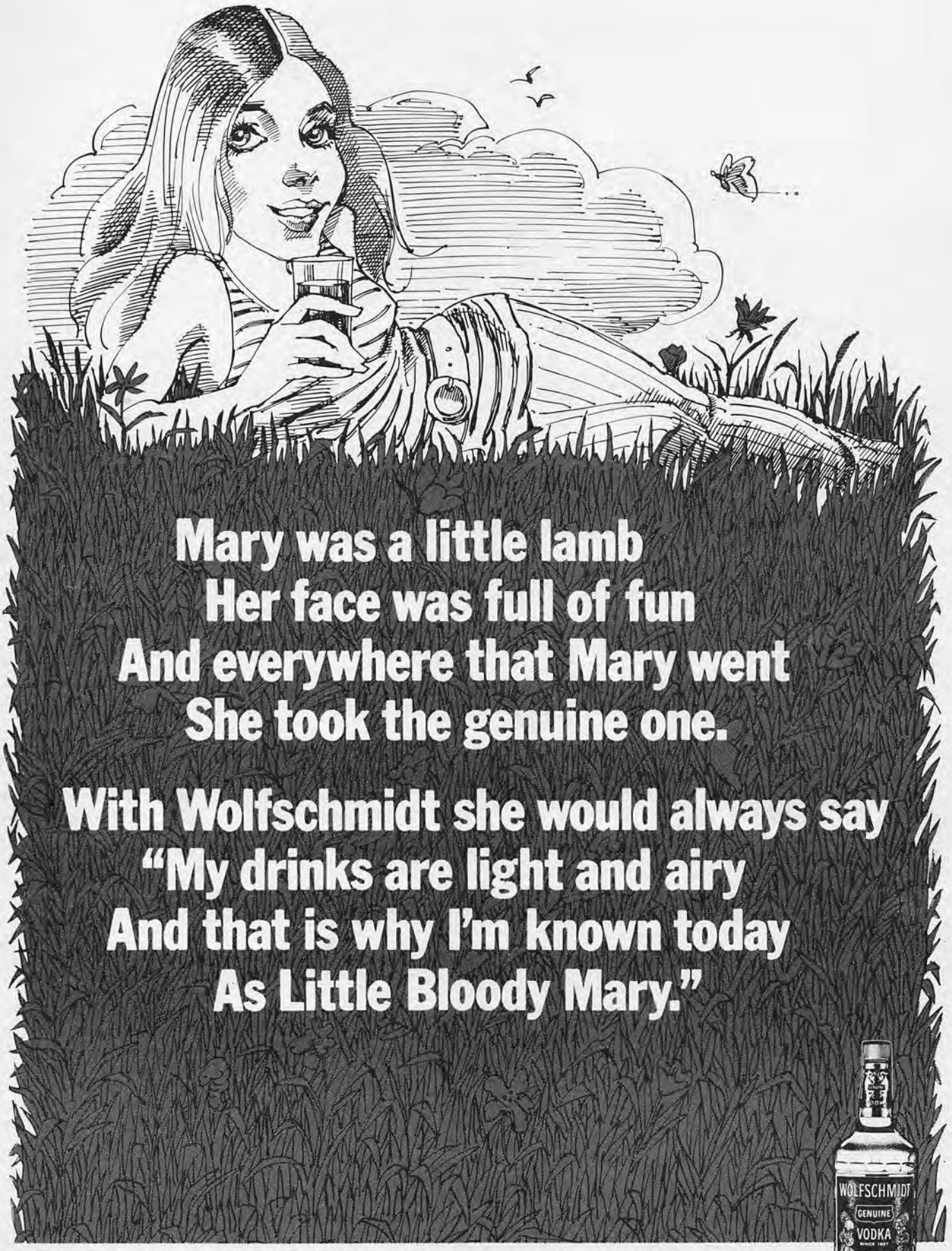

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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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VOL.1 NO.1 OCTOBER 1972

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Royalty on the rocks. Get yours today.

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Fermented grape juice that tastes good.

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The fastest growing sport in Europe and America is rough-country motorcycle racing. The Sierra Club doesn't dig it, but you can't please everyone.

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In fact, sometimes different is better.

Sometimes different is better.

OPENERS

The Central Dilemma of Western Man (Part I)

This magazine publishes pictures of naked people, mostly women. Twenty years ago, that was an unpopular thing to do because people thought of the unclothed body as a dirty, ungodly thing. Now it is an unpopular thing to do because people feel that women are treated far too much as objects by our culture, and publishing glossy photographs of them laid out like new watches or automobiles tends to reinforce this vicious stereotyping. As one gets into it (and the editors of this magazine have had approximately 811 conversations on this topic in the last few weeks), it becomes an increasingly complex subject. The central difficulty seems to hang around the areas of eroticism and exploitation, and where one leaves off and the other begins. We're generally in favor of eroticism in its congenial aspects—and greatly against exploitation. We are open to suggestions, ideas, manifestoes, schemes, *anything* on this topic. Here's your chance to influence the course of a great magazine in the making. Address your whatevers to the editors, OUI, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Dirty Shorts

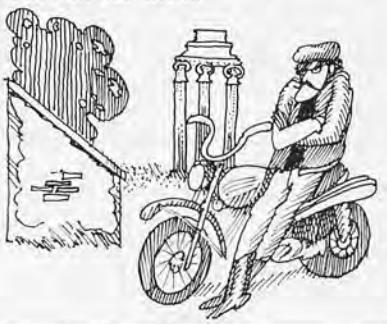
It was a foggy day in London town, and two British movie producers were chewing the fat. How about, says one to the other, we make a movie called *Sinderella* in which our voluptuous heroine loses her bra (instead of that tacky glass slipper) and, as a graphic climax, balls Prince Charming. Right, says the other chap, and we'll do it all as a six-minute animated short. So they did. It was a smash at the Cannes Film Festival. Some 92 countries picked it up for distribution. The United States Customs Department, however, pronounced itself unamused and confiscated the cans of film as they sailed into New York harbor. But the English producers remained undaunted: They announced plans to start production on a new porno cartoon, to be called: *Snow White and the Seven Perverts.*

Roman Bikers

The motorcycle gangs gather at the Piazza del Populo in Rome. They dress more in the style of *Easy Rider* than Hell's Angels. And they're not tough dudes. They are the sons, it seems, of the *nouveau riche*. The Gucci loafers give them away.

The bikers are dressed in faded Levis, denim jackets and army fatigues. There are feeble attempts to look like tough bikers—once in a while you'll see a denim jacket with the sleeves cut off, but no iron crosses, no dope insignia. Instead, perhaps a flower. They are trying for the New Mexico Hip look.

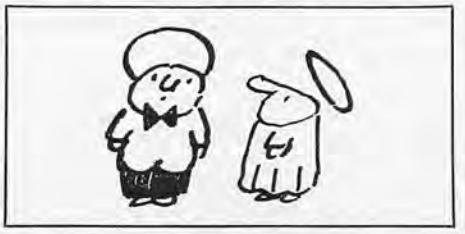
These sons of the New Bourgeoisie (daddy made money during *il boom* in the Fifties and Sixties) are laying out lotsa lira for their bikes, more than the cost of some automobiles. But the boys are not consumed with a passion for personalizing their bikes. It's enough just to own them and to be able to pose, casually leaning against its shiny black bulk, there on the Piazza del Populo. Maybe Fellini will see them.



Nostalgia for The 1980s— Get Yours Today

In every issue of OUI, we will nod at the future. After all, the future is the coming thing. For the small-time entrepreneur and the psychopathically into-it collector, we will suggest things to scarf up right now, *now*, without hesitation. These items of current culture will become tomorrow's unnoticed disappearance, next year's junk and next decade's auction block kitsch wonders. Our world moves fast, so prepare yourself. For example:

1) The 5¢ package of chewing gum is going, going, gone. Look at candy counters: nothing but seven sticks for a dime. They're very good at sneaking up on you with this sort of event. You may only be able to find this 5¢ relic in little country stores. Our correspondents in New York, Chicago and San Francisco have had difficulties in turning up nickel packages of gum. The biggest strike we made turned up in Gold Country, the Colorado Rockies, where cartons of the big three—Juicy Fruit, Doublemint and Spearmint—were bought on the spot. We forecast that these packages of chewing gum will be worth as much as 25¢ apiece within five years.



2) Peruse your six-packs of Coca-Cola for the fast-becoming-rare bottles that are not ACLs. That stands for "Applied Color Labels," or the white lettering that tells you it's the real thing. Much more real are the old bottles with the raised lettering that's just like the rest of the bottle—green glass. They're still in those six-packs, recycling, but not for long.

3) For some reason, we're very fond of things with cute little rabbit heads on them—like key rings, earrings, tie tacs, golf balls, etc. They have a certain style, and we rather imagine they will increase in value as time passes. Some of these items do get phased out now and then, so we were both somewhat dismayed and delighted in its potential as a future to discover that Playboy ankle bracelets (item JY 200) have been discontinued. They reminded us of the days when you gave your date one on prom night. Remember "slave bracelets"? Well, we suspect the ones with rabbit heads on them have fallen victim to sexual liberation. Still, it seems a shame . . .

In this space, we shall continue to suggest "futures" for you to invest in. Some may be as small as Stetson hats

—now no longer made by the original company—or Prince Albert tobacco in tin canisters, which we suspect they're sneaking up on us with. Or even a full-sized automobile, equipped with bug deflector, a necker's knob (you know, that twisting knob attached to the steering wheel which allows you to steer with one hand) and curb feelers. People in Detroit seem to have lost their feeling for curbs.

Stay alert. Write in if you see something disappearing.

AMA Sees Trouble Ahead

Everybody laughs at the American Medical Association and calls it crotchety and backward, and you know how doctors are—dignified. And you know how bad it hurts dignified people to be laughed at—a lot. So at its annual convention in San Francisco this year, the AMA staged a one-day side show entitled *Youth and the Quality of Life*, subtitled *Search and Rebellion Among Youth*, to show they know where it's at.

Some "prominent experts" approached the microphone (among them some token Young People who have been involved in community action plans, community involvement projects, that sort of thing) to make the following startling disclosures:

There's a lot of VD among the young people in America today. There's a lot of dope being smoked, snorted, ingested and shot by the young people of America today. There's a lot of violence bouncing around inside the young people of America today. (One doctor even went so far as to say he thought the war in Vietnam and violence on TV might be contributing factors toward creating a violent atmosphere in America, but his was not necessarily a majority point of view).

Dick Corten

A young black man intruded into the earnest politesse of one Youth Panel to tell about white men bringing carloads of "pills and shit" into his neighborhood—"and nobody cares about that because the people in the black community are regarded as nothing better than animals."

Eyebrows were raised by fully two thirds of the 500 dignified ladies and gentlemen in the room. *Ah hah*, their eyebrows seemed to say, *down to the nitty & the gritty*.

"But why," continued the black gent, "does it only become a *problem* when these drugs start hittin' on the white community? Why aren't you pointing your fingers at the people who have been dumping this junk on black people for years and years?"

He got a nice hand and then the Youth Panel went back to talking about how grateful they were to the government and the AMA. Later on, the AMA voted to soften its position on marijuana. Nobody ought to get busted, the AMA now thinks, for *possession* of "insignificant amounts"—though a "policy of discouragement is strongly advocated." If you want to amass a *significant* stash of grass, the AMA'd just as soon see you behind bars, hophead.

Meanwhile, the *Australian* Medical Association is likewise turning a brave cheek to the future. It is asking Down Under MDs not to smoke in front of their patients during examinations.

The British branch of the Lovable Company is running this suit-the-bra-to-the-breast ad in British women's magazines. Over there people are used to seeing bare flesh without cringing. But the bra companies in America are afraid to flash a few undisguised breasts on the public. Why? Well, people think it's offensive, that's why. Arthur Garson, Lovable's U. S. chairman, doesn't expect he'll be showing breasts over here. He told *Women's Wear Daily*: "We are sensitive about the name Lovable, since it has sexual connotations to start with, so we're reluctant to emphasize sex." Lovable: sexual connotations?

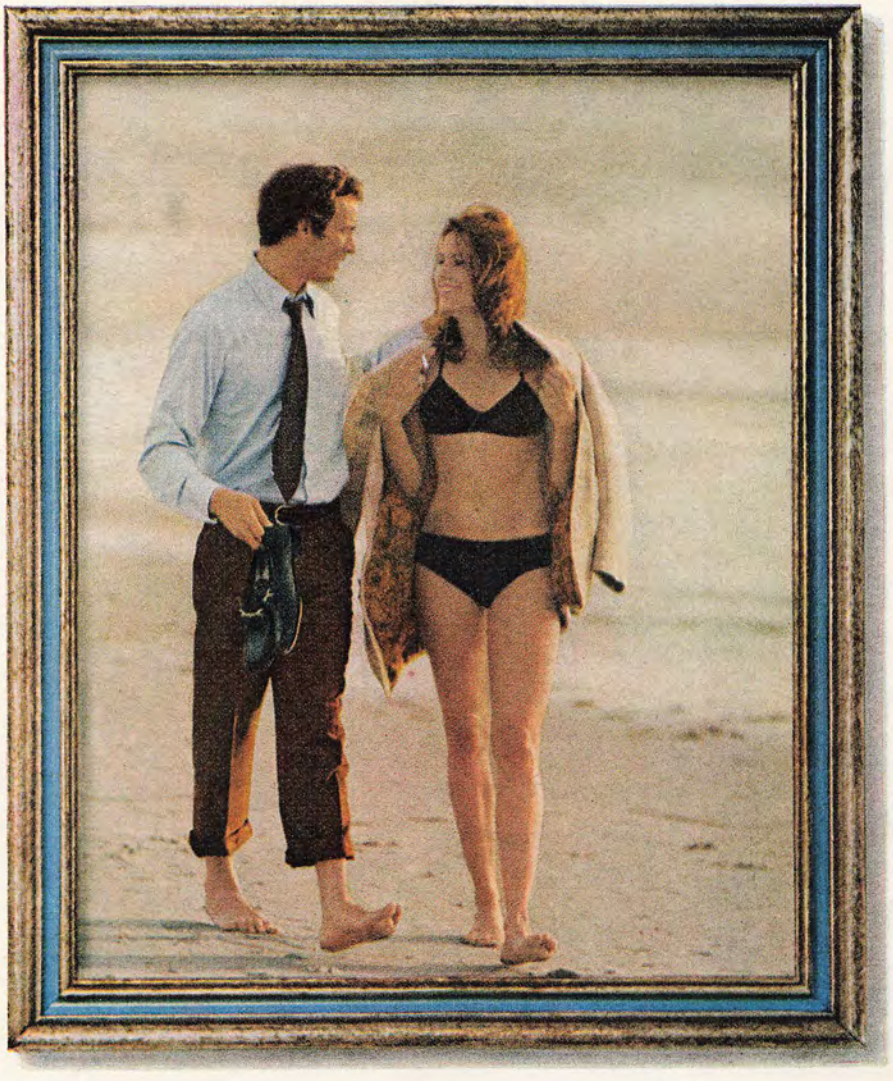
Dennis Hopper: American Failure

"I got nothing coming up," said Dennis Hopper. "I got nothing, man. I'm a failure. I'm out on the street again."

He was smiling, but there was more than a touch of bitterness to the joke. Hopper had been on top of the pile after *Easy Rider*—a film that turned Hollywood on its ear and opened the studio doors to young filmmakers who never could have made it past the receptionist without it. But that was in 1969. This year, after completing *The Last Movie* (which made *Easy Rider* look like a piece of fluff), Hopper is promoting . . . not his second film, but the re-release of his first. Ironic? Shit, it's worse than that.

Hopper could have made any movie he wanted after *Easy Rider*. That he chose to make *The Last Movie*—an uncompromisingly avant-garde film—reflects the fact that he was, and is, a lot more serious about the art of filmmaking than anyone was prepared to give him credit for in 1969. In many ways, *The Last Movie* was Hopper's first real film. It was also his downfall.

"Afternoon Off"



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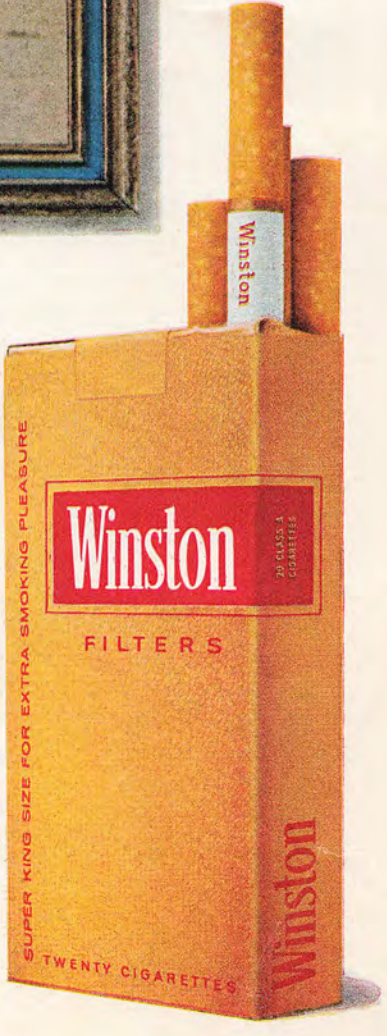

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"Universal hates the film. They're releasing it in three-day runs because they figure that nobody will come. They won't distribute it in Europe at all, and the reviews in Europe were really fantastic," he said.

"I won the CIDALC Award for Best Picture at the Venice Film Festival, and I came back and Universal said, 'OK, so you made an artistic film. What are we supposed to do, kill you? Only a dead artist makes money.' They said the film made fun of the movie business, and that business was bad enough as it was. And they wanted me to kill the guy at the end of the film; they didn't care how I killed him.

"Luckily, I had final cut. There were a lot of cigar ashes, speeches, screaming, pounding on desks . . . but they couldn't change the movie. Of course, I'll never do a movie for them again. I wouldn't want to do one for them anyway, but believe me, they ain't gonna ask me. They don't ever want to hear my name again."

Hopper should have expected it. *The Last Movie* made strenuous demands on its audience—as does any ground-breaking film—but because it was taking on the entire American film industry, it had to have the glossy surface of a standard Hollywood production. Audiences (and critics) came to the film expecting escapism. What they got instead was a deadly serious film—a bitter vision of contemporary America couched in a complex Joycean structure that moved like a dream. A bad dream. *The Last Movie* isn't perfect, nor is it an easy film to watch or to understand, but it's one of the most interesting and exciting films to come out of Hollywood in years.

"Ninety percent of the reviews didn't talk about the movie at all. They talked about Dennis Hopper, how he was a drug addict, how he drove a Jaguar. It's so strange, just to dismiss the film like that, not to see that there was *something* there. People wrote reviews that said, '*The Last Movie*—is that a promise?'

"I expected audiences to react in a different way. I thought they were ready for it, I thought people wanted to see what they looked like. But not very many people got it, and that's puzzling to me. I mean, I did a lot of things to make it not entertaining, but the fact that people can't follow simple, direct cuts . . . that's ridiculous. Sure, it's a film that you have to see a couple of times, but now I don't know if anyone will see it even once.

"In a way, it's like an abstract expressionist painting, where the guy shows the pencil lines, leaves some empty canvas, shows a brushstroke, lets a little drip come down and says, 'Yeah, I'm working with paint, canvas and a pencil line.' Like the Scene Missing flags—I was strongly criticized for that. But if you're dealing with movies as movies, those Scene Missing flags are part of something you see every day while you're editing. So pretty soon you say, 'Hey, that's far out, 'cause I'm making a movie about movies, and that's another reality.' So I left them in—not only because scenes were missing, but also because it's something that brings people back to the reality of filmmaking. But people don't want to know about editing—they want to be drugged. The flags take them out of the story and into the fact that they're watching a film. I don't think they want their mystique blown about movies.

"People always ask me if I suspected that *Easy Rider* would be as successful as it was. And actually I did, but I expected *The Last Movie* to be, too. So what the hell do I know!"

By this time, of course, you're wondering where you can see this neglected masterpiece. Well, unless Universal decides to distribute *The Last Movie*, you'll never even get a chance to make up your mind about it—not if Universal can help it. "Their attitude is, don't throw good money after bad," explained Hopper. "But they don't *know* what's good and bad. It's entertaining to *me*." He thought for a moment. "Of course, it tells people that they may not be up to any good . . ." —*M.G.*

Robert Altman

Hopper

Time Out For Coco

"The greatest pleasure that one person can offer another is carnal pleasure, and only carnal pleasure, because reason has no share in it and there can be no question of merit, and because it is addressed not to the character of the person but the person himself." Coco Chanel, from *Her Life, Her Secrets*, by Marcel Haedrich; Little, Brown.

Miss Nude Firecracker

Perhaps in the heat of the summer you missed the contest, but believe it, there really is a Miss Nude Firecracker. Outpolling 11 other Fourth of July contestants at the Roselawn, Indiana, Ponderosa Nudist Resort, she is Miss Nancy Parker, a professional model from Chicago.

About 75 onlookers—some clothed, some nude—paid $1 per vote for the right to stuff the ballot box. Three quarters of the spectators also paid $1 to photograph the dozen little cherry bombs in the buff. One man was observed wielding a Hasselblad, but many enthusiastic gentlemen preferred to peck out their pictures with Polaroid Swingers.

The weather was perfect for a nude contest when Eugene Koepke, a successful men's magazine photo-essayist and the pageant's PR man, announced, "Contestants for da Miss Nude Firecracker Contest will step up to dis truck and sign der name in.

"Judging," he stressed, "will be based solely on sex appeal. The size of your body has no bearing as to whether you could be a winner. You could have a big bust or a small bust, a big box or a little box . . ."

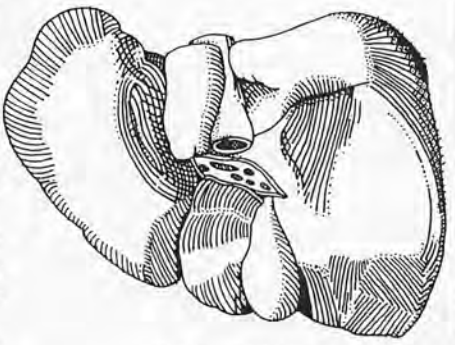
Mr. Koepke also promised that a victory would "skyrocket the lucky young lady to fame and glory." As a launching pad, Miss Firecracker was guaranteed a full one-week dancing

Meaningful Dialogue on Portnoy's Complaint

"Disgusting. Disgusting. Disgusting," murmured a middle-aged woman during the press screening of *Portnoy's Complaint*. She thought Portnoy's description of masturbating into raw liver especially distasteful.

"Lady," a younger female voice nearby in the darkened theater was finally heard to say. "If you find this so disgusting, why don't you *leave*?"

"Fuck you!" replied the offended, disgusted woman as she left her seat.



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engagement at Chicago's Oak Theater. ("Why, that's worth $300, at least," he said.)

The first contestant, Miss Monica Lee, performed a go-go striptease. Aside from revealing that she is not a natural blonde, Miss Monica also demonstrated a remarkable lack of rhythm and several large black-and-blue marks on her rear. Following her, a tuxedo-clad MC told jockstrap jokes, and things began going downhill.

Although the lack of taste on stage reached cosmic proportions, it is fair to say that the program was perfectly suited to the audience. "I wish she'd said she was gonna strip," one man complained about Miss Lee. "Then I wouldn't of wasted no film on her when she had her clothes on."

In addition to the two professionals, Miss Lee and Miss Parker, four Ponderosa club members also put themselves on display. Unfortunately, all four carried physiques reminiscent of the late Hoss Cartwright, and never were really serious contenders for the advertised cash prizes of up to $1000.

Lucky for Harvey Schmitt, the owner of the Ponderosa and sponsor of the pageant, six young women friends of the local rock band that provided music entered the contest as a goof. The freaks, taking the places of several Chicago showgirls who fizzled out at the last moment, almost succeeded in rescuing the proceedings.

Yale Factor

The Winner!

But Mr. Schmitt was a little annoyed at the freaks' odd behavior and deeply concerned for the image of his nudist resort. He told us, "The last writer we let in here wrote a nasty article; so as long as we let you in for free, you should at least write something complimentary."

Most of the entertainment was provided by the seminude band Pontiac Joe and assorted friends. They shouted encouragement to their respective girlfriends, and stage-whispered piercingly accurate remarks about the hefti-

Important Announcement

Editorial policy: The views of the writers of OUI magazine, no matter how contradictory, are the views of the editors.

er contestants. Shrugging off requests for *The Stripper* during the balloting period, Pontiac Joe got off an inspired version of *Backdoor Man*.

In an exclusive interview with OUI, the winning Miss Parker said that she had participated unsuccessfully in the Miss Nude Universe spectacle of 1970. She decided to try her luck again at the Ponderosa contest on the advice of her photographer (who just happened to be Mr. Koepke). "He thought it would be good exposure," she added philosophically. —*J.H.*

Balling The British

We received a letter from a funky Swedish girl who recently married a Frenchman and moved to London from the U. S., and her letter is just crammed with raw insight. "Sex," she writes, "is a very curious phenomenon in England. It's much less aggressive than in the States, meaning that you don't have the 'play it as it lays' scene here among the average Englishman. On the contrary, the Englishman is male-oriented in his choice of social companions and, often enough, bedfellows. The Englishman is never overtly sexy in his approach to women the way most American men are. He is, in fact, uneasy until the enterprising English girl has gotten him into bed. All overtures within an emotional and/or sentimental context are unutterably painful to the man. He fucks willingly and well as long as feelings or comments thereupon can be avoided. As a whole, England still lingers in the Victorian age when sex was secret and dirty and copulation with an unwilling party was necessary for the sake of procreation, while a mistress was kept in Mayfair. Bleak as this may sound, and is for somebody who has spent nine very enjoyable and raunchy years in the States, at least I can say the scene is changing.

"It's very common today to share a coed flat. Boys and girls split the rent, the girls handle the house, the boys the finances. Generally, they are 'just good friends,' and sleeping around is done outside of the flat.

"English salaries, as you know, are terribly low and a 21-year-old girl can barely afford her own food. For a decent dinner, she will spend the night with most any fellow. If she likes him well enough, she will fight hard to move into the flat with him. That way, she will get away from her bed-sitter in Earls Court, which, because of the high rents here, is horribly overcrowded.

"Among the college-educated (and don't forget that most English girls aren't) there is a trend toward not getting married. Live with a guy, change when it gets sour, get off the lousy Pill, get an IUD, get into women's lib and let everybody know that marriage stifles all potential. The guys all come running, the girls are often, if not well, fucked. In a funk, they sometimes confess that it would probably be nicer to be married or have a partner.

"Now as for cooking—are you sure you're interested in that?"

Next time, okay?

Henry Miller Tells The Truth

"You know, I became a writer out of a kind of despair—after having tried everything but that. Yes, everything. I had more than a hundred jobs before getting to that state, and in the end I said to myself, 'You're good for nothing. Why shouldn't you try to be a writer?' "

Henry Miller speaking, in **Henry Miller in Conversation**. The interviewer is his friend and French translator, Georges Belmont. They discuss Miller's childhood, his attempts to become a writer, his Paris years, his work, as well as his views on religion, youth, women and just about everything else.

He had a sad childhood: "[My mother] didn't love me . . . all the time she used to insist that I was a failure, a good-for-nothing, a worthless character. And also that I always missed out on everything. So much so that by criticizing me, she undermined my very spirit. When I decided to become a writer, she was somehow hurt. In her view, it was pure madness. She wanted me to be a tailor."

The old man is skeptical about youth: "It's easy to be a rebel at 20, especially when it's all in order to abdicate, to renounce everything. Yes, very easy. But when there are mouths to feed, that's a different story!"

It's pleasant to listen to Miller,

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although he has no surprises for us. After all, one has little new to say after having written one's autobiography a few times. And yet it's fun to read him, even when he irritates. Take his views on men and women: "With women, passion is always a very personal thing. But a man can feel passionately about abstract ideas. God and so forth. Women have no need of that. Of the two, it is man who is fundamentally religious . . . *Ideas* come from the man." Well, it's an opinion.

Miller signs off with this: "In another life, when another incarnation comes around . . . I'd like to be an ordinary man in my next life—a nobody, as we say in English—the opposite of a somebody . . . no one at all. Yes, if I ever return to this earth, I should like to be the humblest of men, an unknown, *who would be of no consequence*. That's my ideal." Very nice. *Quadrangle Books, $5.95.—G.F.*

Shalmon Bernstein

Emmett Grogan May Be Lying

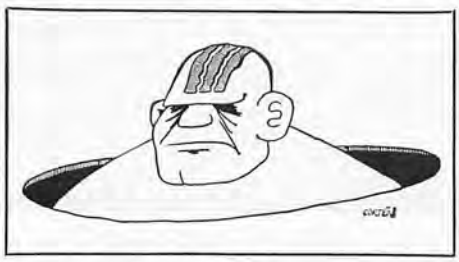
He's got an attitude. An attitude is something you wear just under your skin. It drives you as far as you can go, and sometimes further. You don't have to like his attitude, but you should be glad he laid it out in such perfect detail so you can begin to deal with it. Because he's everywhere in bits and pieces, and he's even in one place right now, all in one piece.

He's Emmett Grogan, and he's a bad motherfucker. **Ringolevio** is the book, and what it's about is Emmett's attitude and how he got it. It wasn't hard—it kind of grew on him bit by bit, starting the day he was born.

You may remember Emmett from his days as the reputed head of the San Francisco Diggers during the Summer of Love. But way before that, he was somebody named Kenny Wisdom (wanna bet?), who robbed and scammed his way out of the Brooklyn neighborhood in which he was born and went to Europe, where he hung out in Italy and Ireland. When he returned, the whole hippie thing was starting up, and he became a seminal figure in its development.

Then he just got fed up to here with the way the thing was exploited, packaged, co-opted—and with the full consent and blessing of the so-called hip community's so-called leaders. If Grogan's account is to be trusted, Abbie Hoffman, for example, is far more dangerous than anybody thinks.

Grogan may be wrong. Hell, he may even be lying about a lot of this stuff. It's his attitude, and a big part of it is that Emmett Grogan was the firstest with the mostest, which may seem to be an extravagant way of looking at yourself, but based on what little I knew of him, he's got a pretty good basis in fact for it. So even if



some of this stuff isn't supposed to be or shouldn't be taken at face value, this is by far the most important book ever written about this social phenomenon. It's bound to instill a healthy dose of cynicism in even the most flower-childish person, and I hope it puts the fear of God into the neo-hip entrepreneurs at record companies and radio stations.

Because, saddled with a smack habit as he seems to be these days, Grogan is representative of a spirit that is still on the rise in this land, a spirit that got sidetracked back there when it stopped to put flowers in its hair, a spirit that categorically rejects bullshit of all colors, a spirit that used to be called the Revolution before the Revolution became a brand of jeans.

Whew! Got a little carried away there. But, you see, that's what *Ringolevio* is all about. Grogan's attitude rubs off on you. *Little, Brown, $7.95.*

—E.W.

The Best Hamburger In the World is Alive and Well in Los Angeles...

Alvin Cassell, a 61-year-old man who lives in Los Angeles, has spent the last 23 years creating, producing and selling the supreme burger. His creation is, quite simply, the best burger you can buy in the world. (It is *theoretically* possible to produce a better one —by chopping up a piece of prime *filet mignon*, for example—but not at a price most people could afford to pay.)

In 1948, after spending some time as a real estate broker and a great deal of time wondering "why we couldn't go out to eat and get something good for our money," Cassell opened a small lunch place on Wilshire Boulevard, across from Bullock's department store. His theory, then as now, was that there were only two ways to prepare good food: "There's high cheffery, and I don't discount the importance of a $1,000,000 operation, but that was obviously beyond my means, so the only other possibility is high quality and extreme simplicity." His simple menu hasn't changed; it consists of sandwiches—hamburgers and cheeseburgers, egg salad, ham, ham and cheese and tuna fish. Period. He has often been asked why he doesn't expand his menu and, most especially, why he doesn't serve French fries. His answer is always constant. "I try to serve those items I can control. French fries are a whole thing in themselves; they're as big an operation as burgers. You've got to understand that the more

Pat Stitch

Cassell Examining

things you do, the less chance there is of your reaching perfection."

Aaaahh! There it is, the essential secret of Cassell: He is after perfection, nothing less, nothing more, which of course makes it no secret at all, but rather a matter of painstaking attention to detail. For example, he occasionally gets delivered a stag ham,

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Cassell Grinding

which doesn't taste right even after slow baking. Cassell tests for this before baking, and when he returns the errant ham, he may get some static from his purveyor, who once noted that fine hotels never returned hams. "Who checks those hams at those hotels?" challenges Cassell. "Some pot-washer with his brains knocked out? When you say 'that's good enough'—that's *no* good. It's got to be extraordinary. Just good is no good. You've got to shoot for high extraordinary. And don't tell *me* that no one notices the difference. Anybody that *works* for a living knows the difference." He buys nothing but U.S.D.A. Prime beef. Huge chucks are delivered daily, 24 hours after they are butchered in Colorado. He makes his own Roquefort dressing, and that's *Roquefort*, not blue in drag. A few years ago he decided that he could no longer tolerate bottled mayonnaise, so he bought a high-speed blender to make his own.

The point of this, uh, obsessive attention to quality comes from a foxy pragmatism: "When you serve only extraordinary items, the extraordinary does the work for you. The higher the quality of the goods, the easier the performance. You just have to stay out of the way and let the quality work for you. Keep that in mind.

"The only thing mysterious about a basically simple operation like this is to put out all the time. Things may get slow for a while and you take a beating, but you've got to take it without cutting quality. You don't get rich, but you make a living. You put the profit on the table. After all, when people come into a place for the first time,

Cassell Weighing

they're defenseless; they're stuck to pay for it. With shoes you can try 'em on; with food you're stuck."

No one gets stuck at Cassell's. He gets there at five in the morning to start slicing the bread and the cheese and the ham. The rest of the crew arrives an hour or so later, to make the mayonnaise and the potato salad, and assist in trimming the beef and grinding it. The key word is assist. "Be goddamn sure that you've done anything you ask anyone to do, and be able to do it better." But he goes even further. "Delegating the work? It's possible, but it takes the art out of it. The food I serve, it's all originals, it's not prints. It's all my picture. Now, the men who work here, they're human, and their strongest urge is to do it *their* way, so, damn it, I've got to be here. *Now*, not that *their* picture wouldn't be all right. But if you want it to be *yours*, you have to be there."

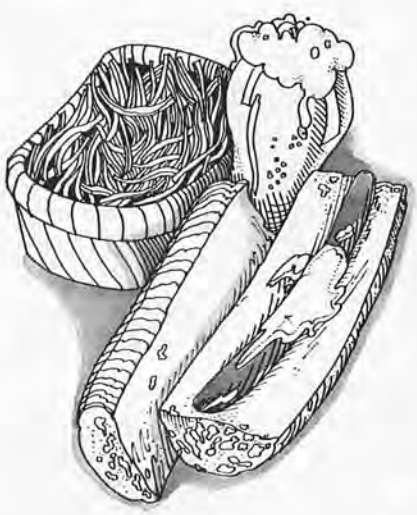
In certain circles it is probable that Al Cassell wouldn't be taken too seriously. He has steadfastly resisted getting rich, turning down lucrative franchise offers. When representatives of giant burger chains have come to him to learn his secrets, he hasn't asked large consultant fees; he has opened his iceboxes and shown them how he operates. He hasn't structured his business to maximize profits; he'll never be part of some conglomerate. But as he broils his ten-ounce patties, it is clear that he takes it seriously, in just the right way: "One of the most graceful things a person can do is please people by serving them good food." —*L.D.*

Never a Dull Moment

Rod Stewart has been carrying rock and roll on his narrow shoulders for some time now, continually topping himself, keeping his discipline together, filling the gaps. His new album on Mercury is called **Never a Dull Moment** (of course), and on it he proves that he's an even better songwriter than you thought he was, an inventive and surprising record producer (listen for what sounds like seven million balalaikas going crazy simultaneously), and one of the most stylish and moving singers of the century. In the latter regard, your attention is particularly directed to *I'd Rather Go Blind*, an old Etta James tune, and Dylan's *Mama You Been On My Mind*. Just now, he seems beyond gold records and platinum records and Male Singer of the Year and all that. What Rod Stewart should have now is the Nobel Prize. For Physics.

...So is the Best Hot Dog in Paris

It is absolutely impossible to get a bad meal in France. This is a truth, nay a verity, of epochal magnitude. French gastronomes, for instance, give out stars, up to four, for *better* food, but they do not award minus marks. These just don't apply. There are ☆ restaurants, ☆☆ restaurants, a handful of ☆☆☆ restaurants and just restaurants, often called *bistros*, which means don't expect much except great food. Proof: *La Petite Source* (meaning "The Little Spring") at 130 Boulevard Saint Germain right by the Odéon metro station. Nothing prepossessing about this place. If you can't get a seat, which is most of the time, stand up at the zinc-topped counter and eat *le quick-quick* American style. The menu is painted on the wall. Don't read it. Just order a pair of *saucisses de Francfort* (that's two frankfurters) for 62¢, or swing out and try the *saucisses de Strasbourg* (that's two Strasbourgers, thicker and spicier) at 59¢, with French fries that crackle in your mouth like crystal lady fingers and a Grutli draft beer that faintly smells like honey-blonde hair in the summertime. The counterman will put a basket of crusty bread in front of you for free, and there are pots of Dijon mustard to butter your bread with, also for free. Real butter is 12¢ extra. If you've ever had frankfurters on pieces of split French *baguette* (which means "rod-shaped bread") with oodles of Dijon mustard—hot dog, *chien chaud*—you will have proven that you can't get a bad meal in France. We called Paris the other night to ask the owner how things were these days. He yelled into the phone that he didn't have time to talk and hung up. It was Saturday night at 10 P.M. in Paris, and *La Petite Source* is really slinging dogs 'n' fries at that hour. All they're missing are baseball parks. —*J.B.*



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Randy Newman Dreams On

Some records available for sale at your record store are just records, and then there's Randy Newman's **Sail Away** (Reprise MS2064), which is more than that. It's got a song about a dream where everybody scared Randy Newman and you scared him the most, and everyone you know was in his dream and everyone was laughing and *you were lying on the ground.*

It's got a song about an old man dying and no one comes to cry and nobody needs him and he doesn't need anybody, and Randy Newman tells this old guy he shouldn't cry because everybody dies.

There's another song about how much everybody hates us, how they're not the least bit grateful for everything we have done for them, so *let's drop the big one* and see what happens.

Not to mention the one where Randy Newman becomes the voice of God, tells about how He takes away our children while we say how blessed we are, says we all got to be crazy to put our faith in Him, and *that's* why He loves mankind.

It's got one about Cayuhoga River, the one so polluted that it catches fire, burning on. Another one about how lonely it is at the top. And one where Randy Newman asks his woman to take her clothes off real slow (she can leave her hat on). He needs her to give him reasons to live. If you haven't already added this record to your collection, don't blame us. —*J.B.*

Ben Blackwell

Randy says he's God and we're all crazy, but He loves us anyway.

Third Down, 110 to Go For Jesse Winchester

Jesse Winchester's second album was recorded at the Andrew Perry Studios in Montreal last November. He went in there for two weeks and cut about 11 songs one by one. It's been two years since his first album, produced by Robbie Robertson, and those who heard that record will be surprised by his new one. Jesse produced and Michel Lachance engineered. The record is a vocal album, with Jesse up close to the microphone. The songs are short and clear.

"I think my rockin' and rollin' days are over. At least for the moment anyway," said Jesse during the winter. A quieter mood has descended, and the new songs reflect it. The three

more raucous songs on the album were salvaged from an earlier session in Toronto with Todd Rundgren. "We had a good time doing it and getting drunk and all, but it was not until I listened to the tapes that I realized we had hit a lot of bum notes." Jesse's other recording ventures during the past six months or so have involved his friend Robert Nickford, with whom he started a record company, Ko'tai Music. Jesse's been writing songs for other people and playing on local records and working around the studios a lot. For a city of two million, Montreal is small; there are the French and there are the English, but the city unites them, and Jesse enjoys it. We were sitting around the table on a typical lazy winter day, drinking, when Paul Fishkin, the man from Bearsville, phoned to ask Jesse what he wanted his new album to be called. "*Third Down, 110 to Go,*" said Jesse, teetering. "But give me the night to sleep on it."

Jesse married Leslie Roy in May, and they baptized their baby son, Jesse James Ridoux, at the same time. The wedding was in the church between Eaton's and Morgan's department stores downtown. Doug Schmolze, Jesse's old guitarist, played a baroque piece during the ceremony, and Jesse's mother, who had come up from Memphis, started to cry. "Oh, it's silly, I know," she sobbed under her handkerchief. Afterwards, Jesse stood around while the witnesses signed the books; he was wearing the same old green corduroy jacket that he wears whenever he dresses up. Leslie was wearing a blue silk gown with a gentle *décolletage* that accentuated her unusually long, graceful features. She trembled a bit when the vows were made and laughed when Jesse couldn't get the ring on . . . Handshakes and picture taking—Leslie's mother racing around pulling everyone into the picture. Confetti was everywhere . . .

Later, everyone went back to Jesse's new place. Jesse opened bottles of champagne in the windowed enclosure adjacent to the porch. "Well, ladies," said Jessie with a bemused look on his face, "you can count J. Winchester out from now on." The place was pleasant chaos, with mothers and grandmothers and fathers and girlfriends and sisters and brothers and friends and acquaintances drifting about with paper plates full of food and glasses of wine.

Outside, people sat in the gleaming sunlight. Jesse was in his usual shirt sleeves, open at the neck, talking to anyone and everyone, bumping into Leslie and kissing her any chance he could get. In time, there was a call for music, and so out came the amp, the guitars, the conga drum, the cowbell and the tambourine. All the songs were sung, from Jerry Lee Lewis to *Travelin' Man* by Ricky Nelson, even a few Beatles songs. Don, Jesse's old drummer, sang a love song he had written; the crowd listened spellbound and clapped appreciatively. "Goin' to the chapel and I'm gonna get ma-a-aried . . ." *Hats Off to Larry* ran into *Runaway*, and Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Hank Williams, let the music play, let your spirit fly . . . by the end of it they were singing Dixie . . .

Jesse's fixing up a studio in the basement ("I've never seen him so busy around the house," says Leslie), where he writes and plays and hopes to cut records. He's a prodigious reader and he's got the world's oddest assortment of records, loaded with just about every Jerry Lee disc ever made. —*J.R.*

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Henry Bibby: Nobody's Fool

Henry Bibby is not exactly a legend in his own time. The name might ring a dim bell within you, especially if coupled with four magic letters: UCLA. Henry Bibby just graduated from that institution of higher basketball after spending three years as a starter on Johnny Wooden's eternal champions.

Being a player for a Wooden team is a mixed blessing. On the one hand, you get to work for the best basketball coach in the history of the world (only Red Auerbach came close, and one is never sure whether it was Auerbach or Bill Russell who created the subtle, invincible Celtics), and you get to be a national champion for three straight years, bringing profound heartbreak to generations of cocky opponents. On the other hand, a Wooden player tends to be regarded as a cog, an intricate toothed wheel in a master machine. Of all Wooden's players—and there have been some very good ones, including Gale Goodrich, Walt Hazzard, Lucius Allen, Curtis Rowe and Sidney Wicks—only Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has managed to transcend that stereotype during his playing days. Wicks tried, but one always had the feeling that he was on a long, delicately managed string, made to believe that he was his own man even as the Puppet Master continued his poker-faced labors.

And now Henry Bibby has signed with the New York Knicks. He was their number-three draft choice, clearly a marginal player as far as the Knicks were concerned. The rap on Bibby is that he's too short to play guard in the big leagues, his defense is weak and his shooting erratic. Even the Madison Avenue basketball aesthetes won't like him much—Bibby is not blessed with great natural grace or flair, and shooting foul shots from an angle does not qualify him as a true eccentric in the mold of, say, Gus Johnson or Wally Jones. So there will be no brass bands welcoming Bibby to the Big Apple. Walt Frazier may or may not slap his hand in greeting; Earl Monroe almost certainly won't.

But, a few years ago, another too-short, no-defense player emerged from UCLA. He was traded from team to team, making only a slight impression in the towns he visited. Then he went back to Los Angeles, became a starter and an All-Star and was instrumental in propelling his team, the Lakers, to their national championship. His name is Gale Goodrich.

Henry Bibby is going to be another Gale Goodrich. Wait and see.

The editors of this little number could have called it Scatological Quarterly, if it came out quarterly. Because they put all kinds of horror in this magazine. Instead, it comes out monthly, so they call it *Hara Kiri*. That's Japanese for ripping open your guts with a sword. Well, this tasteful publication has gutsy stuff, too. It comes from France, where everyone knows the people have a lot of taste.

Take this issue, for example. On the front cover, we have this charming bearded fellow getting, uh, a whole lotta loving from a bevy of young beauties. On the back cover, they seem to have descended somewhat and are in the process of kissing his feet for, presumably, the pleasure of servicing him. It all ties in with alleged resort practices among the very rich. Usually, however, *Hara Kiri* is more outrageous than this. Sometimes they're absolutely disgusting. What would you expect from a periodical subtitled "a stupid, nasty magazine"?

You've probably never heard of *Hara Kiri* before, but you will again.

Motel of the Month

Rock stars stay here. The Lake Shore Drive Holiday Inn at 644 North Lake Shore Drive in Chicago is mining the extremely lucrative vein of putting up just about anybody no one else will. And the price of an occasional TV set gone bust or a "fuck you" neatly lettered on the wall in ketchup is the muscle to demand—and get—room payment every day, in cash.

Getting Up For the Game

An extremely reliable source reports that, last season at any rate, members of a well-known East Coast professional football team took mescaline after every victory by way of celebration. Such trips were few and far between, however, because the team in question won very few games. The question here is one of cause and effect.

And depending on notoriety, often in advance.

And if the construction resembles a fortified gun turret done in pastel plaster, the Holiday Inn still collects its share of Purple Hearts. Some of its guests are real wild men.

What scares the Holiday Inn—if you can scare a pastel computer—is the small but very real potential for major maniacal violence. Never mind that most hijackers and criminals look pretty ordinary—those music guys just shoot off eccentricity like sparks. It's a volume business at the Inn, so there will always be plenty of customers, no matter who teenage Susie runs into at the ice machine, but there comes a point when major vandalism and high-jinks are no longer profitable. No question about it.

Everyone on the road goes a little bananas once in a while . . . good clean fun with your mates and a release from the very real tensions of a long tour. But there's also the sheer constant fury of the truly berserk—and there's at least one major rock band that can't sneak in even under assumed names. The lead guitarist keeps time- and movement-flow charts on the chief perpetrator, who fortunately sublimates homicide into music. This guy's demolition record—from the time he kicks in the door, shatters the TV and heaves it into the pool and comes to an ultimate climax by shooting the toilet bowl off with a low-caliber pistol—is just under five minutes. Not good for the ledger.

"We have to put them up," the line goes, "but we don't have to like them, and some of the guys are truly less than likable." Do *you* grind out ciga-

rettes on your front-room carpet or tell the maid to fuck off? But on the other hand, most of them are lonely, a long way from home and unfamiliar with the money, the cabs and the dress—and then there's the utter futility of getting fresh orange juice.

If the Holiday Inn undergoes major traumas, it may have contributed to them. There are, for instance, shameful delays in serving a high-priced menu of all that's best in the most ordinary of American short-order cooking. A top-of-the-Inn *haute cuisine* room, which revolves me into queasiness and offers cheap domestic wines at twice the street price. A telephone switchboard that alternates between denying your existence and cutting you off. Minimum-size drinks. Sleazy, satin bar girls with xenophobia, and room service for which it's advisable to order the day before.

All this ambience pays off when you find you can't actually sleep in the Holiday Inn. You can smoke dope here. You can get drunk here. You can turn the TV sound down and make up rude dialogue. But if you've got a morning plane or a chick or an adrenalin rush from the show you've just finished, that peculiar Holiday Inn tension will not let you sleep, even when there is absolutely nothing else to do.

I've spent a lot of late nights and early dawns wandering in and out of the Inn, but I only tried to sleep there once. And I couldn't. It felt like that anonymous first week away at school when someone down the hall woke up crying, so homesick she couldn't bear it. And the plastic-coated impersonal furniture like that in the Taft, that old hotel at Yale, where you went to get laid quick and then got sent home. I wanted to chisel in initials. And there was the edgy disorientation of staring at the six-foot storm waves from Lake Michigan spitting over the Drive and not being able to hear a thing through all that Thermopane.

But over in the other bed, after the group had gone through a ritual of trading toothpaste, shaving soap and clean underwear, a guy was stretched out and snoring like a kitten. And on the other side of my bed, another. Sleeping! In the Holiday Inn! And one guy woke and said, "You're not sleeping, are you?" and held my hand till I did.

Commenting later that once I'd actually known people to sleep there, I got a confirmation from one of their friends. "Yeah. They're the only lads who came to the States utterly together and went back exactly as they started. They're the only people I know who haven't changed a bit." Maybe that's what it takes. But meantime, it's hands across the sea for the Lake Shore Drive Holiday Inn, and while it might be a nice place to visit . . . —*B.L.*

Good Luck, Eric, Wherever You Are

A usually reliable source has reported to us that Eric Dolphy did in fact not die several years ago in Europe—he merely became too heavy and fell off the planet. If this is true, we'd sure like to wish him well.

The Central Dilemma Of Western Man (Part II)

This is the first in what promises to be a continuing series of messages from our Religion Correspondent, Mr. David Marsh. When Mr. Marsh is not worrying about God and Civilization, he edits a publication called "Creem," which is the second-best magazine in the nation.

At the risk of seeming downright misanthropic, it's time to pull the plug on the new, all-electric spiritual sensitivity. When one Presidential campaign assumes the proportions of a crusade, you can figure it's just an interesting election year; when two crusades appear in the same year, along with a blight of other, similar phenomena, something unreal is occurring, it seems to me.

Everything has overtones of what is so blithely termed the "new awareness," from the religio-rock pouring out of the radio to the slushy, gushy blatherers on the late-night talk circuit. If Dick Cavett interviews another defrocked anything, or another proselytizer for one of the multifarious mutants of the "New Age" greening of Consciousness III, Cavett himself should pack off to Esalen.

Where did this overriding passion for semisecular variations on the cosmic verities begin? Did the Diggers feed 5000 in a 'Frisco park only to discover that it was a bogus ploy because *they used bleach flour*? There are vegetarians around who, without going this far, *would* suggest that Emmett Grogan needed some heavy-duty consciousness raising. (*No* vegetarian, incidentally, was ever subjected to a consistent Friday diet of fish and/or macaroni-and-cheese. TGIF, my ass.)

Look at the McGovern and Wallace campaigns. They don't have campaign workers, they have disciples. The primaries have, for one or the other, been the fulfillment of the prophecies: Wallace takes 70 percent in Michigan while McGovern lambastes everybody *but* Gorgeous George W. Until the latter's martyrhood. (Live martyrs, as the history of normal churches proves time and again, are the most dangerous kind. What do you think the Resurrection is all about, anyway?)

Then there's Pop Culture. The International Pop Music Conspiracy's Bangladesh, from the concert to the record to the movie (notice the neat, nonlinear absence of a *book*); Billy Preston as the pillar of Christianity; Dylan, recently returned from conferring with the JDL; George Harrison trundling out Krishna bones (in the form of hit records!); Leon Russell as the new American sufi. Pat Boone is starting a record company to promote Jesus rock, the label to be called Lions and Lambs. Can't wait to see the logo.

More: Charles Manson was Jesus (he said). The Weathermen, beyond their Stalinopuritan morality, which was basically the kind of crusade *they* were promoting, were the most classic American demonologists since Cotton Mather's equally radical pack from

Dennis Anderson

Will you get stuck with last year's microphone on this year's tape recorder?

Getting the latest in tape recorders doesn't mean you're getting the latest in microphones. Because some tape recorders still come with a hand-held mike. That can make you freeze up. And since they're the plug-in kind, they can get lost or forgotten.

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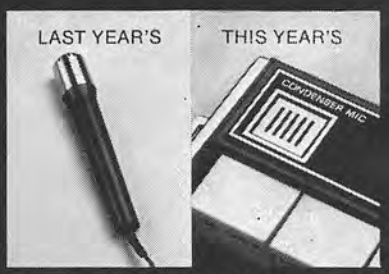

RQ-222AS with a 3-digit tape counter. Or the RQ-212S that'll fit in your pocket. There's even the RQ-409S with piano key pushbutton controls.

If you're thinking bigger, there's the RQ-437S. With the Auto-Sleep switch. That turns the machine off. So you can doze off. To lullaby music from your favorite cassette, or the built-in FM/AM radio.

But if you'd rather sail than snooze, there's the RQ-438S. With a 4-band radio that picks up Marine, FM, AM, and TV stations. So you can listen to your favorite TV program even when you can't watch it.

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Salem, Massachusetts. You do remember them?

Still, it would be a mistake to see this as merely a further flowering of the lunatic fringe. All of America has not yet become Southern California. Glenn W. Turner would like to make it so. He promotes his course in Salesmanship (with a capital S, believe me) and the proposition that the first thing you should do when you complete it is prove you can sell by turning on to it three or four others. Half the states' attorneys-general have indicted him, proving once more that a prophet hath no honor and chain letters don't work.

The problem with everyone being a prophet isn't *just* that we are running out of disciples. It runs deeper. The new spirituality, the new penchant for conversion also becomes the new stultification. It's a difficult trap to escape, because it's difficult to see it as a trap. All of this stuff is going to make you healthier, wealthier, wiser or at the very least cosmic enough so you won't have to worry about h,w,w. Things like radical pacifism, once the most vital movement in American politics, have got hold of the public, but in such a way that makes each look like a new version of radical mediocrity.

There was something good about knowing that your options were foregone: You were born either Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, and unless you married "outside the church," you remained inside. Unless you were so apostate that the family referred to you as a) agnostic, b) atheist or c) Unitarian.

Things aren't like that now. Can you imagine being an apostate Krishnite? "Well, my parents were sufi, but I'm . . ."

But this new, bogus, overglib sensitivity isn't really funny. The propensity to "mellow out," "lay back" and just "let it flow" can lead in several directions. Charlie Manson found some of them, and if he seems an extreme example, think twice. Manson is only the fruit of what we've wrought: He just said exactly what all the other prophets of the New Order have said. Only thing was, Manson wasn't an intellectual. He tried to put those cosmic, ingenious ideas to work for him, like any good American. If that makes him extreme, then so was Henry Ford. Charles Manson is technology—but rather than being applied science, he is applied theology. Which can be termed philosophy, or something else if you're chicken.

Timothy Leary claims that smoking a gram of hashish a day removes 75 percent of all human aggression. Maybe Death Valley and Manson's dune-buggy raiders were the exceptions that proved the rule, but I doubt it.

Alarmist? Could be. You figure it out. Is there or is there not a new passel of idiot/savant saints? Wovoka, the Paiute Indian messiah, told the Indians that all they had to do was dance the Ghost Dance in order to beat the White Man. The White Man told the Indians that they'd boogie for him or not at all. The Indians believed Wovoka and the White Man took action; he slaughtered them—wiped them out—until finding an authentic Indian was like finding an original edition of Chaucer.

The smashing of the Pietà meant something. How do you think all those *Greek* statues lost their noses? The Barbarians have arrived, and more than that, they have conquered. While Kenneth Tynan and Malcolm Muggeridge pine for Western Civilization, we have discovered once again that civilization in any form is conspicuous only in its absence. Welcome to the decline and fall of the American Empire, folks. Watch your parking meters.

Listen to the Pictures: Four from Lustrum, Plus

Lustrum Press is the name of a fine new publisher of photographic books. Each Lustrum book is distinctive, and if the series continues with volumes such as the four currently offered, it may well become the most distinguished name in photographic books in the country. The four they've got out so far are:

Tulsa by Larry Clark. Larry Clark lived with a bunch of Tulsa speedfreaks off and on for 12 years, documenting the madness around him while he was living it. Going through this book once is unnerving, going through it twice is shattering, and it doesn't feel any better thereafter. Clark's photos are sympathetic enough so that you become involved with a character in almost no time, only to turn the page and see the word "dead." The photos evoke the feeling of the drug, the constant motion and hard-edged delineation of everything in sight. A fascinating, intensely disturbing book. *$4.95.*

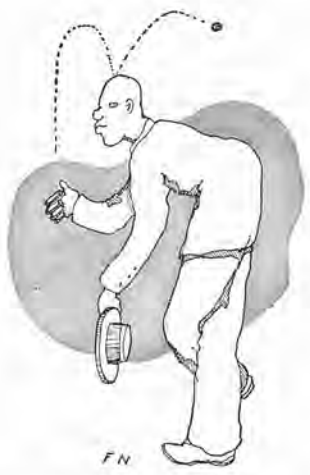
The Somnambulist by Ralph Gibson. Gibson is Lustrum's founder, and his book is a series of photos that simulate the experience if not the fact of dreaming. No specific dream is here, but the fleeting, half-remembered feeling is intact. Images that really root you to the page—a wig shop in the process of burning down, a shadow that seems to be . . . something. It all fits together, and the images are powerful enough that I can say that this is the first photo book I've *heard*. *$4.95.*

Portugal by Neal Slavin. A collection of photos of the Portuguese people, combined with a fascinating essay by Mary McCarthy. I don't know how well this book works, unless, like me, you tend to read things into faces when you see them. These faces are all old. There don't seem to be any children in Portugal—maybe there aren't, for all one can tell from this book. What there is is a kind of resignation, much suspicion and a peculiar distillate of the standard Mediterranean sadness. A most interesting book. *$5.95.*

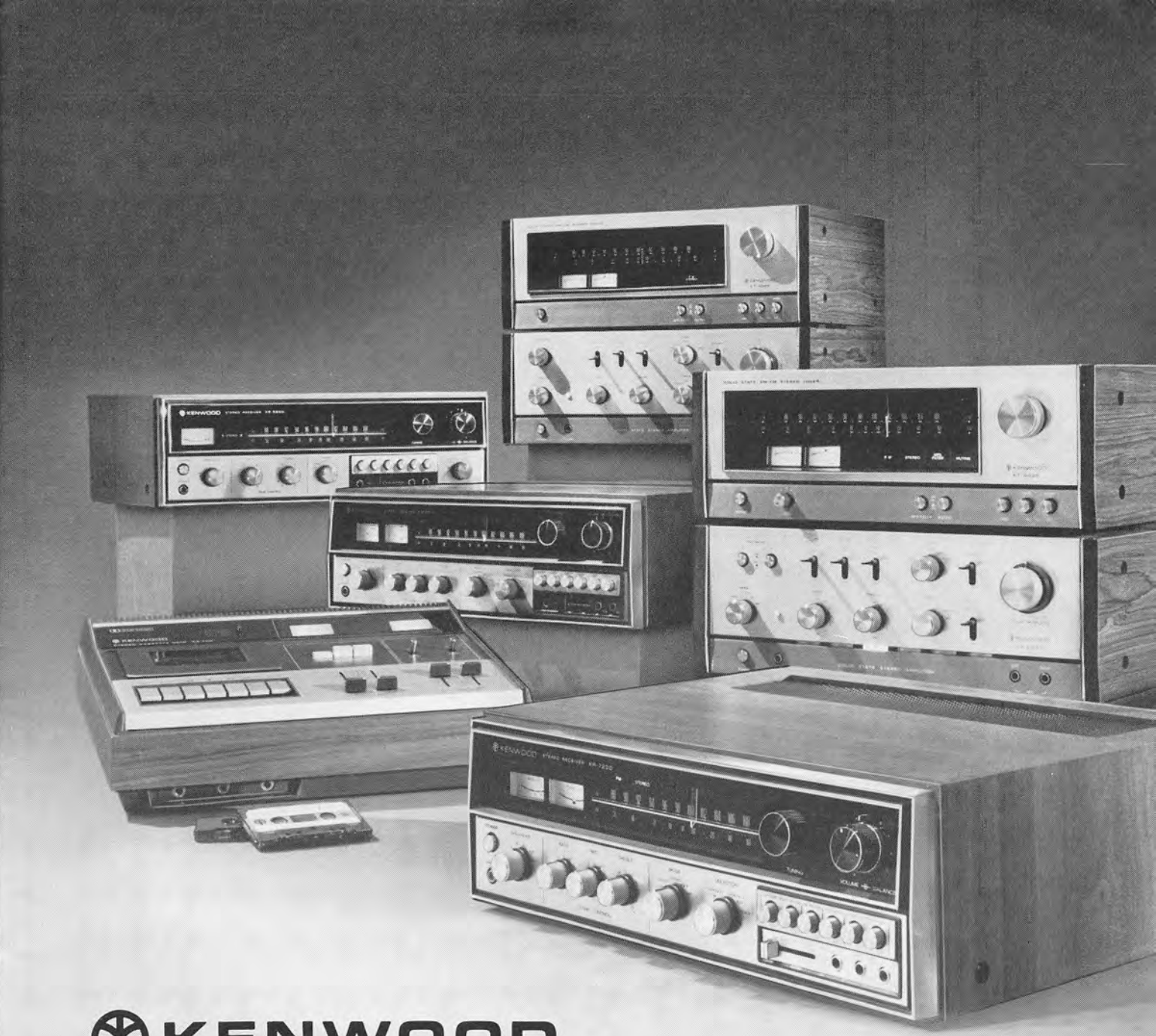
A Loud Song by Daniel Seymour. Seymour's father is Maurice Seymour, a famed New York theater photographer. This book is Daniel's exploration of what that means, as well as an attempt to come to terms with it. I don't believe I get its point. It is a very personal book, one that I feel a bit off base in criticizing. Seymour's photography is first-rate, and the portraits of his friends and relatives are quite evocative. *$2.50.*

* * *

Not from Lustrum, but a fine book anyhow, is **Friday Night in the Coliseum** by Geoff Winningham. The Houston Coliseum has wrestling on Friday nights, with Texas rules, which is to say, practically no rules at all. Winningham photographed matches, interviewed fans and sneak-shot the audience. What emerges is one of the most entertaining books I've come across in a while. Not only does Winningham have a fine feel for Texas and wrestling, but in both words and pictures he is able to communicate what he feels. I learned more about wrestling from this book than I thought possible, given the dearth of type in it, and I'm certain anybody who sees this book will enjoy it as much as I have. *Allison Press $17.50, $7.95 soft.*



Lustrum Press, Allison Press and dozens of other small-press photographic books are all available both retail and wholesale from Light Impressions, P. O. Box 3012, Rochester, N. Y. 14614. Send for their free catalogue if you're into photography. They've got some fine stuff. —*E.W.*



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Kleenex in the Cleavage: Fortune in Men's Eyes

Fortune ("nee Fortunee") Dundy is a haunting figure almost unique in American fiction. She's the maiden of **Maiden**, Cynthia Buchanan's first novel, a humorous and ultimately compassionate account of a not-too-bright 30-year-old virgin's attempts to find a man. It is the chronicle of the embarrassments and *faux pas* of a girl so innocent that she is almost unable to function.

Fortune goes to California to meet men, and moves into a singles-only apartment complex named Dionysus West. Although she keeps insisting that she's nobody's fool, she still manages to find herself in the most fantastic situations. At a party, she stuffs her bathing suit with Kleenex to emphasize her cleavage, and later she dog-paddles across the pool, leaving great soggy gobs of tissue in her wake. She likes one man's telephone voice so much, she makes a blind date with him. She spends the evening suffering "his" ribald humor in a lesbian bar. Fortune's "Mr. Right"—a dentist—finds her hiding from him in a clothes dryer. "Are you dry?" he asks.

Despite all this, Fortune becomes a sympathetic character through her romantic innocence, honesty and integrity. Though obsessed with sex and getting desperate, she refuses to take just any man. After all, "Was this America? Does a person settle for second best?" Not Fortune Dundy. In her daydreams, the man smitten by her "mysterioso," her "subterranean something," will be a courtly lover straight out of a 1950s movie. Perhaps this man will pull her into a dark corner behind the potted palms while a thunderstorm rages and will . . . well, for Fortune, that was all a bit . . . vague.

There is, of course, no "subterranean something" about Fortune to attract men with a taste for hidden complexity. The bright facade that she creates never transcends the cliches of television cosmetics commercials. She studies charm magazines, emulates Loretta Young's "style" and looks exactly like any one of thousands of other made-up, costume-bejeweled typists or Woolworth salesgirls. She expresses her beliefs in cliches: she gets 40 winks, is nobody's fool and thinks things aren't all they are cracked up to be. But Fortune is different from all those other salesclerks in that she is incapable of using a false image to deceive others. She is honest, and she has integrity in her refusal to compromise her dreams. Being honest gives her a dignity as a human being, and she rises above being a mere object of humor. But she is also pathetic,

The Decadance

You put your right foot in, you put your right foot out. You put your right foot in, you shake it all about.

And then, you put your left hand on her right breast.

And then, she puts her right knee right up there between your thighs, like that. She smiles very, very slowly. And then, she throws her right arm back, with a quick limp jerk that might be called lascivious.

And then, she slips her skinny little hand down the high-waisted front of your pleated white linen pants. And she smiles, flashing her teeth.

And then, you grab her close to you as she rubs the back of your neck. You bite her right breast through the white silk crepe dress. She puts her left knee up between your thighs again. You audaciously pull up the back of her dress.

By God, she's not wearing any underpants.

And that, friends, is a dance called the Decadance, which they photographed for the very respectable German magazine *Stern*. *Stern* is from Hamburg. And that's a very decadent place indeed.

Landlubber jeans, bells, shirts, jumpsuits, overalls, jackets, pants, western-wear and other gear. That's all there is.
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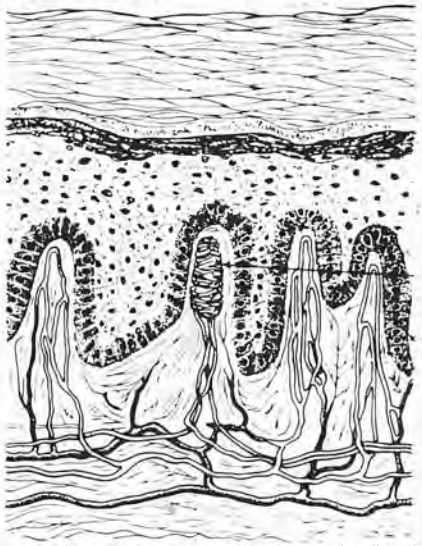
living in an envelope, never able to gauge her effect on other people. "And in time the men . . . retreated. That the men retreated she could not avoid knowing. But she did not see the reasons for it. And she made things worse."

The only objection to Miss Buchanan's writing style is her inability to restrain her brilliant use of technical device, which slows the pace of the novel. But this is a minor quibble. *Morrow, $5.95.* —*H.P.*

No Sweat



Bothered by excessive perspiration? Sweat like a pig maybe?

Well, that's cool. Copenhagen, the town that put the Sex Change operation on the map, has just come up with a new one: Armpit Surgery. That's right, they just snip the little buggers right out. The surgeons at Copenhagen County say the patient has a four in five chance of successful surgery. What they do is smear iodine on your armpit, cover it with paper, mark where the sweat starts trickling through, and just slice those sweat glands right out.

The French Go Crazy All Over Again

Some time ago, an American critic said he couldn't understand why he liked Dean Martin. And then one day he remembered: It was because French movie critics thought Jerry Lewis was terrific, and French movie critics, as everybody knows, are always wrong. Such as Godard, Chabrol, Truffaut, who are just mad about Hitchcock's love scenes. It's absolutely true that French moviegoers are crazy, in all senses of the word, about Jerry Lewis. To them, he has been the greatest thing that has happened to movie comedies since Charlie Chaplin. Their exaggerated respect for him leaves American expatriates in Paris cold and, if anything, more hostile to Jerry Lewis than before. Now Woody Allen is running the same danger. The French have discovered Woody Allen, and all at once he's the greatest thing that happened to movie comedies since Chaplin. It was *Bananas* that did it. It arrived in Paris this summer and everyone went wild. Suddenly people were loafing about the streets, head on one side, goggle-eyes darting everywhere in frantic imitation of the new comic genius. His first big solo film success, *Take the Money and Run*, was immediately hauled into town and did even better business than *Bananas*. *What's New, Pussycat?*, which used to star Peter O'Toole, is back in Paris starring Woody Allen. American expatriates in Paris who used to think Allen was a very funny guy are beginning an agonizing reappraisal. —*J.A.*

Antonio Vivaldi: Teen Favorite

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) was a jolly, red-headed little priest who had charge of the musical activities of a school and home for unwed mothers in Venice. The girls had a crack orchestra, and he himself was a master violinist. Needless to say, Tonio dug his job, and so he devoted a great deal of his time to composing and performing.

And what a composer—445 of his concertos have survived, and this plentitude has caused some unkind wags to ask whether Vivaldi really wrote 445 concertos, or whether he wrote the same one 445 times. On first listen, you might well ask, but not after you've begun to dig the content out from underneath the form. Vivaldi's musical ideas were exciting, if not revolutionary, and Bach is known to have thought very highly of him.

Most of Vivaldi's concertos are violin concertos, naturally enough, but he wrote them for just about every instrument in the orchestra, from the bassoon to the piccolo, as well as for instruments that aren't commonly found in a standard orchestra.

Deutsche Grammophon has just released one of the finest Vivaldi records of all time, *Complete Concertos for Guitar and Mandolin*, and an easier introduction to the Red Priest you won't find anywhere. The five concertos are among Vivaldi's most listenable, and the highly unusual textures of the solo instruments act as sort of a dash of hot sauce in the orchestral stew. There are two guitar concertos, one for one mandolin, one for two mandolins, and the album's *tour de force*, the *Concerto Grosso in C*, for two flutes, two salmó, two trumpets, two mandolins, two theorbos, cello, strings and harpsichord. If you figure that a salmó is sort of like a clarinet with a head cold and a theorbo is sort of like a bass guitar, you can imagine the incredible sound of this piece.

Not only are these pieces played beautifully by top-notch soloists (Narciso Ypes, guitar, and Takashi and Silvia Ochi, mandolins), but DGG's recording job is close to perfect. When you consider how delicate the sound of a classical guitar is against a medium-sized orchestra, the engineering accomplishment really shines.

This is truly a record for everybody. When, a couple of years ago, an Australian pop-music station played these concertos, its switchboard lit up with calls from kids asking where they could buy the record, and in a month it had sold enough copies to qualify for a Gold Record (except they don't give them over there). This is a new, and better-sounding, version of that record. I unhesitatingly recommend it for tired rock listeners, folks interested in starting to get into classical music and anybody who can appreciate good music when he hears it. *Salute*, Tonio!

Antonio Vivaldi: Complete Concertos for Guitar and Mandolin: Narciso Ypes, Guitar; Takashi and Silvia Ochi, Mandolins; Monique Frasca-Colombier, Viola d-amore; Chamber Orchestra directed by Paul Kuentz; Deutsche Grammophon 2530211. —*E.W.*

Baggy Chic

French kids have decided it's terribly chic to go around in early Sixties sweatshirts with the name and symbol of an American college on the front. It's very disconcerting to American visitors when they see that the streets of Paris look like a re-run of *Where the Boys Are*. Left Bank sophisticates (and you know how sophisticated they are on the Left Bank) hang around wearing these creepy pastel sweatshirts from the University of Oklahoma, Ohio State and the University of Wisconsin. Princeton and Harvard are OK, but there is a distinct preference for Middle American schools. Whatever the college, it looks damn silly. And the prices are hitting the rip-off zone—up to $15.

Another big thing in Paris now are those cheap, flashy nylon windbreakers that guys with slicked-back hair wear around the pits of North Carolina car races. The French have decided, Lord knows why, that these windbreakers are inexpressibly hip. You can see them walking around in acid yellow, passion purple, screaming red, with an STP, Shell or Esso patch on the chest. These jackets, which you can pick up in any New York discount store for around $7, sell for $20 to our French friends.

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Chuck Berry: Plaudits from a Grateful Nation

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A special Presidential Commission has stunned official circles here by recommending that Chuck Berry's *Back in the U.S.A.* replace *The Star-Spangled Banner* as the national anthem.

"We feel that it is high time," said the Commission, "that the United States cast off the remade British drinking song it has been using for a national anthem and replace it with something written in a distinctly American idiom, and we feel that this can best be accomplished by adopting this most American of songs by that most American of songwriters, Mr. Charles Berry of St. Louis."

Further on in the lengthy report, the Commission suggests that the traditional forms of respect associated with the national anthem (i.e., standing silently at baseball games with the hat held over the heart) be phased out. Instead, the proper response to the new anthem would be to bop around and do the Funky Chicken or the Kentucky Buck. Singing along would also be required under the new regulations; audiences at public events would join the back-up singing, going, "Hoo hah! Hoo hah!" or "Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!" wherever appropriate.

Under the new regulations, brass bands would be replaced with small rock groups at all official functions, as the new anthem "requires a degree of funkiness that we feel traditional brass bands are unable to provide." The installation of electric sockets to supply sufficient current for powering rock-type musical instruments in such applicable locations as bandstands in small towns and other public locations should be subsidized by Federal funding, recommended the report.

Apparently, Mr. Berry has been approached by the Commission, but he is unavailable for comment. Persistent rumors of a sub-Cabinet-level post for the songwriter-guitarist have so far been neither confirmed nor denied by the Commission spokesman.

The words to the new national anthem, as stated in the Commission report, include such verses as:

Did I miss the skyscrapers, did I miss the long freeways
From the coast of California to the shores of the Delaware Bay
You can bet your life I did 'til I got back to the USA

Lookin' for a drive-in, searching for a corner cafe
Where hamburgers sizzle on an open grill night and day
And a jukebox jumpin' with records like in the USA

I'm so glad I'm living in the USA
Yes I'm so glad I'm living in the USA
Anything you want they got it right here in the USA

Jamel Chisholm: Curb Service

Six months ago, a New York tenor saxophone player named Jamel Chisholm found himself hungry and penniless on the streets of San Francisco, where he had come to seek fame and fortune. It occurred to him, as Chisholm took his horn out of his case, that the moment had come to satisfy false modesty. Right then and there, at Fisherman's Wharf, Jamel Chisholm joined the ranks of San Francisco's legion of street musicians.

There are scores of people playing all kinds of music on San Francisco's streets. There are folkies, Latino groups with congas and marimbas, country rockers with fiddles and guitars. There is one extremely poised and precise harpist who often plays in the company of a flutist. There are chamber music concerts—complete with cello—in front of discount department stores, and jew's-harp virtuosos on Market Street.

And leave us not forget Jamel Chisholm, easily the top star jazz player, who does it all by himself, no accompaniment, his impassioned formulations serenading the cable cars as they glide toward their Market Street turnaround. It's a gas to watch people striding by Chisholm as he pours his soul out on the sidewalk and into the street.

"It's really good playing on the streets," says Chisholm, "because you can play what you really want to play. The wonderful thing about San Francisco is that a musician can earn his living on the street. In New York or L. A. you'd be arrested."

He's sounding and wailing, and some people are thinking, "These spades have all gone crazy," while others are thinking, "Wow! This cat can really play!" and smiling upon Chisholm and saying, "Right on!"

These latter citizens often come to a complete halt in order to hear a lot more. The coins plop into Chisholm's cigar box. He makes enough money to pay for the necessities. And he's worth a lot more than that. If tenor saxophone personages like Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, Lucky Thompson and Ben Webster mean anything to you, then you have some idea what Jamel Chisholm sounds like.

Before he came to San Francisco, Chisholm had been a minister at the Universal Temple of Thought in

Brooklyn, where the philosophy is that "all people have got to get together, regardless of color and background, and express God by how they treat their fellow men," and, as Chisholm puts it, "the goodness that is in man is how man is like God."

He plays gospel songs, jazz compositions and sometimes gorgeous, soaring ballads. He makes no distinction between sacred and secular music. "Look, if I play *Night Train*, I play to God. All songs praise God, all music sings His song." —*J.B.*

We

Contributors to this section include Jack Altman (our Paris bureau chief), John Burks, Larry Dietz (don't believe the vicious rumors), Jack Hafferkamp, Michael Goodwin (also known as Black Shadow, The Loyal Opposition), Beth Lester, Malcolm MacPherson, Dave Marsh, R. Meltzer, John Morthland, Tom Nolan, Susan Netzorg, Ron Offen, Hal Porter, Juan Rodriguez (The Only Living Boy in Montreal), Greg Shaw, Ed Ward and the staff of OUI magazine.

WAS THE BRASS MONKEY A WOMAN?

Further speculations concerning the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

Bits and pieces of the Brass Monkey legend are still surfacing. As hard to pin down as quicksilver, as boneless as oysters, but as hard to ignore as the jolt of brass knuckles. The truth? Where does it lie?

Candidly, we don't know.

It is rumored that early in 1942 the Japanese Imperial Secret Service began a concentrated search for an agent. Code name: Brass Monkey. Affiliation: our side.

Gossip had it that a trafficker in information, probably Ha Fat, the quinine dealer, had put the Secret Service onto a drinking club in the port of Macao.

The Japanese began around the clock surveillance.

Heavy Traffic

The Club's heaviest trade was in a sunshine yellow drink. It was named, like the club itself, after a small brass figurine perched in a niche beside the entrance: The Brass Monkey.

Soldiers of fortune, riff-raff, purported agents, and double agents, ordered the Brass Monkey. Smiled, were content, and went on with their business, nefarious and otherwise.

A Clue

One night an Imperial Observer was said to have noticed an unusual pattern. The club entertainer—a Eurasian chanteuse of notable endowments who called herself Loyana—sang the same song repeatedly. Each time upon request.

Loyana's Swan Song

Next night, the Imperial Agent allegedly returned with a cryptologist from the Code Division of the Kempeitei. Could he discern a message in Loyana's song, "My Love is a Man of Gold"? Was there a code in the lyrics? In the changing notes of the accompaniment?

Was the Brass Monkey a woman?

Perhaps Loyana was "invited" to give a command performance in a lonely, fog-wrapped warehouse.

Perhaps after hours of "persuasion" she was forced to tell it all.

In any event, the night following the time-of-many-singings, Loyana disappeared. Not long after, the club closed. Not the Japanese file on the case, though. Till the end of the war the Brass Monkey was rumored to be a monkey wrench in the plans of the Axis.

Still A Mystery

Who then, was the Brass Monkey? Legend has it that Allied Agents learned his identity from the coaster served with the Brass Monkey cocktail. When they crossed out the words, "No Evil," then removed all the letters from "The Brass Monkey" which did not appear in "See, Hear, Speak," they were left with the name: H. E. Rasske. That name, though, could have been an anagram for E. H. Kessar. Or Rhea Kess. A woman.

H.E.'s Homage?

Hearsay has it that every few years since the end of WW II, a gray-haired gentleman visits a nun's cloister in Hong Kong across the estuary from Macao. Could he be the same man who some say once enjoyed a relationship with Loyana? The same, perhaps, who is identified as H. E. Rasske, inventor of the Brass Monkey cocktail?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent looking, but potent.

The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight.

The Brass Monkey.

For men and women who don't just wait for things to happen.

HEUBLEIN

Full-Strength Cocktails

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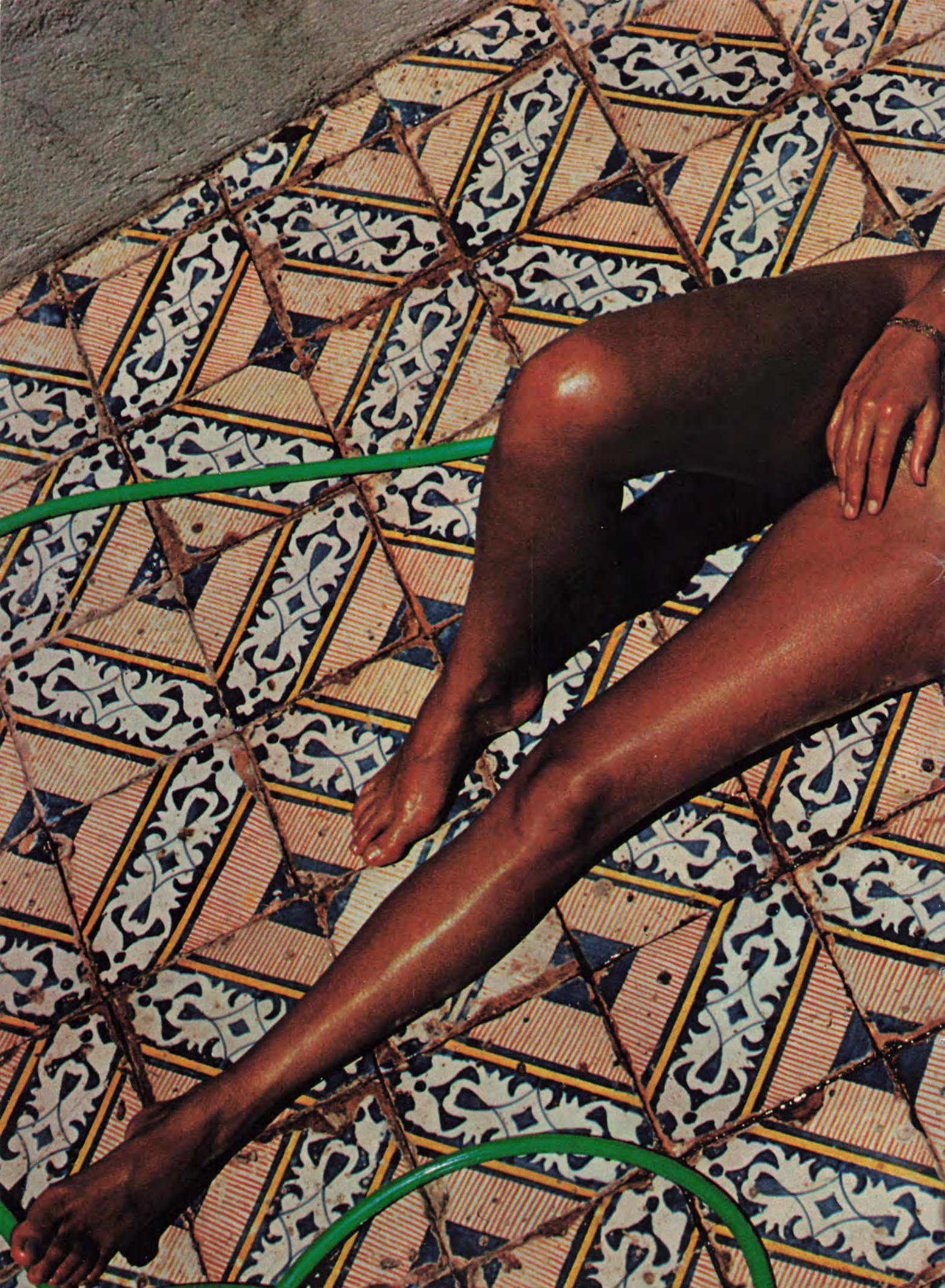
Cover Girl Bares All

The lady with the toothsome grin is Rita Scherrer, of European fashion magazine fame. Remember her on the covers of such classy slicks as *Vogue, Elle, Nova*? Strutting her stuff for the top *couturiers* of all Europe? Right. And now, first time ever, she is taking all her clothes off. "I wanted," says the lady, "to show off a little more of myself than I get to do in fashion pictures." OK. Sacha Vandersen, a Dutch lady of delicate sensibilities, took these photos in the south of France. That's a nice place to take photos.

Rita in a locker room in the south of France, acting out a little story called "Getting Ready to Take a Swim." To be completely candid, she's not really getting ready to take a swim. It's all for the camera.

And here we have Rita doing her "Afternoon in the Country, Naked" number for you people. To get into the mood of things, she formed a mental image of a fresh, bubbling country brook, and then imagined that she *was* that brook.



Tanner than you may have believed possible, Rita relaxes on a mosaic depicting, in ancient Byzantine code, the seminal events in the reign of the Empress Theodora. She is not totally unobserved, however, as the shape of the shadow surrounding these words may reveal.

Illustration by PETER GREEN

Hungry Days of the New Wave

Presenting: A documentary that doesn't exist yet, about an era when the people who were to make a revolution in filmmaking were finding the tools of the trade. Starring * Godard * Truffaut * Chabrol * Rohmer * and featuring * Gégauf *

In 1952, Paul Gégauf, who scripted what follows, was living near the Sorbonne in one of those little hotels with a bathroom at the end of the hall. He had moviemaker Eric Rohmer for a neighbor. Rohmer was later to insinuate his way into the hearts of film lovers everywhere with *Claire's Knee*, and Gégauf was soon to become the principal writer for an incredible outpouring of new French films—by Jean-Luc Godard, Francois Truffaut, Roger Vadim, Claude Chabrol and, yes, Rohmer. They later acquired the label *Nouvelle Vague*, or New Wave—take your choice, it all says the same thing: movies where the romantic parts looked realistic and the realistic parts looked romantic.

But this is getting ahead of our story. Who ever heard of these people in 1952? Nobody. Somehow, Gégauf and Rohmer had gotten themselves elected co-presidents of the Latin Quarter Film Society, where it was their job to keep young *cinéastes* like Truffaut, Godard and Chabrol both (a) interested, and (b) out of the cashbox. This was roughly the equivalent of asking Lawrence Ferlinghetti and William Burroughs to keep an eye on Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Jack Kerouac during the formative Beat days, which were concurrent with the New Wave's old days.

The lowdown on the roots of the New Wave would make a sensational

NEW WAVE LOWDOWN *"In films like* Cousins *and* Le Boucher, *Chabrol demonstrated a cinematic judgment so solid that most audiences scarcely noticed his singular lack of taste."*

movie. As a matter of fact, it *does*—in the treatment for a movie (below) written by Gégauf with the working title NEW WAVE LOWDOWN.

AT THE FILM SOCIETY ONE AFTERNOON. WE ARE LOOKING, AS THOUGH THROUGH GEGAUF'S EYES, AT A LEAN FELLOW WITH HORN-RIMMED GLASSES SEATED NEAR US IN THE 2ND ROW OF AUDIENCE. QUARREL SUDDENLY ERUPTS BETWEEN LEAN FELLOW AND GEGAUF—NARRATOR THROUGH WHOSE EYES WE SEE THIS SCENE. THUS THE LEAN FELLOW WITH GLASSES IS ARGUING WITH YOU, THE AUDIENCE OF THIS FILM. VOICE OF NARRATOR ARGUES BACK. A STRANGE ARGUMENT, SINCE THE ANTAGONISTS AGREE THE FILM THEY JUST SAW WAS A BOMB.

NARRATOR (Gégauf): My good fellow, when one knows absolutely zero about films, one shuts one's month.

LEAN FELLOW (*instantly*): Who was the set designer for Dreyer's film, *Vampyr*, made in 1932?

BRIEF, UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE WHILE LEAN FELLOW SEARCHES NARRATOR'S (OUR) FACE FOR AN ANSWER. NONE FORTHCOMING.

LEAN FELLOW: It's a very well-known film. You should know its designer.

NARRATOR: On the contrary, I am proud of *not* knowing it. You remind me of a friend of my mother's, a railroad engineer who knew everything there was to know about the weight of rails, the diameter of wheels, mileages —a whole jumble of railroad facts from which he constructed a totally useless formula for deducing the local stationmaster's age. Trivial bullshit like that is unworthy of a man of quality, Mister . . . what's your name?

LEAN FELLOW: Claude Chabrol. And, the set designer for *Vampyr* was . . .

SWEPT ALONG BY THE OUTGOING CROWD OF MOVIEGOERS, WE HEAR CHABROL & GEGAUF SHOUTING AT EACH OTHER OVER THE BABBLE—'SHITHEAD,' ONE YELLS, AND THEN THE OTHER: 'SHITHEAD!' 'SHITHEAD!' SUDDENLY EVERYBODY HAS STOPPED. EVERYBODY IS STARING. ROHMER APPEARS, LOOKING ANXIOUS.

ROHMER: Please, please, not *here*! Everybody is looking at you! *You are ruining the good name of the Latin Quarter Film Society!*

CHABROL: Bullshit!

GEGAUF: Bullshit!

AND THE TWO COMBATANTS STALK OUT THE DOOR WITH ANGRY LOOKS AT EACH OTHER AND EVERYONE ELSE. THEY TURN DOWN THE ALLEY, MUTTERING PLANS TO KNOCK EACH OTHER'S BLOCKS OFF, ETC. . . . THEY SLOW DOWN AT MID-ALLEY . . . BUT KEEP WALKING . . . 20 YARDS, 30 YARDS, 40 . . . AND TURN THE CORNER AT THE END OF THE ALLEY, STRIDE INTO BAR, WHERE EACH ORDERS A DRINK . . . AND THEN ANOTHER . . . WE SEE THEM ESTABLISHING THE FIRST ROOTS OF FRIENDSHIP AS WE HEAR THE NARRATOR'S VOICE:

NARRATOR (Gégauf): Afterwards, Chabrol and I were inseparable, except for a few fallings out for which he was entirely responsible . . . Far and away the most gifted of the New Wave directors, Chabrol has demonstrated . . . in films like *The Cousins* and *Le Boucher* . . . a cinematic judgment so amazingly solid that most audiences scarcely noticed his singular lack of taste.

AFTER THIS FIRST MEETING, CHABROL AND GEGAUF JOIN WITH TRUFFAUT AND GODARD TO HELP ROHMER SHOOT A CENTURY-OLD CHILDREN'S STORY CALLED "THE PERFECT LITTLE GIRLS" . . . FIRST WE ARE INTRODUCED TO TRUFFAUT, WHO IS SEEN IN PARIS IN 1952 EATING A PITIFULLY TINY HELPING OF NOODLES (ALL HE CAN AFFORD) AT A SIDEWALK BISTRO, WHILE THE NARRATOR SAYS . . .

NARRATOR: Truffaut had just come from reform school, where he had served time for lifting money from another film society's cashbox. André Bazin, the noted film critic, had bailed him out. Like many in the New Wave, Truffaut began his career as a journalist and critic. His pen was lively, funny, precise . . . His 1960 masterpiece, *The 400 Blows*, practically ushered in the New Wave . . .

CUT TO THE YOUNG GODARD. THE NARRATOR DESCRIBES HIM IN A SERIES OF QUICK TABLEAUX . . .

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, Godard had just been turned loose from prison . . . Godard, it seemed, had committed all manner of roguish behavior in his native Switzerland. In Berne, he had broken into the safe of the Swiss national television station . . . In Lausanne, Godard burgled his father's clinic . . . His father never wanted to hear of Godard again. Working with the thief's favorite tools—crowbar and blowtorch—and aided by a beauty queen—Miss Chaud-de-Fond—Godard accomplished the perfect burglary. The way Godard told it, cracking the old man's safe took an absolutely Herculean effort. But little did he realize how well Papa Godard had hidden the booty . . . All Godard and Miss Chaud-de-Fond got for their trouble was three kilos of potatoes . . . After his incarceration, Jean-Luc sought to go straight. He got a job as a laborer on a mountain dam. From that experience he produced a very beautiful little documentary . . . WE SEE CHARACTERISTIC CLIPS FROM GODARD'S EARLY DOCUMENTARY—WITH ORIGINAL SOUND FOR 20 SECONDS. THEN SOUND FADES OUT—DOCUMENTARY CONTINUING TO FILL THE SCREEN—AS NARRATOR PICKS UP . . .

NARRATOR: A beautiful little film. . . But a *little* boring, one must add . . . And now Godard was one of us, meditating darkly behind dark glasses . . . praising Benito Mussolini . . . and allegedly helping Rohmer with the script for *The Perfect Little Girls* . . . None of us could have predicted that, just a few years later, Godard's *Breathless* with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg would set the world on its ear.

CUT FROM GODARD'S DOCUMENTARY TO CHABROL, LIVING IN HIGH STYLE WITH GORGEOUS WIFE. TRAPPINGS OF WEALTH AND LUXURY THROUGHOUT THEIR HOME. VERY LITTLE NARRATION HERE. SOUNDTRACK SWELLS WITH STATELY & GENTEEL MUSIC UNTIL THIS BRIEF GLIMPSE INTO CHABROL'S DOMESTIC SCENE HAS ALMOST ENDED, WHEN THE NARRATOR STEPS IN TO SAY . . .

NARRATOR: As for Chabrol, he married rich . . . Generous as always, he supported the early expenses of *The Perfect Little Girls* . . .

CUT TO SCENE WITH ROHMER, GODARD, CHABROL AND TRUFFAUT IN EXCITED CONVERSATION WITH A PAIR OF AFRICAN GENTLEMEN NATTILY ATTIRED IN BOND STREET THREADS . . .

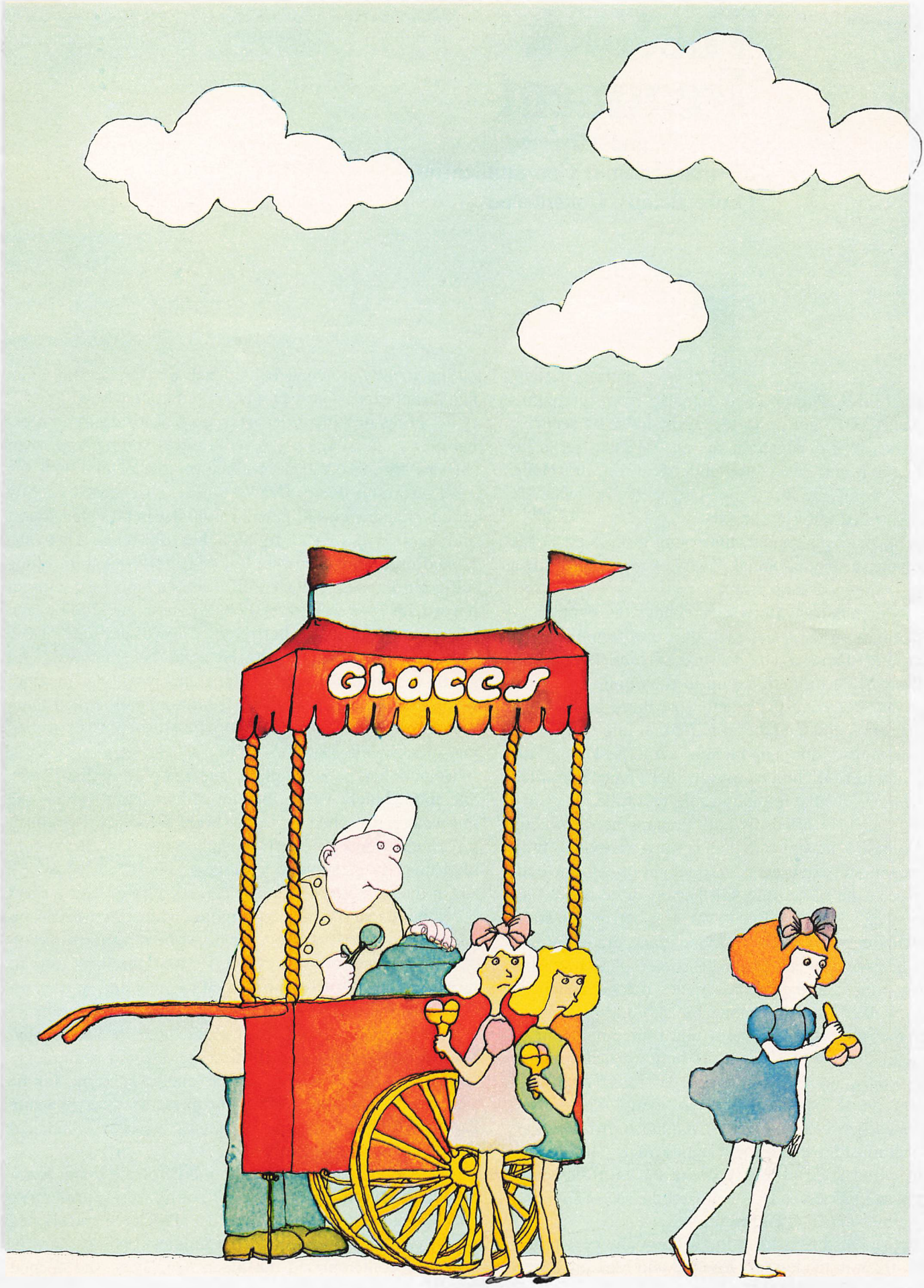
NARRATOR: Then, as the chance result of a walk on the Boul' Mich, we ran across a rich African from Cameroon named Wolfgang Amadeus Keke . . . who in turn introduced us to his even richer uncle, Richard Wagner Koko . . . Koko, a true patron of the arts, was rapturous when Chabrol told him of Rohmer's film project. The title—*The Perfect Little Girls*—seemed to please him above all else . . .

CUT TO SCENE IN CHATEAU, WITH THE PRINCIPALS SETTING UP CAMERAS & LIGHTS AND A BEVY OF LITTLE GIRLS—CHILDREN—AND THEIR CHAPERONS PRIMPING IN SIDE ROOMS . . .

NARRATOR: Rohmer received Koko's first check and was in ecstasy . . . But as always, everything ended badly. The second check never arrived. He had to evacuate the rented château . . . And us with him . . . Back in Paris . . .

CUT TO A TERRACE NEAR THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, WHERE THE CAMEROONERS, KEKE AND KOKO, ARE ARGUING FURIOUSLY IN THE NARRATOR'S (OR OUR) FACE —SINCE THEY ARE FACING THE AUDIENCE STRAIGHT-ON—AS THE NARRATOR'S TALE CONTINUES . . .

NARRATOR: I met the two Cameroon-ers, Keke and *(Continued on page 56)*


GLACES

The Sock Treatment

The Uses and Misuses of Interpersonal Communication Quite Briefly Considered

The big metal shutters, half-opened on their hasp, were banging from the night's wind. Annoyed, he got up to lessen the noise by securing the shutters. He groped about for an object to serve his purpose and found his white underwear on the chair. Rolled into a ball, the shorts took care of the problem. He went back to bed and slept in peace.

In the opposite apartment, the young girl, glued to her window pane, nearly swooned. Tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. She moaned softly:

"He has understood! He wishes! That's his signal!"

She met him on the stairs each day, and trembled with happiness and shame as she brushed by him. Her cheeks would flush. She would choke up to the point of fainting and then flee, relishing the memory of those painful, exquisite moments. She had dared to look at him that morning on the stairs, although he was a married man, the father of children. He had recognized her glance and lifted his hat politely, displaying admirable rectitude.

"He saw me! He lifted his hat! Perhaps he knows my name. Doubtless he noticed that I am a woman." With these thoughts she experienced the delight of extreme confusion and, at the same time, felt herself lifted like a balloon full of gas. He was already far past her on the stairway, and her eyes followed his divine, dark silhouette.

From her window at night she contemplated her beloved's apartment and the glass panes behind which he breathed, walked, ate and made his sublime utterances. Through the other window she would sometimes glimpse the dreadful shadow of his wife. If they were sleeping in separate rooms, was it not because of those emotional encounters on the stairs, where so many unexpressed things passed between their souls? A glance, the lifting of a hat—that must have had some significance. This is why, when the white linen suddenly shone beneath the moon that night, she immediately recognized the secret signal—the artless messenger of future bliss.

He removed his briefs from the window the next morning, threw them in the laundry hamper and took out a new pair from his bureau drawers.

She silently watched behind her window as the white flag disappeared, knowing instantly that he wished to notify her of his imminent departure and of his desire to meet her on the stairs. She lay in wait on the landing, and when she saw him descend, she walked up toward him as if she were returning home. Drawing near, she paused slightly and, feeling her chest tighten, raised her hand to her breast and averted her head to hide her blushing. Then she looked up at him, her eyes full of tears. With astonishing self-control, as she deemed his attitude, he passed without a word, his gaze fixed directly before him. He did not even lift his hat. She somewhat resented his discretion.

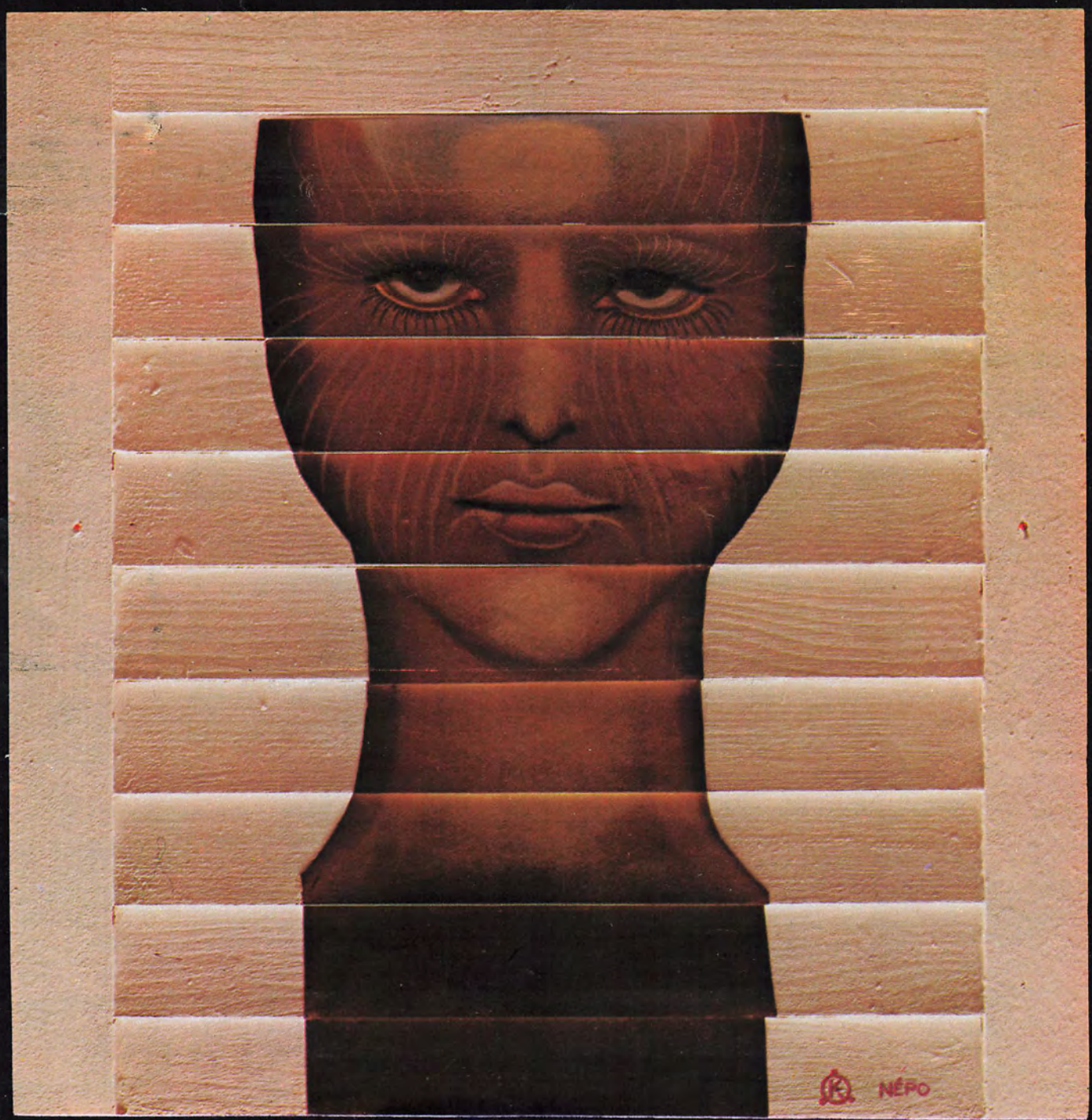
The wind blew that night. He again became vexed and got up to wedge the shutters. Repeating his proven method, he picked up his white shorts from the chair, rolled them into a ball and silenced the shutters. He went back to bed and quickly fell asleep.

Behind her pane of glass, she cried from happiness. She immediately wrote him an ardent letter, which she put away with others in her drawer. What good would it do to send them? He knew! Together, one day, they would read them in their bower of love.

On the stairs the following day, she offered him a sheet of white paper. White the signal, white the sheet—on which he could write whatever he wished: a proclamation of love, a rendezvous, anything. He took the sheet, turned it over, raised his eyebrow, smiled vaguely and walked on holding the sheet, which he soon dropped in the gutter.

There was more wind that night, and she was happy. She waited on the stairs all morning. He did not emerge until quite late, in a great hurry, almost running, for he was due at his office. He did not have the sheet of white paper in his hand and, as he passed, he nearly knocked her over. She had a ghastly day.

The wind got stronger in the middle of the night. Since the blinds continued to rattle, he got up to stop the noise. Groping in the darkness, he found a black sock and slipped it between the metal shutters. Motionless behind her window, she contemplated the black flag. Then she opened her window and jumped.—*Philippe de Jonas*


NÉPO

Aslan's Girls

What you are looking at is a little something about a Paris artist named Aslan. His paintings of sweet dames for *Lui* magazine, our French friend, have made his name a household word on the Other Side, just like American artists Vargas and Petty are back in the US of A.

But where George Petty (he was the guy in *Esquire* in the Forties) used his *daughter* as a model—you read it here first—it is obvious that Aslan is surrounding himself with nonrelatives. Though this may at first glance *look* like a houseful of relatives, consider this: Could all his daughters be the same age?

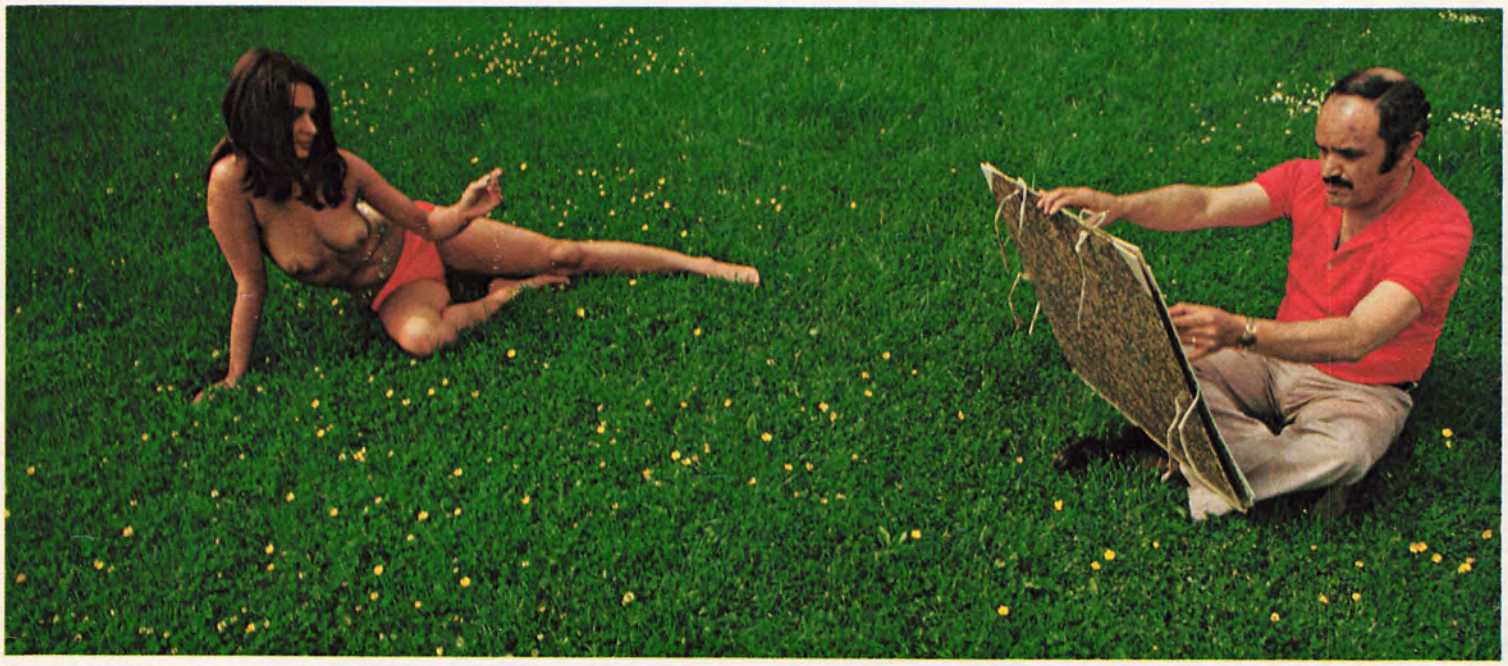
Without any further explanation, let us only say that our contract for Aslan's services reads in part as follows:

"Do your stuff and we will publish it. We herein guarantee to make you the toast of Fifth Avenue, Peachtree Street, Lake Shore Drive, Sunset Boulevard, Broadway & Columbus, Main Street, Bourbon Street and far too many other additional avenues across the great breadth and sweep of America to mention by name in a document of this kind."

Just why are we doing all this? may be the question we have succeeded in planting in your mind. Well, these photographs are evidence being used by the negotiating committee for the editors of this magazine. While things are pleasant around these offices, they still don't . . . quite . . . approach the *ambiance* that Aslan has going for him.

These pictures, by the way, were taken at Hérouville, a château some 60 miles from Paris. We have taken the position that Hérouville is Aslan's working digs. The management negotiators claim that Aslan works out of a drafty studio in some nondescript neighborhood in Paris. This claim is obviously a political tactic on their part, and we don't believe it for a moment. Neither should you.

You will notice that the working conditions for models and artist alike are not exactly comparable to, say, the key-punch operation on the 14th floor of some insurance company. This seems to work out just fine for Aslan, and the models appear to be in fair spirits, too. The question, then, is if this sort of thing would work for Equitable Life or Mutual of Omaha.



It is a matter of scientific fact that fluorescent lights—which actually blink on and off too fast for the eye to follow but are slow enough for the brain to note—have some certain effect on the psyche. Aslan, you can see, avoids that effect. The fur on the bedspread, by the way, does not come from any endangered species, or from any wild animal, for that matter. It is made from the clippings from Aslan's moustache. Droppings from the clippings are swept up and airmailed to Goa, where teams of artisans turn them into paint brushes of the most profound and moving quality. The hairs from the center of the lip, traditionally the most delicate known to modern science, are used for Aslan's famed #000 brushes.

(Continued from page 46) Koko, and they were bitterly upset. They thought Rohmer had misrepresented his intentions. They thought he had stolen Koko's money. They called him a bandit . . .

SAME SCENE—THE ANGRY CAMEROONERS TALKING ANGRILY INTO THE CAMERA —AND SUDDENLY, KOKO'S PRECISE, CLIPPED, CAMBRIDGE-INFLECTED ACCENT REPLACES NARRATOR'S VOICE . . .

KOKO: . . . little *girls*! He knew *all along* they were only *children*! It was a lie from the very start! Why did Rohmer lie to me? I thought the story was set in a painter's studio on the Montparnasse. I thought the little girls *modeled* for the artist by day and *screwed* him by night . . .

GRADUALLY KOKO MELLOWS AS HE SPINS OUT THE FANTASY MOVIE SCRIPT HE'D INVENTED IN HIS MIND—A DELICIOUS AND ABSURD MELANGE OF COARSE RED WINE, CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS, SLAPS ON THE ASS, GREAT ART AND CARNALITY. WE ARE AWARE THAT KOKO IS IMPROVISING, ADDING EMBELLISHMENTS ON EMBELLISHMENTS. AND FINALLY HIS STORY COLLAPSES OF ITS OWN WEIGHT, WITH KOKO UNABLE TO SALVAGE IT. SMILING NOW, KOKO EXTENDS HIS HAND TOWARD THE NARRATOR (GEGAUF), SHAKES HANDS WITH GREAT CEREMONY & VIGOR WHILE ADIEUS ARE EXCHANGED—SAME BUSINESS WITH KEKE—AND THEN THE PAIR TURN AND WALK AWAY . . .

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF A PAWNSHOP, CAMERA TAKES US FROM ITEM TO ITEM ON THE SHELVES, STOPPING HERE AND THERE TO LOOK: AN ALARM CLOCK, A PISTOL, A BARITONE SAXOPHONE. CAMERA WALKS OUTSIDE AGAIN TO PAWNSHOP WINDOW, WHERE IT LOCATES A TYPEWRITER AND HOLDS THE TYPEWRITER IN FRONT OF US WHILE THE NARRATOR PICKS UP AGAIN . . .

NARRATOR: One day our typewriter disappeared and all accusing stares fixed on Godard . . . He swore it wasn't him, but the thing was found the next day in a local pawnshop. The proprietor said it had been pawned by an unshaven fellow with a strong Swiss accent . . . Three days later, the mother of one of the perfect little girls looked into her bag and found that her last ten francs was gone.

CUT FROM TYPEWRITER TO ROHMER'S CONCERNED FACE. TAKING GODARD BY THE ARM, ROHMER GUIDES GODARD AS THEY WALK ALONG THE STREET.

ROHMER: Listen, you've gone too far now. Return that money immediately.

GODARD: But it wasn't me!

ROHMER: Okay, I appoint you to make sure that the money returns to her bag this evening.

GODARD: But I tell you . . .

ROHMER: Don't tell *me*! Where did you get the Gauloises? They cost 85 centimes. Where did you come across that kind of money?

AT STREET CORNER THEY PAUSE FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT WHILE NARRATOR SAYS:

NARRATOR: Sure enough, the little mama regained her francs that evening . . . minus the price of the Gauloises, of course . . . And gradually, *The Perfect Little Girls* project faded until it totally disappeared . . .

CUT TO BRIEF SCENE FROM "THE PERFECT LITTLE GIRLS," ENDING ABRUPTLY WITH SPLOTCHES, NUMBERS AND FILM TRAILER, AS AT END OF FILM REEL . . .

CUT TO GODARD AND A VERY PRETTY, VERY SEXY YOUNG GIRLFRIEND, ALONE AND TOGETHER, IN TABLEAUX SHOWING THE FOLLOWING: GODARD CRAZY IN LOVE WITH THE GIRL EVEN BEFORE HE KNOWS HER . . . DEPRIVING HIMSELF OF THE NECESSITIES IN ORDER TO COVER HER WITH FLOWERS AND CANDY . . . SHE WON'T EVEN GIVE HIM THE TIME OF DAY . . . HE PAWNS EVERYTHING HE OWNS AND MUCH THAT HE DOESN'T . . . THE BARRAGE OF GIFTS AND GOODIES CONTINUES . . . THE GIRL NONETHELESS REMAINS BORED . . .

NARRATOR: Soon Godard had nothing more than an old pullover to wear and I noticed that our drawers were being emptied of their contents and our shelves of their books. One afternoon, I discovered that a 500-franc note had disappeared from my jacket . . .

CUT TO PLUMBER AT THE DOOR TO GEGAUF'S AND GODARD'S APARTMENT. PLUMBER IS BANGING ON THE DOOR DEMANDING PAYMENT OF A BILL. GEGAUF TRIES TO PLACATE HIM, BIDS HIM TO WAIT A MOMENT. GEGAUF TURNS TO GODARD . . .

GEGAUF: Jean-Luc, do a good deed. Return my 500 francs.

GODARD (*staggered*): *What* 500 francs?

GEGAUF: Don't be an idiot. I don't give a damn if you pinched them or not —I'd give them to you with pleasure. But, in the name of God, I need the money, please.

GODARD: If that's how it is, I'm going.

GODARD STARTS FOR THE DOOR, GEGAUF CATCHES UP WITH HIM, CHANGES TACTICS AND TONE.

GEGAUF: Look, I'm sorry, Jean-Luc. I take back what I said. I'm ashamed . . . Look, could you be a sport? This plumber wants to kill me. I'm being harassed by creditors on all sides. Could you *loan* me 500 francs? A friend is asking you a favor.

GODARD: With pleasure!

RATHER THAN HAND OVER THE 500-FRANC NOTE, GODARD WRITES GEGAUF A CHECK. GEGAUF ASKS THE PLUMBER TO COME BACK LATER. RETURNING TO THE LIVING ROOM, GEGAUF NOTICES HIS JACKET HAS BEEN MOVED. GEGAUF REACHES INTO THE POCKET WHERE HE HAD PUT GODARD'S CHECK. IT IS NOT THERE. IT IS NOT ANYWHERE. IT'S BEEN STOLEN. THE LOOK ON GEGAUF'S FACE IS ONE OF RESIGNATION. AND EXTREME CONTROL. FORCING CORDIALITY, HE SAYS . . .

GEGAUF: Jean-Luc, an unfortunate thing has just happened. I lost your check. I can't find it anywhere. Write me another, would you? If I find the original, I'll tear it up. You know me.

RAGE IN HIS HEART, GODARD WRITES ANOTHER CHECK, AS GEGAUF COOS . . .

GEGAUF: You're the best sport I've ever known, Jean-Luc.

CUT TO GODARD HURRYING TO THE BANK TO SAVE FACE. GEGAUF'S ARRIVAL THERE MOMENTS LATER. HAPPY ENDING FOR GEGAUF: HE GETS WHAT'S HIS . . .

CUT TO SCENE IN APARTMENT OF GIRL WHO REFUSES TO BE GODARD'S GIRLFRIEND. GODARD IS MAKING PLEAS, GIRL ISN'T INTERESTED IN ANY OF THEM. WE HEAR GEGAUF, THE NARRATOR—WHOM WE ALSO SEE IN THIS SCENE—DOING HIS LINES OF WHAT HE SAYS . . .

NARRATOR: There is nothing more painful than an affair in which a man too much in love exasperates a woman who only wanted to admire him . . . Any fool could have had this girl just by pinching her ass. The endless roses Godard insisted on sending were his ruin. He knew it, too. But he didn't know how to change his style . . . One evening he decided to stab her. He grabbed an enormous bread knife. I intervened just in time. I still carry a scar from the slash I got in the struggle . . .

CUT TO GEGAUF, THE NARRATOR, WHOSE NARRATION CONTINUES, EXCEPT NOW HE'S SAYING IT STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA . . .

GEGAUF/NARRATOR: Jean-Luc, allow me to take advantage of this movie to soothe my conscience with a confession. During that whole tragic period, I was fucking the pants off that girl. She was a good lay, no more and no less.

CUT TO GEGAUF PUTTING ON HIS SHIRT IN GIRL'S BEDROOM. SHE IS NAKED ON BED WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN MAKING LOVE, SMOKING A CIGARETTE. SCENE IS SHOT THROUGH GAUZE FILTER. GEGAUF PULLS ON PANTS, WANDERS OUT OF ROOM AND OUT OF APARTMENT WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE AT GIRL. AS HE WALKS STREETS, WE HEAR NARRATION . . .

GEGAUF/NARRATOR: Chabrol and I filmed *Les Bonnes* together in 1960. It brought me carloads of insulting letters from women, *(Continued on page 117)*

Aslan's Girl

"The young lady breathes virtue, but she soon runs out of breath."
Dr. Christiaan Barnard

The Man Who Has (Almost) Everything

A cartoon appeared some years ago in *Punch* in which two convicts were sitting in their cell and one was explaining to the other, in all due seriousness, "You might say I'm in here for my ideas. I believe in stealing."

I recalled that cartoon as I stepped from the second phone booth in less than 20 minutes. There were no convicts to be found that day, nor the subject of my search: a California man who apparently believes in stealing.

He called himself Thomas. I had his address, but I was lost somewhere east of Sepulveda with very specific directions to his house still clutched in my hand and his final telephoned reminder still in my ear:

"If you get lost again, and in all likelihood you will, just go to the nearest gas station and call again." Thomas's voice was a resonant resident Bostonian. Very enriched.

My third call to Thomas from the nearest gas station was answered in a hedging Tex Mex accent, but he did finally set me straight on directions. The last half mile up the hill drew me through a baffling series of turns behind vacant lots that overlooked well-known freeways. The obscurity of his address will be a point in his favor when the Feds come looking for him. And they would if they could. Or when innumerable collection agencies unleash their double-knit bloodhounds. Or when the Postal Service finally wonders what's happening to them. They all would love to head up the hill in search of the giant bearded man in red suspenders called Thomas, because any individual, bearded and red-suspendered or not, who has consciously and with some malice "burned" mail-order businesses to the tune of *forty thousand plus dollars* in merchandise in less than ten years is eventually going to be of more than mere passing interest to the "burnees" and the postal "traffickers."

But they'll never find Thomas. They'll get lost amidst mind-boggling confusion and end up ringing a million doorbells in a four-square-mile area. Not only will they never find him, they'll never know whom they're looking for. He's lost forever. Rumor has it, in fact, that Thomas has been declared legally dead by a loving mother as maximum insurance against his past matrimonial misdeeds. That, however, is another story. In the meantime, he has relocated and written himself into and out of more than 300 names, five houses, one wife and a few children; and even today, as we have noted, answers the phone under assumed names and purloined voices. Names and sounds fraught with esoterica. Thick B-

Ripping off $40,000 worth of mail-order merchandise is an accomplishment of sorts, but what does it profiteth a man to have gallons of asphalt paving compound cluttering up his house?

movie German. Wasted Chicano. Southern Tidewater.

"That's a good one to hide behind," Thomas laughed coolly as he sat in the shade of the sunken and cracked patio outside his repository of a two-story house. One Hollywood legend had the house as little more than a collection box socked full of his ten years of mail-order booty; ten years' worth of untold magazines, shrinkable plastic tubing, large reinforced cardboard filing boxes, a tear-gas gun and 40 cartridges, Texas grapefruit, a $100 Executive Swivel Chair, a gimbal-mounted marine compass and other items too numerous to mention in toto, but items all marked *bill me later*. Hence, all free. The bills are simply shitcanned, and the merchandise is stacked and tucked into any available space. Such space is getting rare these days, as I learned later.

"And being a guest in the house helps when they call," Thomas continued after pouring out two snifters of brandy. "You can always make yourself unrecognizable on the phone. You can make up local slang and get folksy like the people out here imagine Southerners are with everybody. *Oh, yeah, that reminds me. You know what they call that kind of corn in Johnson City, Tennessee? They call that bumblebee corn. Now don't ask me why, but they do!* That puts their nose out of joint. Especially when I'm only a guest taking up their time, and what they want to know about is a small *fossil collection* or something I've ordered. Dun and Bradstreet, the international credit syndicate, call me once in a while on their reputation. They get a new guy in the office, they put him on this address. Break him in. Show him all isn't cakes and ale at Dun and Bradstreet. Oh, man, they sound so stern. They've been there about a week and aren't tired yet. Another week, however, they'll wish they were driving a Coca-Cola truck."

The problem with calling the house is that the collection agent can ask for any of more than 90 people represented by Thomas's reclusive address. And all the names are his—that's the key to his success. The mail-order companies file the list of their customers by name, not address, and thus have very little chance of cross-checking their own lists, much less the endless lists of all the other companies. Certain companies have been burned as often as 12 times by Thomas, but all under different names, of course. The product arrived 12 times. How were they to know?

Thomas leaned his great bearded bulk forward in his wicker chair and handed me a partial list of those who had been receiving mail at his address. It was a long list of people and names gleaned from extensive and oftentimes obscure literary, philosophical and historical meanderings of the retired poet with time on his hands.

"I use the names of Confederate generals a lot," Thomas said. He ran a thick finger down the neatly penned page. "And gangsters, too. Here. Anthony Jenne, a runner of pot stills in Chicago before Prohibition." His finger moved on. "Harold Pierpont, John Dillinger's chauffeur. (Before I left that day, I carried away a dozen #2 pencils with Harold Pierpont's name inscribed on them. Thomas had quite a few of them.) Hal Cobb, a Georgia politician and Confederate general." He moved on to page three. "Willie Sutton, the bank robber. Willie was once asked by the prison psychiatrist at Sing Sing, 'Willie, why do you rob banks?' Willie looked at him in amazement. 'Because that's where the money is!'" Page four included some Middle East politicians, along with Erik Satie and the inculpatory Swaney Bean. Thomas's finger stopped there.

"Swaney Bean, he was the Scottish cannibal in the highland road between Edinborough and the north. He and his wife and children and grandchildren lived in a cave underneath the side of a cliff and they would waylay people near the inn. *And they'd eat them.* That was during the reign of James I, James of Scotland. Same king. And when the people got hip to what was happening, they went to the cave and found little kids running around gnawing on hands. Stinking bones. Flitches of human venison hanging from the walls. James was so appalled that he took the whole family and hanged them just enough until they had the fear of God in their eyes, cut them down, and then pegged them all out, men, women, children, on top of a pile of faggots, and then piled some more faggots on top of that and lit the whole family up. Just expurgated them."

Swaney Bean was the happy recipient of a Power Vac industrial vacuum cleaner that, according to its owner, can "suck nails up out of the floor."

Those uniformed men in blue who deal with the address as a part of their daily routine—namely Thomas's two mailmen, the two men who should have the greatest suspicions about the comings and goings of so many people in a single household—long ago ceased to be a problem. They have been cultivated, so to speak, and taken in to such a degree that both now wittingly act as Thomas's inside allies against the long arm of the collection agencies and other authorities who periodically get on Thomas's case. On more than one occasion, Thomas's common carrier has fed him certain information that things were getting sticky back at the main office, that inquiries have been made about this address and that the giant box constructed in the corner of the post office for this one specific address was raising a few wary eyebrows. It is at such times that Thomas starts a tapering-off process, and 62 characters from the pages and remembrances from his past move away one weekend.

"My mailman and parcel postman are cool," he said. "They don't give a shit. And I send letters of commendation for them every Christmas with different names and addresses in this area." He shrugged his shoulders and looked up toward the road above us. Thomas waved a stout arm toward a battered wooden box affixed to the top of the fence by the road. "See that Seagram's box up there? That's where the mail comes every day. And it's always a load. If the box gets too full, my mailman heaves the stuff over the fence into the ivy. It's not uncommon to discover boxes of books or whatever down in the foliage that might have been there for days, or even weeks."

On the day of my visit, the yard and patio tended toward neat clutter, but it was apparently neater than usual. Numerous stacks of bound Civil War volumes, pre-coated chromatograph plates, Russian picture magazines and the like filled the yard and the walls of the house. But not without reason. It seems the fire department had recently visited the neighborhood and declared the yard a distinct fire hazard. Thomas was told to clean up his act; he straightened it out a bit.

But the house was beyond their vision, both literally and metaphorically. It's a house that is loaded from the farthest extremities of the topsy-turvy basement to *(Continued on page 124)*

Illustration by BOB POST

1. French women are different from American women. They speak a foreign language and drink wine with lunch.

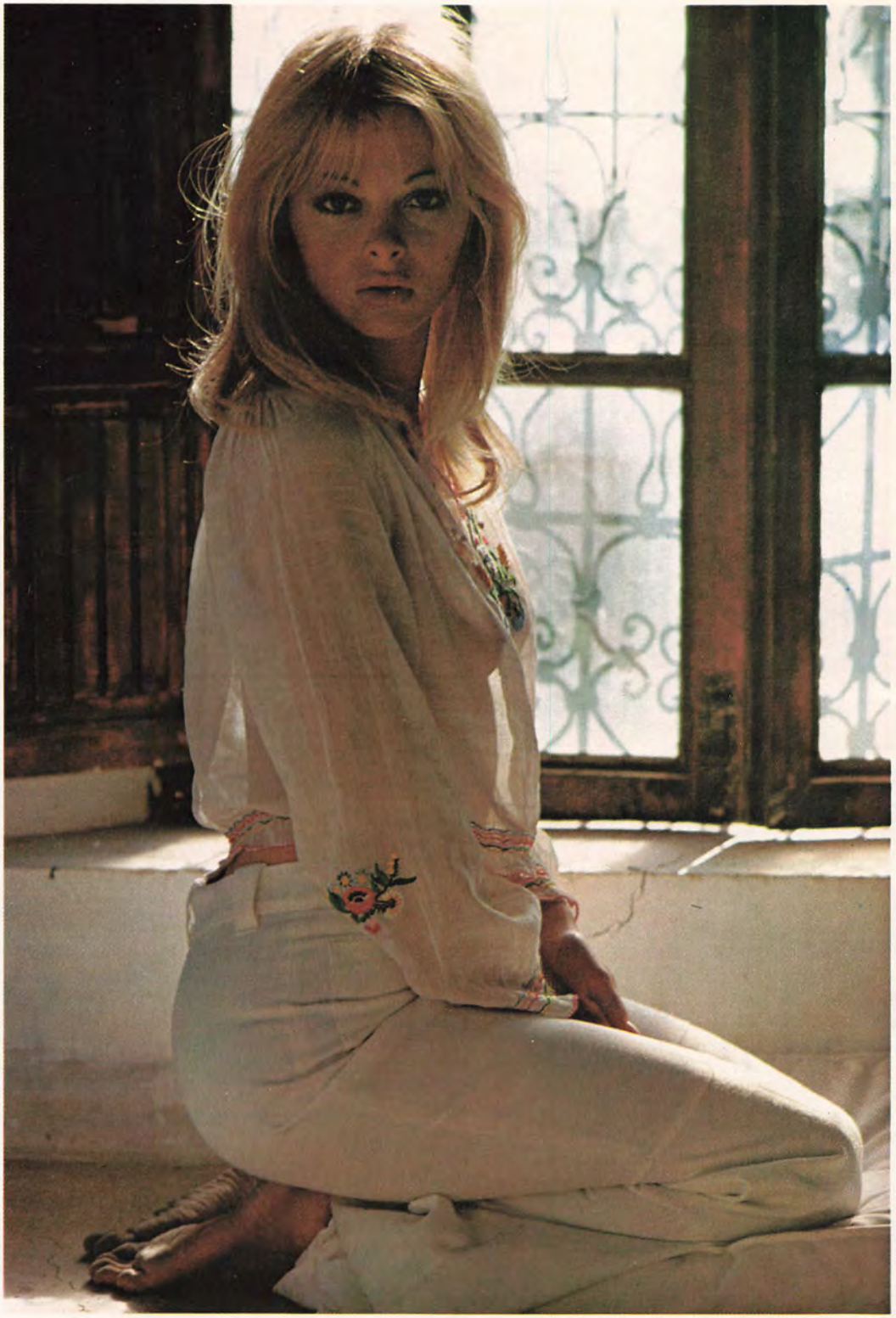
2. French women are extremely artistic. When they are not posing for artists, they are posing for photographers. They are all very beautiful and can dance the Samba like anything. Often they go to night clubs where men throw women around and vice versa. This is called apache, but has nothing to do with the famed American Indian organization of the same name.

3. The woman in these pictures is French.

4. French women often go to art galleries. They like Monet, Cézanne, Van Gogh. After the art galleries, there is always time for a walk down by the river and some pleasant conversation. Nothing is rushed in France, unless you are on a tour of some kind.

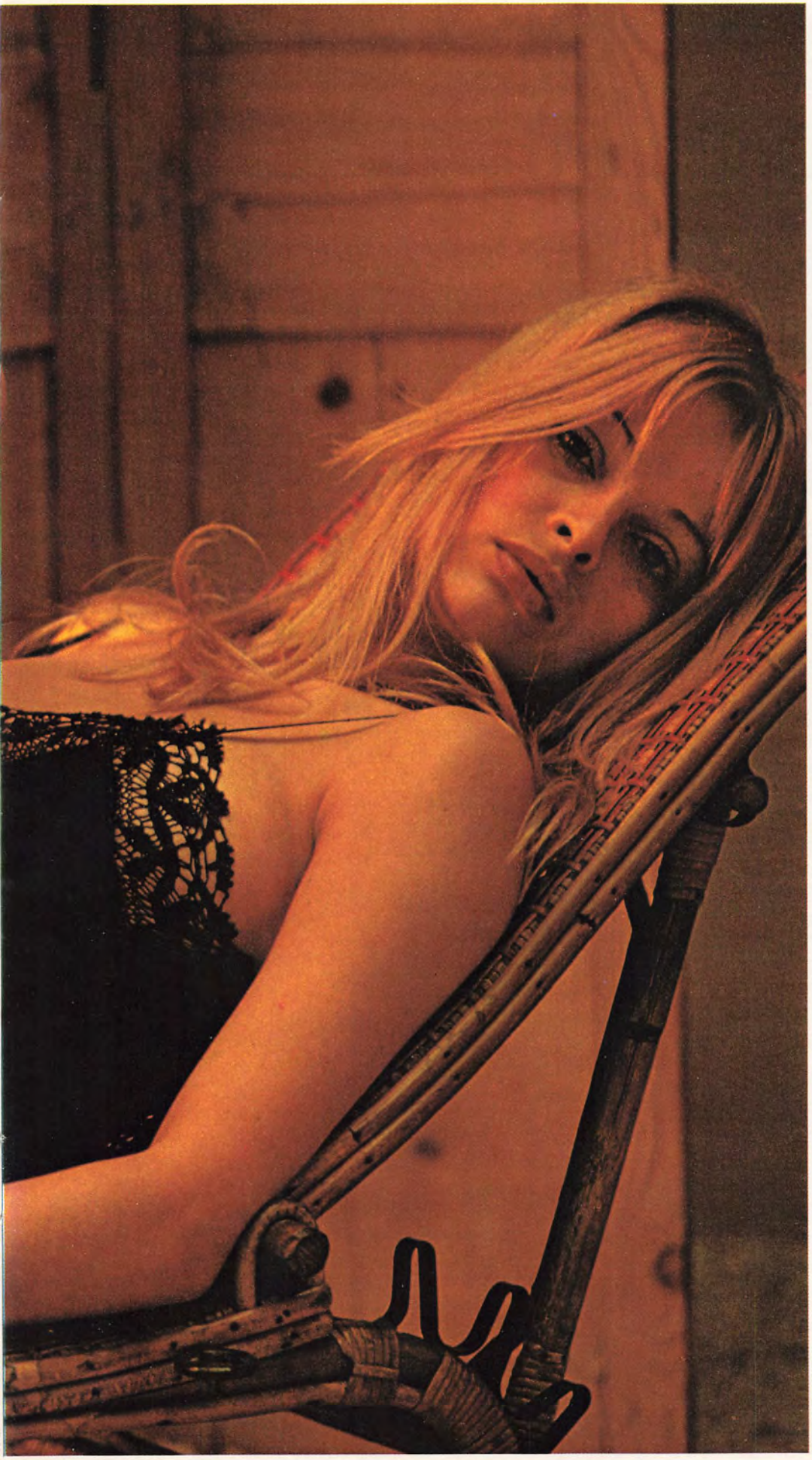
5. French women all live in large houses called châteaux. They get up late and eat strawberries for breakfast. It is always sunny at the château, although there is often fog in the city. The fog is damp and white and clings to the lampposts. It is possible to meet a policeman in the fog, and when that happens, he will tip his cap and say something in French.

6. French women frequently journey to the Eiffel Tower, just moments away by taxicab. They admire the splendid architecture and dine in the



Sixteen Facts About French Women

Photos by FRANK GITTY



restaurant at the top, which is always filled by David Niven or people who look like David Niven. David Niven is British, but no one seems to notice.

7. We do not understand everything about French women.

8. When they encounter gangsters imported at great expense, primarily from Detroit, French women are very cool and always call the gangsters by their surnames.

9. French women are tremendously sexy. They like to make love in the afternoon and again after dinner. They enjoy biting their own lips. Often there is a mirror in the ceiling, which allows you to get a different perspective.

10. French women consider Jerry Lewis a great motion-picture director.

11. French women drink a lot of champagne, a domestic beverage. Sometimes, they would prefer a Bordeaux, but all the Bordeaux have been taken by stout men in lumpy suits who laugh too much and pretend to be Germans.

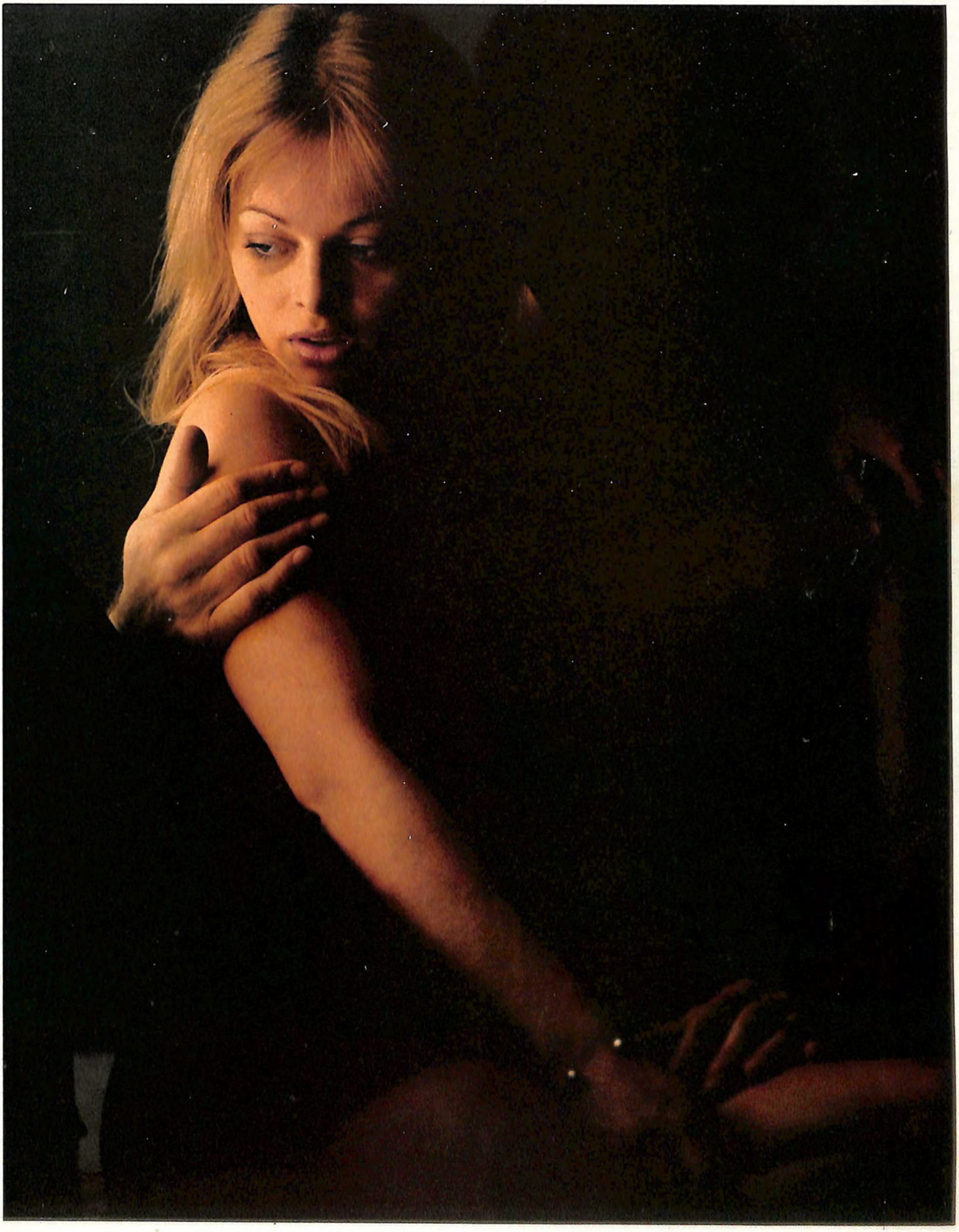
12. While there are no vampires in France, there are a great many apes. French women live in constant fear that a maddened escaped ape will burst into their rooms and thrust them up the chimney. For this reason, it is very hard for an ape to make out in Paris. In Vienna, they understand such things.

13. Occasionally, a French woman has a child. It is almost invariably a boy, and he is immediately sent off to be raised by nuns. The boys learn a great deal about Thomas Aquinas. Later they become politicians, artists and policemen.

14. French women, each and every one of them, have lovely underwear. It is soft and cool, like the belly of a whale. Among the items of underwear worn by French women are garter belts, silk slips and anything black. It is very pleasing to get up in the morning and discover smooth black garments draped gracefully over a chair.

15. The woman in these pictures is named Florence Fossorier.

16. French women have eyes like chocolate horses.



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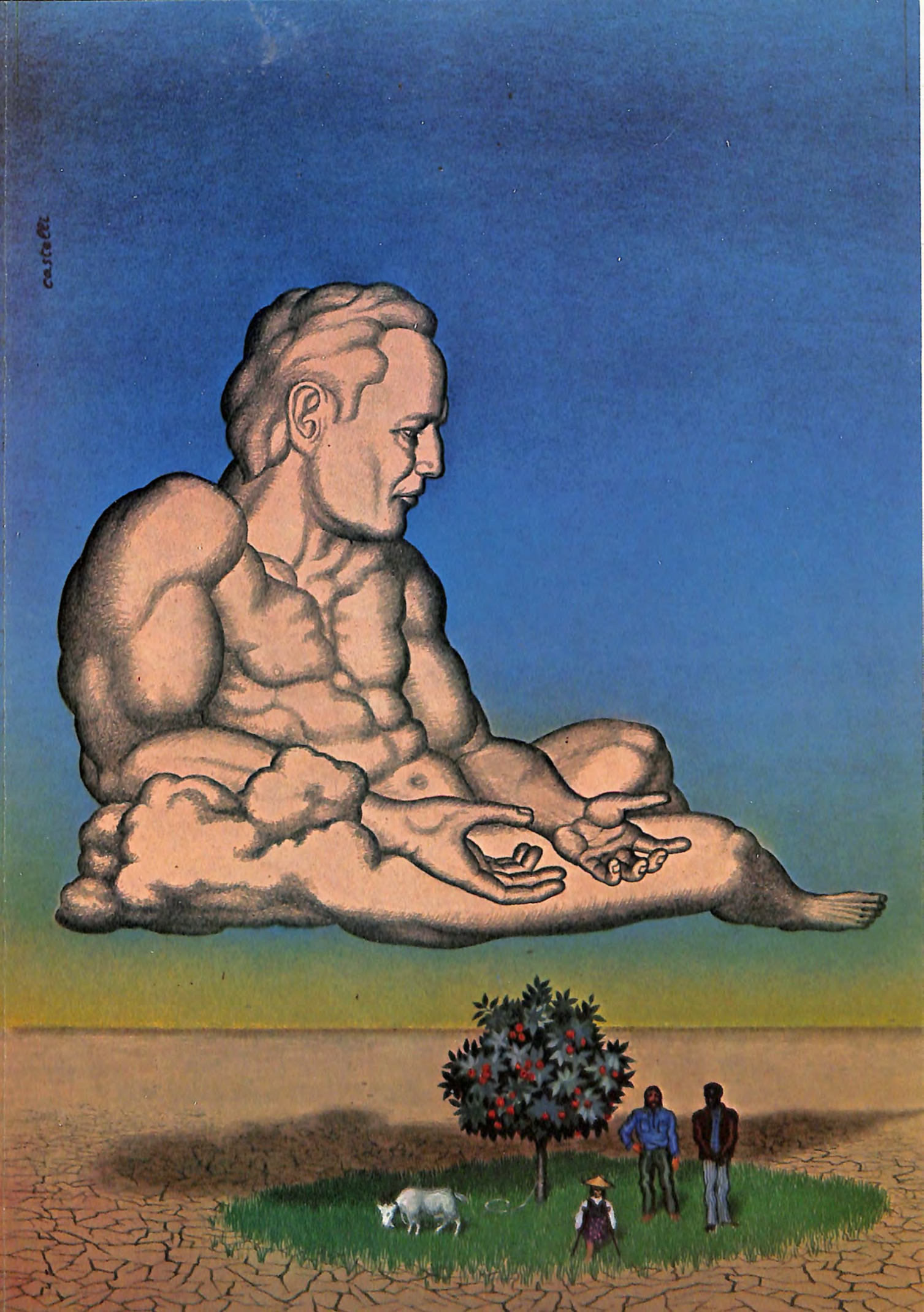

castelli

Conversation With Marlon Brando

"I'm the kid from the middle-income bracket who never finished high school, who went the route of individualism and made it. I've done what my country told me to do—'Go on, kid! You can do it! That's what we want you to do!' " That's Marlon Brando talking, whom director Elia Kazan once described as "the best actor in the world today." It was true when Kazan said it, and it's true now. Brando was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on April 3, 1924, and grew up in heartland America: Evanston and Libertyville, Illinois. After dropping out of Shattuck Military Academy in Faribault, Minnesota, Brando moved to New York City, where he studied at the New School for Social Research, a slightly avant-garde and decidedly liberal college in Greenwich Village. His mother and sister were involved in the theater, and he resolved to follow them. After critics gave him friendly notices in amateur productions, he made his debut on Broadway in 1944. He became a star on the night of December 3, 1947, when he opened as Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire*. In that vehicle, he did for ripped undershirts what Brigitte Bardot did for the bath towel. He went to Hollywood two years later to make his first film, *The Men*. Soon after, he re-created his Broadway role in the film version of *Streetcar*. This was followed by a string of films, including *Viva Zapata*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Wild One*, *On the Waterfront*, *One-Eyed Jacks* (which he also directed), *The Fugitive Kind*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *The Ugly American*, *The Chase*, *The Appaloosa*, *A Countess from Hong Kong* and *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. One critic said of his performances, "Surely his voice and diction in any other actor would count as a liability, but he converts them to assets. His slurred speech and frequently thin tones convey his feelings with overwhelming clarity." However thin his vocal tones, they couldn't have been thinner than the artistic substance of some of his later films, which led some people to dismiss Brando as they dismissed the films. It took the critical and box-office hit *The Godfather* to remind everyone of the genius they had been overlooking. But there is more to Brando than being an acclaimed actor. His concern about the state of the world does not surface only in Presidential election years, or when it might appear chic to feel it. As he reveals in this exclusive interview—granted to OUI while Brando was making a film with director Bernardo Bertolucci in Paris—he is seeking answers to our manifold global difficulties, and he is looking for real answers, as exemplified by his plans for an experimental island society in the South Pacific. He seems to believe that, at the bottom line, there is more important business in this world than show business.

OUI: Your career has gone through a number of ups and downs in recent years. It must be great to have a success like *The Godfather* behind you—it's like getting off to a new start.

MARLON BRANDO: It's a boost if you think in terms of success. But I feel fame and success are symptoms of a serious psychic disease, because so frequently they are not connected to achievement. Malcolm Muggeridge said something like that in a book review—something about fame having become an end in itself. People no longer care about achieving something, so long as they can be famous. Fame is success, and achievement seems to mean nothing. It is a destructive social disease we all suffer from. It's like smoking. We know damn well it causes cancer, yet we keep puffing away. But there comes a time when you think: "God Almighty, how can I do this to myself? How can I sit here and ruin my body?" You have this conflict—everybody has it from time to time—and sometimes you say, "Fuck it." And you quit.

OUI: So you think fame and success ruin a person?

BRANDO: Very often. I don't think there is a famous person who has not realized how vacuous fame is—how idiotic and destructive it can be.

OUI: Yet there must be some benefits to being famous. People generally respect fame, and if you are fortunate enough, you can influence them greatly.

BRANDO: I don't think people can be influenced that easily. I mean, the fundamental aspects of human nature are inflexible. I don't think there's anything a person like myself can do. Christ. Buddha, Socrates, Nietzsche—these men were all great thinkers, and yet they were unable to bring about any fundamental changes in human nature. It's foolish to presume . . .

OUI: Did you think at one time that it was possible to help change the world?

BRANDO: Well, I thought so, but I no longer do. I don't think it is possible to change people.

OUI: When did you come to this pessimistic conclusion?

BRANDO: I don't know. It's like achieving happiness. If your life has been unhappy and later you become happy, you never quite know when or where you crossed the line between the two. You just seem to grow into a realization that you know and feel something you were unaware of before.

OUI: If one cannot change people, what is there left to do? Just give up? Beat a retreat?

BRANDO: No, I don't think that is an answer. We are social beings and we cannot run away from the fact. I think the solution is to try to find out just

what kind of animals we are, to determine what lawfulness—if any—exists in our behavior.

OUI: Do you think you could make a contribution on that level?

BRANDO: No, I'm not trained to do it. I don't think I have the intellectual capacity to face the problem. Even people with great minds and tremendous academic backgrounds—people who are scientifically trained and who have grappled with the problem for a long time—do not know the answers. How am I, at 48, going to begin to train myself to make a contribution? Even if someone did define the basic fundamentals of human nature, we would still be faced with the problem of how to apply our knowledge to best benefit mankind and improve the quality of life.

OUI: You don't give yourself enough credit. You must have some influence on people's minds.

BRANDO: No, not at all. If you want to talk about influencing people, I think Madison Avenue's merchandising techniques are much more successful. They sell you the cigarettes you smoke, the clothes you wear, the make-up you put on, the car you drive and even the food you eat. Public relations people and ad men—especially those who use television—can make people do almost anything. If you have enough money to invest in advertising, you can convince most people to eat a combination of frogs' legs and pickles packed in peanut butter. All you have to do is say it is good for us, or it is delicious, or everybody is doing it. You can sell people on just about everything—it's an accepted part of the age of technology. Because we can influence others in superficial matters, we often believe we can change people's minds on all levels.

OUI: Do you believe there are limits to the power of persuasion?

BRANDO: Yes, there are certain things in your life which are not subject to outside influence. It is an understanding of things, for instance, that seems to grow inside you. You have this feeling, you are at the point of realizing something in your own life—some subtle, unpronounceable, emotional insight that is crystallized by seeing a play or a movie or by reading a book. But, the point is, you were near that experience yourself. It just required the unspoken to be said. You could have achieved the same effect by going to your local priest or commissar or by having some profound experience with nature.

OUI: If an audience is at the point of such a realization, then films can help them. People, however, don't go to movies to experience that moment of crystallization, but rather to be entertained. Most cerebral movies are bad news at the box office.

BRANDO: I'm not interested in the topic. There used to be a time when you could have guaranteed the box-office returns by having a certain actor. Today, however, with men like Renoir and Bergman, the director is the most significant person in the creative process. But their appeal is limited because their actors are not well known and their work is often difficult to understand.

OUI: Weren't audiences fascinated by actors because they wanted to get inside their heads, so to speak?

BRANDO: No, I think the relationship between the actor and his audience is more complex. People go to the cinema, they pay money, to have someone else act out their fantasies. They think it's a good film if the actors re-create their fantasies the way they visualize them. But if the performances contradict their feelings, or if they are opposed to their view of life, they think it is a lousy picture. Generally you can only receive from a film or a play as much as you bring to it.

OUI: Then the actor is no more than the embodiment of a heap of other people's fantasies?

BRANDO: Yeah, you're like a household pet. People think of us much like they think of their favorite cat or dog. When you have a pet you talk about it as if it were something special. You become emotionally involved with the animal and you endow it with qualities and characteristics it might not have. It is the same with an actor. You have one or two emotional experiences with him and you begin to trust him—he becomes your favorite fantasy-maker.

OUI: So you are like the beloved household pet?

BRANDO: Not always beloved.

OUI: Why do people fall out of love with their screen pets?

BRANDO: Well, you see, once you have fulfilled people's expectations, they demand that you live up to their next fantasy and the next.

OUI: But it limits the artist if audiences want only to have their fantasies enacted on the screen. You have to be aware of what they are prepared to accept.

BRANDO: I think audiences are always prepared for a lot of things. They are prepared for violence, prepared to have a better station in life, and they are always ready to improve their own attractiveness. Most people feel unattractive and it bothers them. They are worried about their image. Advertisers exploit this weakness by telling them that if they use a certain hair spray or some breast exerciser, men will come flocking to them. Or if you're a man, they promise you a better relationship with women if you wear a certain cologne or drive a fast, powerful car.

OUI: Are you worried about your image?

BRANDO: Not at all. But most people seem to care, otherwise they would not respond to the intimidations of advertisers. The same is true with politics. Politicians and advertisers are both out to sell a product, and they know the best way to do it is by preying on people's insecurities. They study you and they shape their message to fit the man they are trying to win. Depending on whom they're talking to, they will sell you manliness, national pride, sexual prowess or self-respect. They lie and flatter to manipulate you.

OUI: Still, the system works so well, it seems we want to be manipulated.

BRANDO: I think it's frightening that people accept manipulation. But you're right; we have become so used to being pushed around that we don't notice anymore when it is being done. We are manipulated by heavy industry, by the news media, by politicians—you name it. Once they told us the war in Vietnam was necessary. Now many of them are having second thoughts. When I was young, I was told the Japanese were quite an attractive people, the Chinese were noble, the Germans were our brothers in spirit because they were the best technocrats in Europe, but the Russians—they were evil.

OUI: Then came the Second World War, and it all changed.

BRANDO: Suddenly the Russians were our brothers because they were fighting fascism, and the Germans and the Japanese were evil. The Chinese were still noble because then they were on the right side. When the war ended the Germans were suddenly good people again. The Russians became arch-evil and the Chinese also became the devil's children. Then we became friendly with the Russians, but we were still warned about the yellow peril. We were told the Chinese were out to destroy the world and that there was some great evil in that country—they were not responsible members of the world community. Now we are being told again that the Chinese are not so bad after all. But what is the most horrifying thing—something that is truly frightening—is that, through all this, people really believed that America was always right.

OUI: As if we were the most responsible and respectable nation on earth.

BRANDO: And history contradicts it. We forget so easily and so conveniently. We who represent the so-called responsible

element of the free world—we always have some moral justification for the things we do. Everybody forgets that we once had 400 treaties with the Indians, and we broke every one of them. We set out, as a government and as a people, to destroy them culturally, mentally, physically and economically, and we have been very successful.

OUI: What can one do? Cop out? You bought yourself a tropical island, which, to most people, is the ideal cop-out. We all have these adolescent fantasies of someday escaping to a desert island. Where is your island?

BRANDO: Tatieroa is just off the island of Tahiti, about 40 miles north of Papeete. It's very small, about five square miles.

OUI: Sounds big enough for one man.

BRANDO: I won't be living there alone. And I don't think of it as a place to cop out, as you say. I want to develop the island to present it as an example of how you can use less power to live, and that you don't have to go to our conventional resources to stay alive. We will make do without going to oil or gas or steel or auto companies—we want to avoid feeding these parasites fostered by our technocratic existence.

OUI: That's easy to say, but where will you get power, for instance?

BRANDO: There are ways of getting power from the wind and the sun that are less harmful to our environment than most of the methods we use today. But the big companies are opposed to such innovations.

OUI: Such as Detroit's refusal to make any significant changes in the car engine because manufacturers are working hand in glove with the oil people?

BRANDO: Yes. I think it is absurd that after 70 years of automotive engineering it has not been possible to produce an engine that is in principle different from the first ones produced. But what is even more bizarre is the fact that we are content to drive around in these dumb cars that are made to break down after a couple of years. Industry is built on the principle of producing things to fail. They don't want to turn out products that last. They want you to have breakdowns and repair bills. And when you're sick of having something repaired, they know you will go out and buy a new model, which will destroy itself the moment you use it.

OUI: Just how will life be different on your dream island?

BRANDO: Well, right now there is nobody there, but eventually I hope to establish a scientific community on the island so that people can research ways of becoming more independent of the big companies. I believe there must be a way of accomplishing things without turning to the industrial giants. For example, a new system can produce a thousand degrees of heat to make steam for electric motors—and there is absolutely no pollution.

OUI: Will your scheme work?

BRANDO: There are enough interested people who could make it work. *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, for instance, is a fascinating collection of ideas about how we can live in this technological age without subscribing to its demands. These people are trying to figure out ways of doing things cheaply and efficiently. They tell you where to find a cheap welding torch, or how to build a village, put up houses, get light and heat and power in your home at a low price, and without going through the gas and the oil companies.

OUI: Isn't that the book that had an ad for chicken manure car engines?

BRANDO: Yes. There is this man who takes a can about this big and fills it with chicken litter. As it rots, the manure gives off a gas that runs the car. It is, of course, nonpolluting, and he has actually made a special carburetor that you can buy for about $150. All you have to do then is get chickens, which will also give you meat and eggs, and use their manure to run the car.

OUI: You're going to have chickens on your island?

BRANDO: Yeah, we'll have animals. We will save all wastes and make compost piles and use the methane gas coming off them for power.

OUI: Who will you have out there on the island? Will anybody be welcome?

BRANDO: An international group of people —anybody who is qualified to make a contribution. We will grow our vegetables with solar energy. Our main power sources will be methane gas, the wind and the sun. We will experiment with new concepts, like this theory that one can use bacteria to supply power. You put two different kinds of bacteria in two small metal containers with an electrical conduit between them, and the unit generates enough power to light an ordinary household bulb. Some other experiments have shown that when you have a warm, highly saline solution for bacteria, as you have on atolls, you can generate quite a lot of power.

OUI: It sounds like quite a revolutionary project. But then you always gave the impression in your films—especially in some of the early ones—that you were a bit of a rebel.

BRANDO: Well, actually, I don't think it's very useful talking about my personal life. You know, it's funny, it seems that whenever I have an interview everything flies away from my mind. I just don't like talking about myself in a situation such as this.

OUI: But you are an interesting person and you have some very important ideas. Don't you want to be in the news, thereby getting your views across to a great many more people?

BRANDO: There is a price tag on questions. The highest money is paid for the ones that reveal the most personal things. For instance, if you were to discover that Queen Elizabeth had three lovers—a cab driver, a photographer and a rug repairman—well, that is very interesting news and it would most probably push Vietnam off the front page. Personal gossip is more salable than most other things. That is why I hesitate to talk about myself, knowing that it is going to pop up in print.

OUI: We're not asking about your personal life. What we would like to know is, what were your ambitions and goals when you were 20 years old?

BRANDO: I never thought about it much at the time. I did my work, I lived my life as best I could. I never really decided, up until recently, what it was that I wanted to do. So, not knowing what it was I really cared about, I just went on acting. It was my work, a way of making a living. I always acted primarily because I wasn't trained to do anything else. What could I do to make a living? Acting was a job, the same as journalism, for example.

OUI: What would you do if you had to start over again, if you arrived in Hollywood today?

BRANDO: I don't know, the place is a ghost town now.

OUI: Would you choose to become an actor if you could start over again?

BRANDO: That's like asking me whether I would become a militant if I wanted to be a streetcar conductor but was not allowed to because I had three legs.

OUI: Well, how about the present? What are your plans for the immediate future?

BRANDO: I would like to make some films that concern all of us. Films about pollution, aggression and overpopulation. Not movies with stories, but rather things like documentaries. I'll shortly be making a documentary about the American Indian.

OUI: Will you direct it?

BRANDO: No, I will just be in the film.

OUI: You did direct once, didn't you?

BRANDO: Yes, but I'm not interested in it at all.

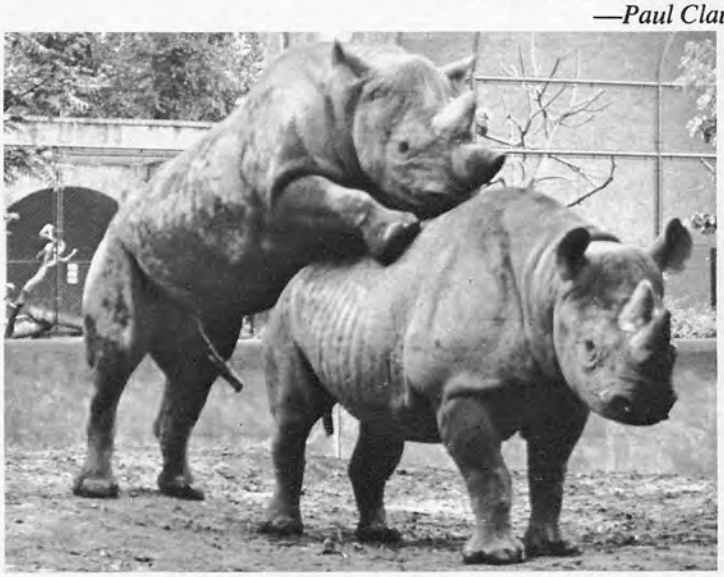
OUI: Why did you do it then?

BRANDO: I *(Continued on page 130)*

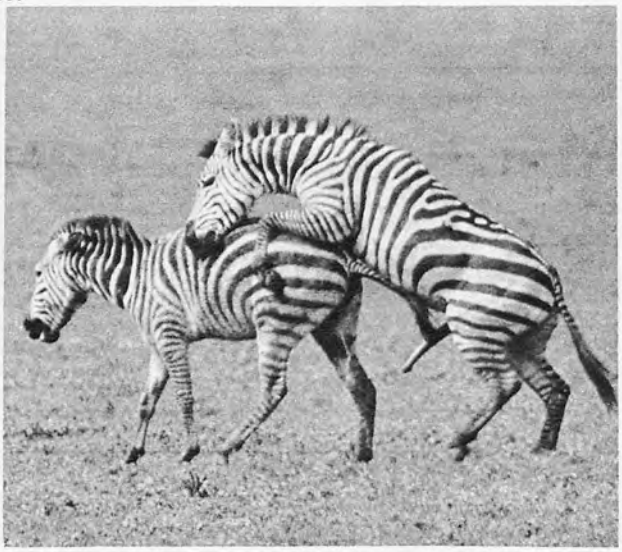
Brief Encounters

Our Friends In the Animal Kingdom Finally Get it On

"He does not love
who does not give what is best in him."
—Paul Claudel



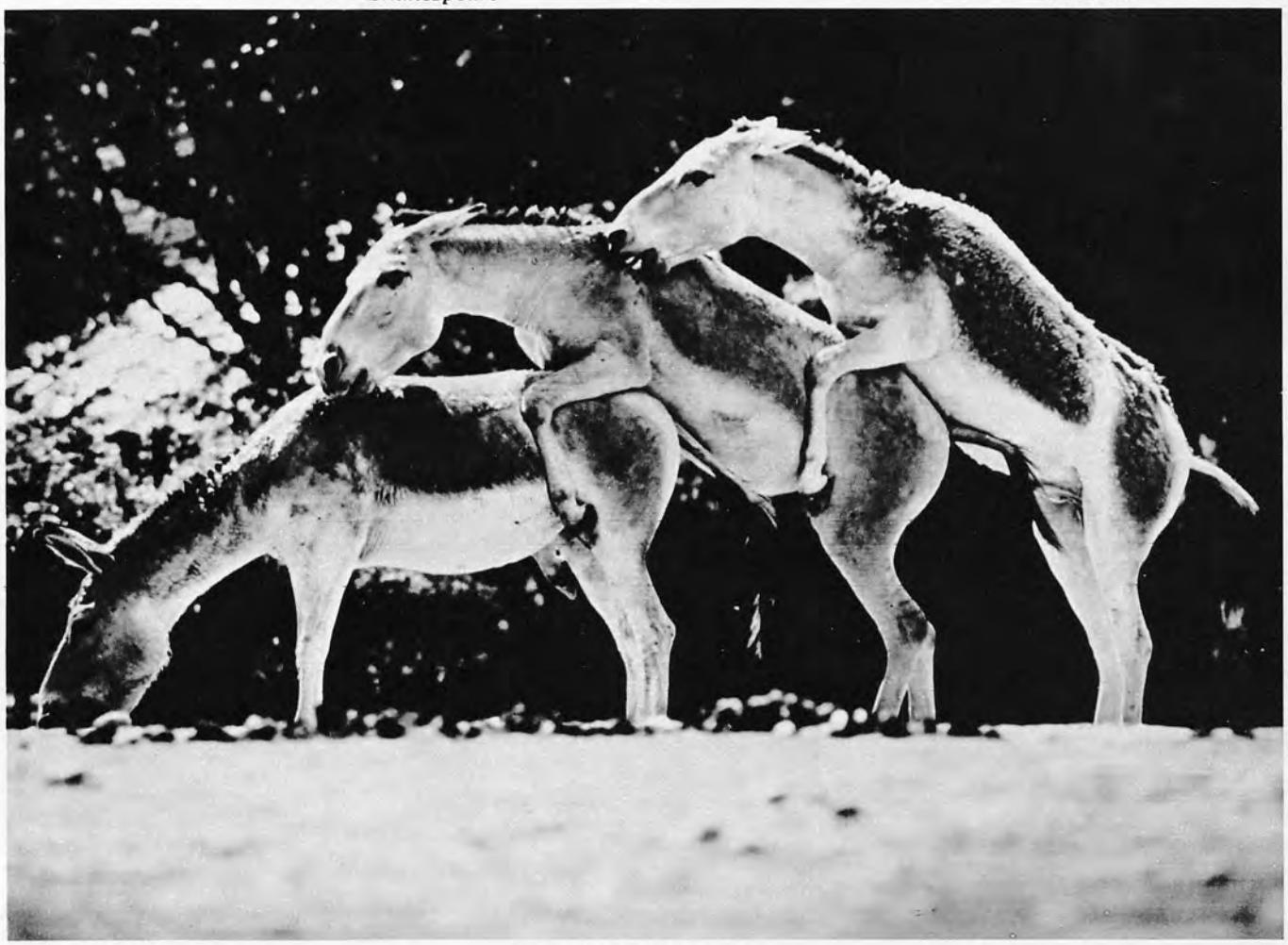
"Love and dignity
cannot share the same abode."
—Ovid



"The only
victory in love is flight."
—Napoleon

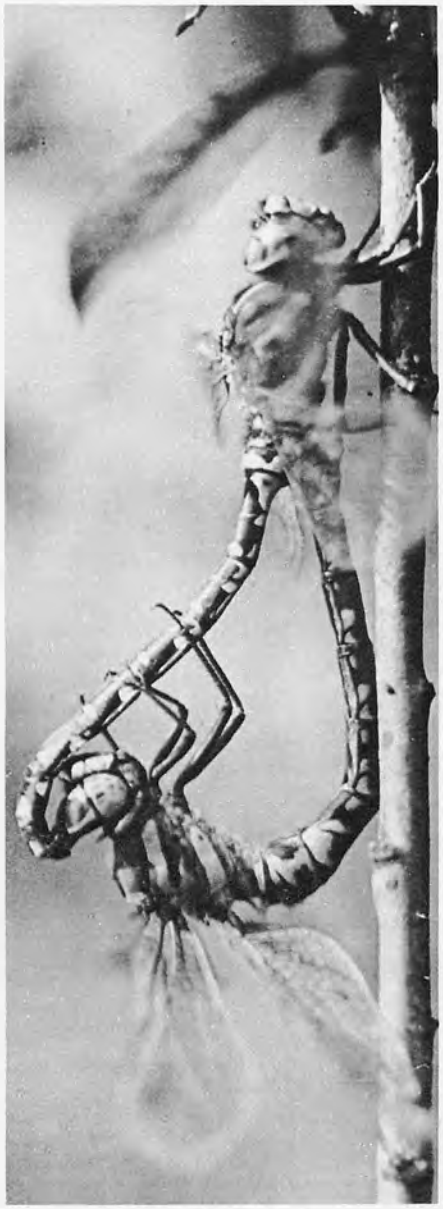
"Violent passions have
violent endings; love thus with moderation."
—Shakespeare

"The law of love
is hard, but you have to suffer it."
—Petrarch



"A private sin is not so
prejudicial in this world as a public indecency."
—Cervantes

"Love is not to look
in each other's eyes, but for both to look in the same direction."
—Saint-Exupéry



"A lover without
indiscretion is no lover at all."
—Thomas Hardy

"Love is the idea;
each one makes it one's own way."
—Courteline

I make money off the war.
I'm over here for one thing—the big green.
At least I'm not a hypocrite.

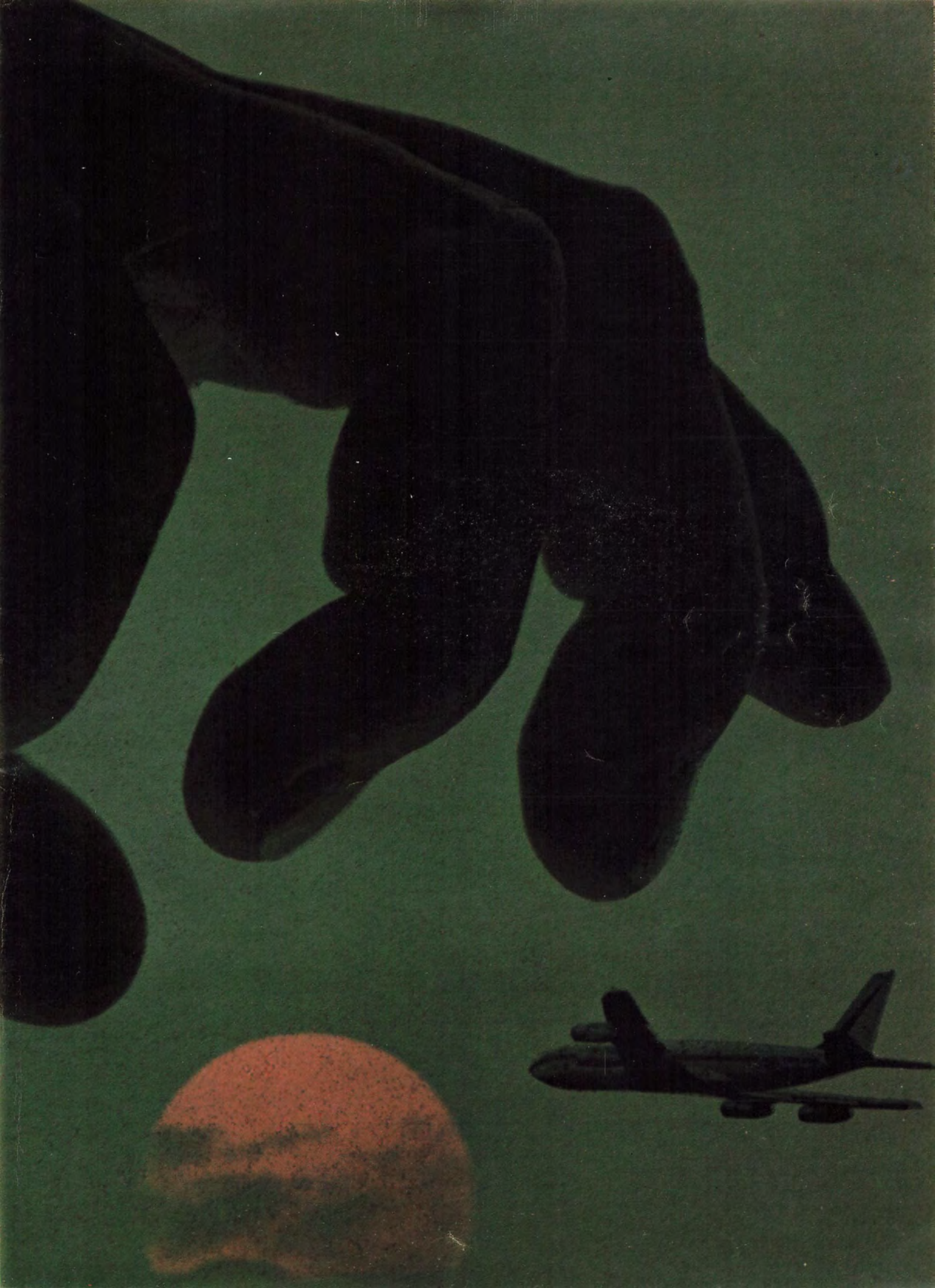
The CIA's Superpilots Spill the Beans

He earns, in a good year, $40,000, tax free. He admits the war in Vietnam made him cynical about the American military, politicians, journalists, Asians and their wars. Noble abstractions don't mean much to him—these days he talks more about "the big green." The American Dream is still in the back of his mind, and his goal is to save enough money to go back home and start a business or buy some income property and live like a normal person. A decent life in the suburbs.

He is a college man who learned to fly a helicopter in the military and survived Vietnam. Now he pilots in Laos, that rugged, damaged country of mountains and rivers and air strikes. His wife and kids live in Udorn, the grotesque base town across the river in Thailand. He is, yes, a professional. A civilian pilot more efficient than the U.S. military pilots in Laos. He flies for Air America. Though it hardly spans the globe, it is one of the largest airlines in the world in number of aircraft it operates.

He is slightly crazy in a way that all Americans who have looked too long at the Southeast Asia horror show are crazy

Illustration by ANDRE VALMONT



CIA'S SUPERPILOTS *They fly the unfriendly skies of Laos, North Vietnam, Thailand and China with cargoes, some say, of opium, prostitutes, bombs and sometimes baby food.*

—although not crazy *enough* to want to stay in Asia forever, as many an old Air America pilot is. The *new* Air America pilot would have to be the prime selling point for his corporation *if* his corporation, Air America, Inc.—the ultimate low-profile airline—were the least bit interested in selling what it's got.

Unfortunate, really, that Air America, Inc. does not advertise either its extraordinary customer services or its crackerjack pilots' remarkable record of efficiency—especially when you think of the possibilities for Madison Avenue slogan-makers. "The World's Most Experienced Mercenary Airline." Or—"Air America: The Wings of the CIA." Or—"Fly the Unfriendly Skies of Laos —*and* North Vietnam *and* China *and* Thailand *and* . . ." Then there's the Air America helicopter pilot from Southern California who would be perfect for television spots. A soft-spoken ex-Marine with blond hair, cool green eyes and straight white teeth, he could smile, wink and murmur: "I'm Tommie—Fly Me!"

The first Air America pilot I met was a polite former Marine Corps officer, twice shot down in Vietnam and holding a dozen or so flying medals from the war. It was Sunday in Savannakhet, one of a handful of towns in Laos still called "friendly." On Sundays in Savannakhet, when the war is quiet, a group of American military men and the kind of French expatriates who like to skydive from helicopters get together and tote along their parachutes. A Special Forces major, one of those anachronisms in fatigues employed by the United States Embassy in Laos, invited me along for the trip, and the man from Air America flew the chopper.

The day was hot, the sky clear and the season dry. The major, a Bostonian who complained that it was dreary not having smart people to talk to in Savannakhet, recently had progressed from hop 'n' pop (when you hop from a plane, and the static line pops the chute open) to free-fall. Another jumper was a Southern Baptist preacher's son who hoped to make a living on the aerobatics circuit when he got out of the Air Force. The jumps went well, except for that of one Pelletier, a hefty Frenchman who landed very hard on his tail. Afterward, I was treated to a cheeseburger and a piece of apple pie at the Air America hostel, sort of a home away from home for the men when they're flying out of Savannakhet. There the pilot sunned himself, and we made small talk about people who jump out of helicopters when they don't have to —when the choppers aren't burning, that is.

That evening, the pilot and I went to the American Community Association Center, where Americans in Savannakhet gather to drink, shoot pool, toss darts, see movies and talk to other Americans. We saw a bad film, but not as bad as most of the films that make it to the Americans in Savannakhet. Then we talked about good movies we had missed, the sorry state of journalism in Southeast Asia and Air America in Laos. I wanted to talk about Air America, and the pilot about irresponsible reporters, a gambit that was repeated with nearly every pilot I met over the course of the next two months.

When I ventured to bring up the matter of Air America's connection with the CIA—a most impolitic thing to do—the pilot looked away, as if he hadn't heard me. That, I was to discover, happens often with Air America people. They become hard of hearing, conversations go out of joint, responses are inappropriate; there are changes in tone that say, look you're on the outside, you can't expect me to answer *that*. But I persisted, rudely, so the helicopter pilot finally answered.

"I signed a contract to fly for Air America, and I don't think of myself as working for the CIA," he said. "The press has accused us of everything from hauling opium to dropping bombs. The other day I read we're flying prostitutes around Laos. It's ridiculous, believe me."

Flying majors from Boston around for Sunday fun was not a typical Air America assignment, the pilot said. A typical assignment was delivering food and mosquito nets to Laotian refugees. "In two years with Air America, I've never been asked to do anything out of the ordinary. I've never even thought of some of these things you're talking about," he said. "The difference between you and me is that you are a curious person, and I'm not a curious person."

Air America is usually described in the American press as "the private airline of the CIA" and by Air America spokesmen as "a private air carrier that serves customers on contract." Of the two descriptions, the latter is probably the more accurate, but both raise more questions than they answer. Indeed, Air America is often referred to as "the largest unknown airline in the world," to which one pilot responded, "and we'd like to stay that way."

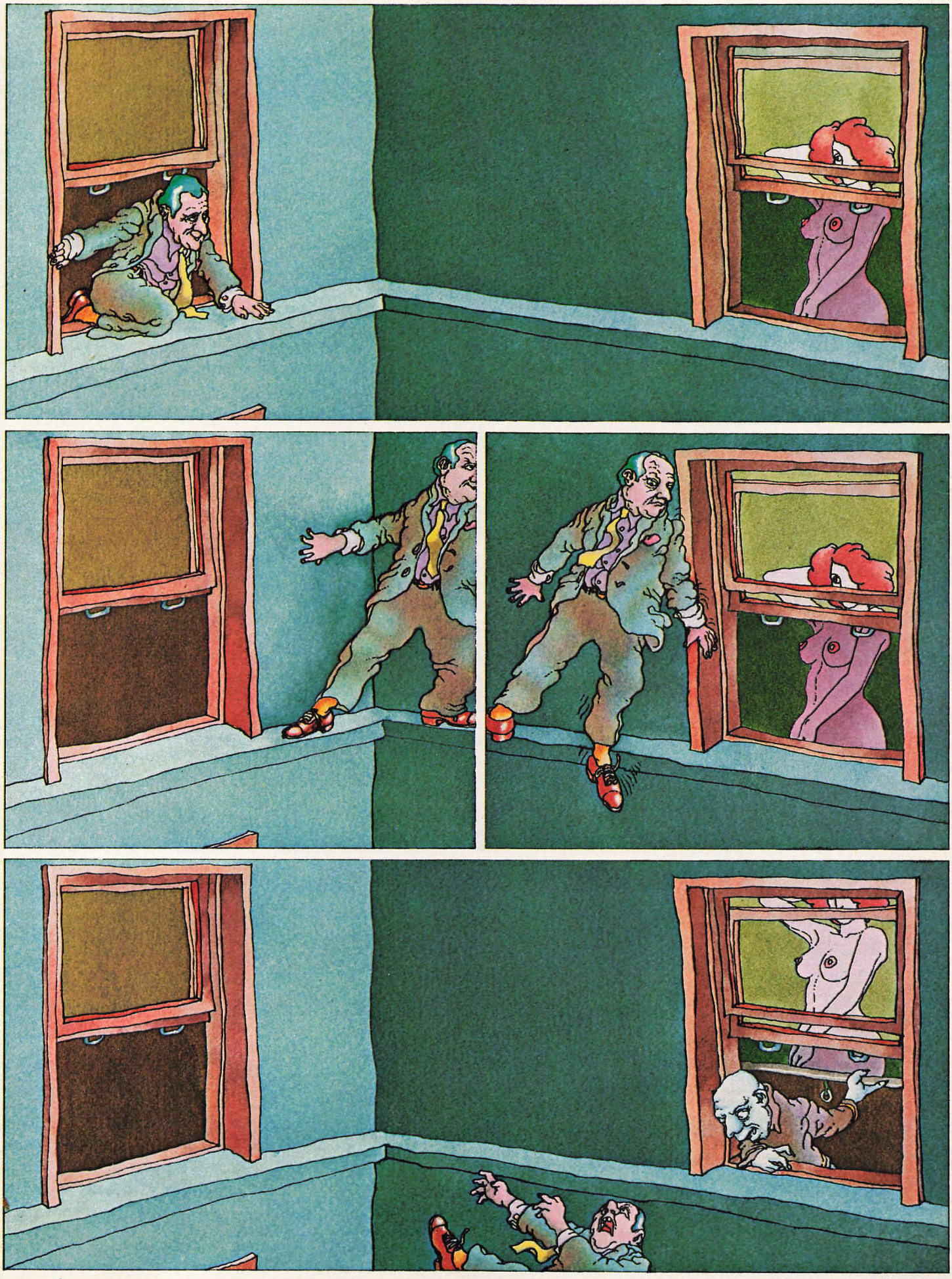
Air America has a contract in Laos with the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) that involves mainly the transportation of food and supplies to refugees, who now make up about a fifth of that country's population. Although the company plays up its relief role, several Air America pilots said flying for USAID was the least desirable part of their work. Pilots are openly critical of USAID personnel and refugee operations; they call the aid workers "naïve do-gooders" who squander the American taxpayers' money and line the pockets of local businessmen and corrupt officials. One pilot tells of a project aimed at improving the diet of Meo tribesmen isolated in the mountains of northern Laos:

"For one solid year I flew up there with Gerber's baby food, because some asshole at USAID figured if the Meos would eat a jar of the stuff every day it would be good for them. And for one year I watched those people dump the baby food out on the ground to get the glass jars. There's just no way they're gonna eat strained squash."

Air America also has a contract with the CIA that involves flying secret missions and, in the broadest term, providing combat support for the military effort of the Royal Lao government against the Communist Pathet Lao and their allies, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. It is this aspect of their work the pilots, in weekly meetings and memoranda, are constantly warned *not* to talk about—even to their wives.

One Air America helicopter pilot told me that two years ago most of his flying assignments in Laos were for USAID, but that in the past seven months, as the military situation has deteriorated, he has flown equally as much for "the other customer"—one of the local euphemisms for the CIA. His assignments have included flying cover for Laotian T-28 fighter-bombers, picking up downed Laotian and U. S. military pilots, evacuating wounded soldiers and delivering war matériel. "But it really doesn't make much difference who the customer is anymore," he said, "because the shit is flying everywhere. Laos is getting to be one nice piece of cake."

Air America pilots, however, rarely agree on anything. Some said that the job in Laos was every bit as dangerous as flying with the U. S. military in Vietnam. Others said the opposite. Most pilots said that Air America did not expect them to take the risks the military expected of them in Vietnam; a few complained about being "held back" from missions they wanted to complete. One helicopter pilot said: "I blame a lot of this on the press. Everytime some wild story comes out about Air America, we feel it here. We got out of the military because we were fed up with bullshit rules and regulations and reporters *(Continued on page 88)*



CORENTIN

Leather Weather

Leather is friendly. It smiles like an old shoe. The older and dirtier this leather stuff gets, the better it becomes. We've got to admit that the clothes in these pictures are neither old nor dirty, because we got them on a brief loan from the people who make them, so they may not look too hot now. But we do want you to consider just how good these leather things will look once they're all wrinkled and worn and soiled. What a past they'll have. What cools. What funk. What inexpressible *je ne sais quoi.* You know?

If you would like to know where you can buy these things, drop a line to Arthur Moody at OUI, 919 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60611. He'll tell you.

The man on the horse is wearing a dappled shearling jacket (that's sheepskin with the fur still on it) made by Ericson of Sweden. It sells for around $180 and lasts forever. The lady in green wears a wool melton (that's smooth and heavy fabric with a short nap, and nap is a hairy surface) put together by Jupiter of Paris.

Photos by FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

This is smooth goatskin made up according to U.S. government specifications into a Navy G-1 flight jacket. Star Sportswear turns them out for $85.

This is a real old-style baseball jacket with a striped knit ribbing over the cuffs and the neck, and a rabbit's foot on the zipper, in blue suede, no less. Peter's Sportswear makes it, and it sells, new, for $60. His baggy plaid pants are by A. Smile. The suede buckskin shirt opposite, which you can also wear as a jacket, is made by a company called Little Foxes and will run you $60. It's a light beige color, especially good for picking up dirt. The red flannel jeans are made by Chaps.

CIA'S SUPERPILOTS *This escadrille, ranging from old Flying Tigers to recent Marine chopper drivers, calls itself the best goddamned mercenary air force in the world.*

(Continued from page 80) riding around with us. We didn't lose that war in Vietnam; the press and the politicians lost it, and now they want to do the same thing in Laos. Air America has held onto this country for three years now. We've gotten our asses shot off doing it. The day I'm told some reporter's gotta sit in that seat next to me, that's the day I'm getting out."

The resentment of Air America pilots toward the press is only slightly more impassioned than the scorn they heap on the Laotians for whom they ostensibly risk their lives. Recently, in Savannakhet, a group of armed Laotian soldiers surrounded the American Community Association Center, where a party had continued past curfew. One pilot said: "Here they are, about to lose their whole damn country, and they come pointing guns at us because we're having a party. We gave 'em 50 bucks to get rid of 'em."

The historical role of Air America is complicated and has only begun to be unscrambled. The company can be traced to its forerunner, Civil Air Transport (CAT), established after the Second World War to operate relief flights and military airlifts in China on behalf of the Nationalists. Several of the original investors in CAT were Chinese, but the founding father was General Claire Chennault, an ardent anti-Communist whose widow, Anna Chennault, has wielded considerable influence in Washington as Taiwan's chief lobbyist. In 1941, before Pearl Harbor, it was Chennault who led the private air force known as the Flying Tigers in support of Chiang Kai-shek against the Japanese. Many of the original CAT pilots were former Flying Tigers. The senior pilot on Air America's payroll was hired in 1946, and five of 23 Air America pilots with 20 years or more seniority are Nationalist Chinese.

Between 1946 and 1954, when the name Air America was first used, the airline performed a variety of intelligence assignments for the U. S. Government in China and Korea. A partial description of those assignments is provided by Peter Dale Scott, a scholar at the University of California, Berkeley, in the book *Laos: War and Revolution.* Scott stresses the private, quasi-military airline's continuing commitment to "fight Communism" and—summing up Air America's activities—writes: "In calling Air America a paramilitary auxiliary arm, however, it should be stressed that its primary function is logistical; not so much to make war, as to make war possible."

This truculent outfit is incorporated in Delaware as a subsidiary of the Pacific Corporation, whose ownership picture is unclear. Pilots have said the CIA "probably has a piece of the action," along with some of the original Chinese investors and a Hawaiian pineapple millionaire. One man, active in the pilots' union, said: "We'd like to know a little more about the owners ourselves and to take a good look at the company's contracts. We think somebody is raking a lot of money off the top. Maintenance and repairs aren't what they used to be. There's been a lot of talk lately that the company is taking advantage of good pilots."

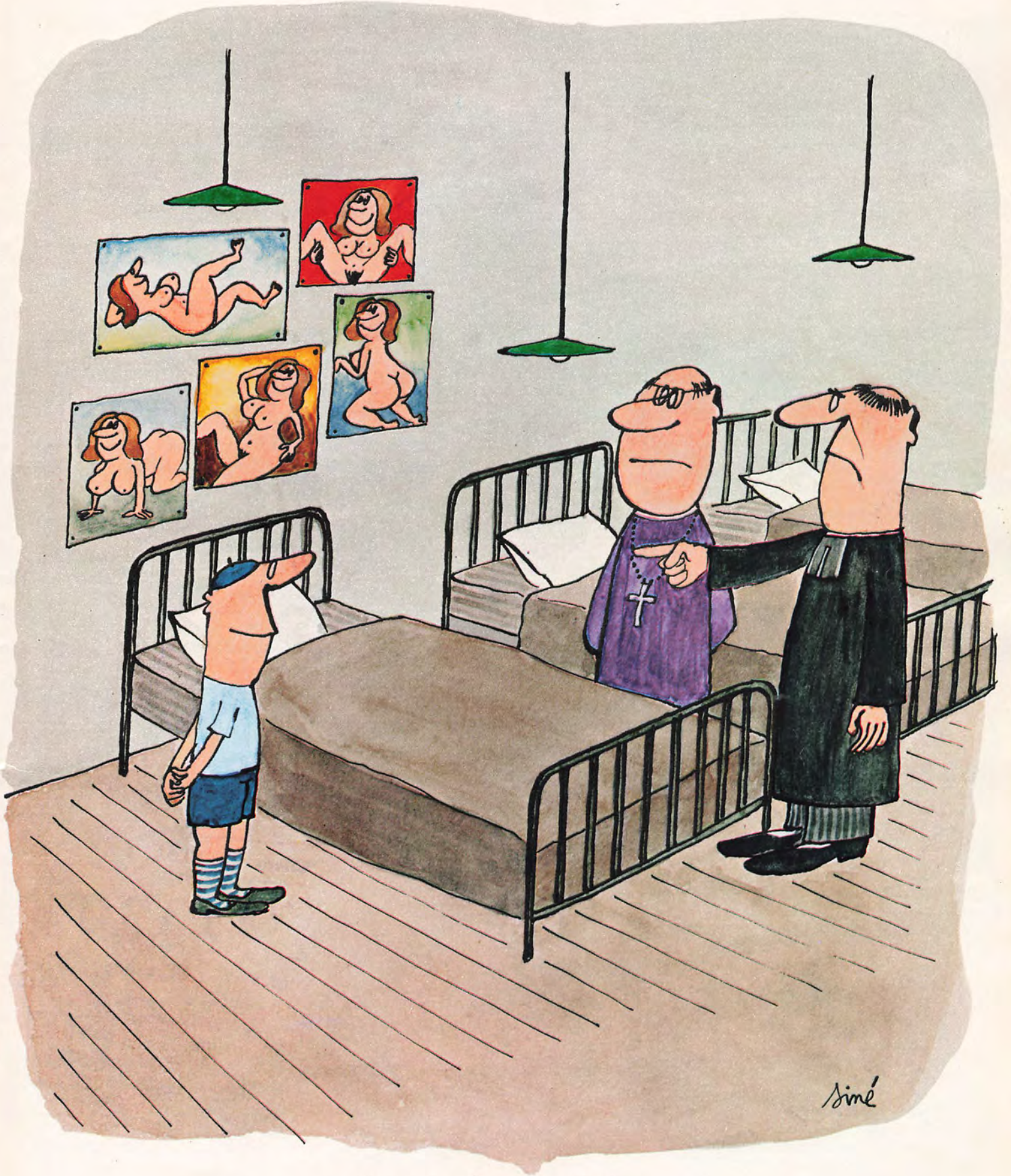
The air carrier's entry into Laos apparently took place in 1959 on behalf of the CIA. A great deal has yet to be learned about Air America's cooperation with the CIA during the 1960s in Laos, but it is clear that Air America aircraft and pilots were vital in making possible there the CIA's secret military activities. The senior helicopter pilot on Air America's payroll—an ex-Marine hired in the summer of 1960 to fly in Laos, and who is an intense and, shall we say, colorful character who promised to kill me if I used his name in print—called Air America "the best goddamned mercenary air force in the world." Although Air America's operation in Vietnam during the same period involved little more than transporting journalists, visiting dignitaries and entertainers, it's another story in Laos. Air America's short-take-off-and-landing aircraft, helicopters and bulky cargo planes have delivered guns, ammunition, chickens, pigs and even Meo tribesmen. The tribesmen were being trained at Long Cheng, a clandestine CIA installation in northern Laos, to fight Communist soldiers. Long Cheng has been made inaccessible to locally based American journalists because the installation is being used as a staging area for CIA-sponsored spy missions into North Vietnam. Well-trained mountain tribesmen and Thai mercenaries, most of whom speak Vietnamese, are dropped into North Vietnam by unmarked Air America planes piloted by a select few who are paid for the special missions in cash via the "white envelope" system.

Despite all the secrecy, Air America's station manager in the Laotian capital of Vientiane, James Cunningham, Jr., has granted interviews. An affable and reasonably candid former U. S. Air Force pilot, Cunningham spoke at length about Air America's pilots and how much money they make, its contract with USAID, its aircraft and the hazards of flying in Laos.

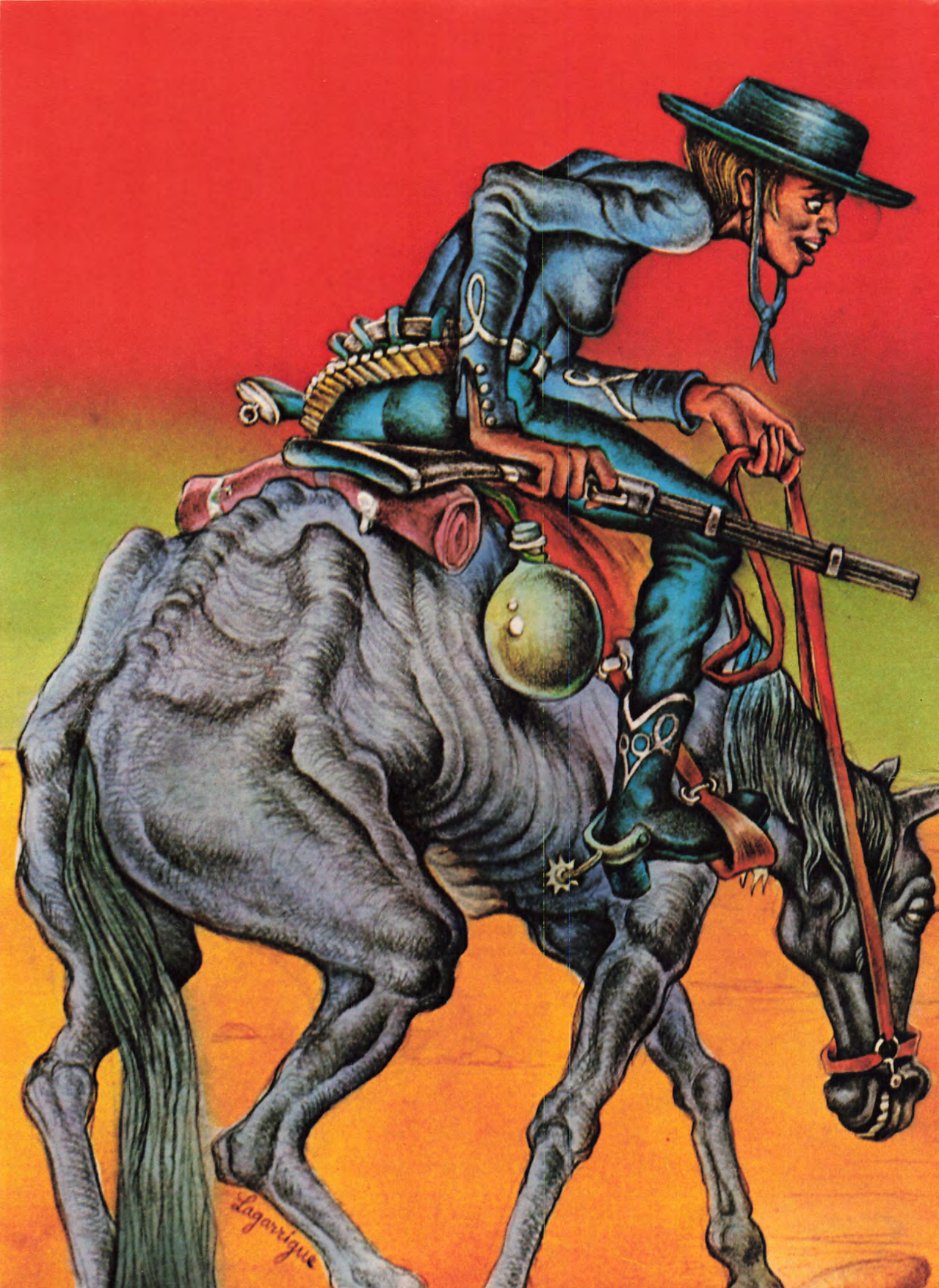
Cunningham says a senior helicopter pilot who flies between 800 and 1000 hours a year earns from $40,000 to $50,000, and a fixed-wing pilot earns from $31,000 to $43,000 a year. Salaries are computed by a complicated formula that includes such variables as longevity advances, "hazard-pay" and night differentials. Pilots say they belong to a union—the Far East Pilots' Association. Most conceivable flying situations are covered in the contract's fine print. Pilots are paid for a minimum of 70 air hours a month, so the company sees to it that the men put in at least that much time. The percentage of hazardous flying time varies according to the type of aircraft flown, with the helicopter pilots receiving the greatest allowance for danger. Of the fixed-wing aircraft, the lower risk is in flying the big C-46, C-123 and C-130 cargo planes; the greater risk is in flying the more vulnerable Porters, the single-engine planes Air America uses on short, dirt airstrips in otherwise inaccessible areas of mountainous northern Laos.

More than 450 men—462 were on the payroll in January 1972, but a few have been killed since then—pilot Air America aircraft. Most of the pilots—about 275—fly in Laos. Fixed-wing aircraft usually are flown by the older pilots with the most seniority, many of whom were in the Air Force or were civilian pilots put to pasture by the commercial airlines and have been flying in Laos for years but with less combat experience than the younger chopper pilots out of Vietnam. Fixed-wing pilots are usually stationed in Vientiane; the helicopter pilots, whose assignments are more dangerous, fly out of the big Thai air base at Udorn. (Thirty pilots also were stationed in Bangkok, Hong Kong, Japan or Taipei, where Air America has its business and maintenance headquarters. Eighty were in Saigon, where the Air America operation is being phased out, and 76 were on leave.)

In recent years, Air America has relied increasingly upon the more maneuverable choppers because of dangers in flying over Laos—the rugged terrain and seasonal extremes of rain and haze of dust, as well as the possibility of encountering antiaircraft fire. Of those pilots still on the payroll, 100 out of 124 hired since 1968 are flying helicopters. A high percentage of helicopter pilots hired in recent years are former Marine officers because Air America, says station manager Cunningham, appreciates "Marine professionalism." In addition, its helicopter fleet is made up largely of H-34s, the single-engine workhorses Marine pilots continued to fly in Vietnam after *(Continued on page 126)*



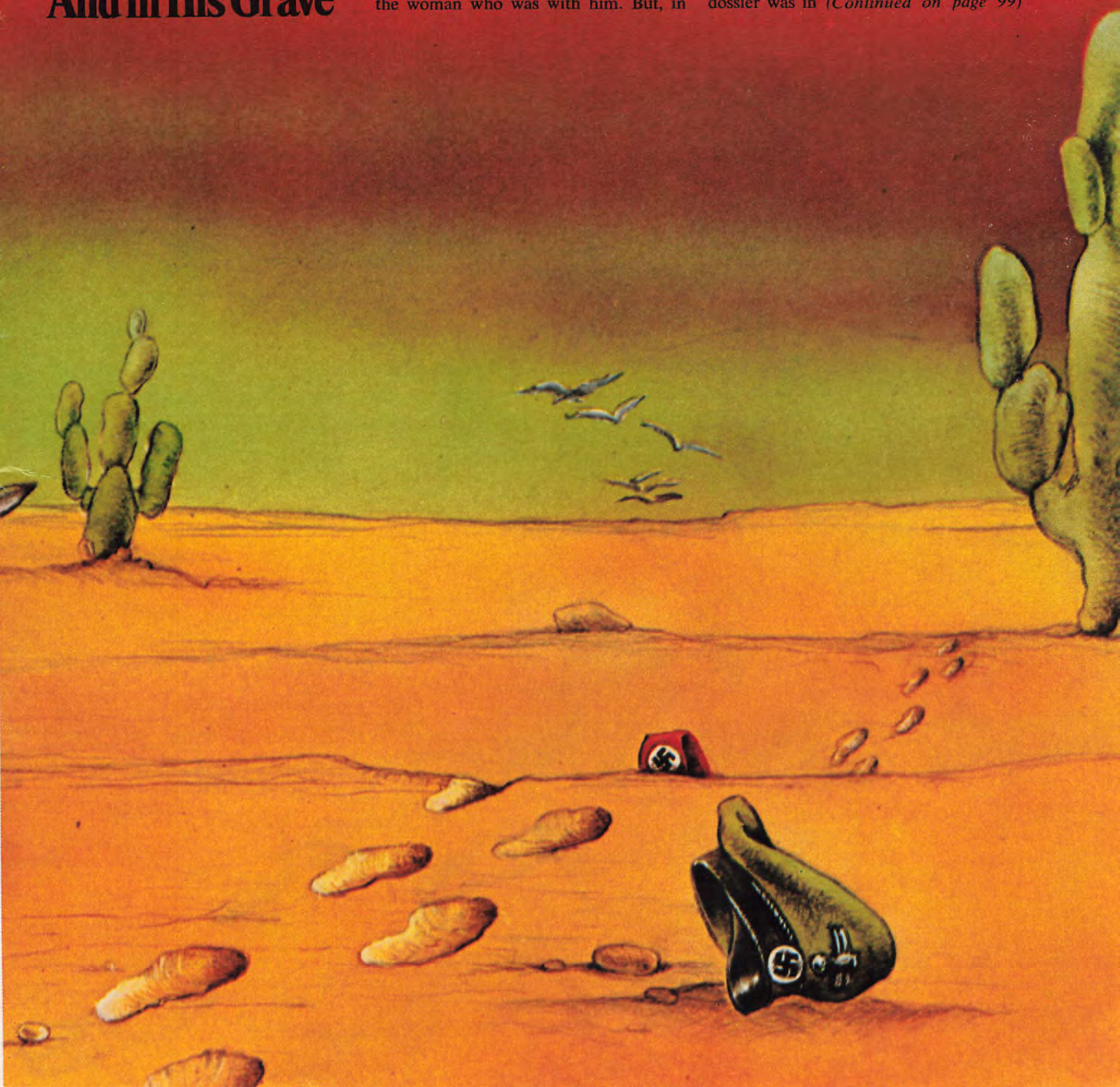
"HE SAYS IT'S HIS MOTHER"


Lagarrigue

Behind Every Living Nazi Lurks A Good German Woman Named Beate Klarsfeld, Who Wants to See Him Dead And in His Grave

Her friends have no illusions. It's vaguely dangerous to be in Beate Klarsfeld's company. An atmosphere of casual terror and violent death surrounds her life. Beate Klarsfeld, who is only 33 and as Aryan as one can get, hunts Nazis. Her latest assignment: the Hangman of Lyons, Klaus Barbie, former head of that city's Gestapo, who tortured to death Jean Moulin, the French Resistance leader appointed by Charles de Gaulle himself.

December 31, 1971: The Peruvian multimillionaire Luis Banchero Rossi is assassinated in his villa in Lima. Police consider the commercial fishing magnate the victim of a sordid crime. His gardener's son, the story went, had murdered him out of jealousy before raping the woman who was with him. But, in fact, Luis Banchero Rossi had had a new neighbor since October 1971, a certain Klaus Altmann, a Bolivian businessman of German birth, whose real name was—Klaus Barbie. The young multimillionaire, aware that Barbie was being hunted by both the Germans and the French, was disturbed by his presence in the neighborhood. So, in December, Banchero sent a special emissary to West Germany to turn in Barbie. His name, which has never been revealed before, was Herbert John, editor of a newspaper belonging to Banchero, *Editoriales Unidas*. Herbert John secretly contacted the Munich public prosecutor about Barbie. He also went to Beate Klarsfeld and gave her recent photos of Barbie and his address in Peru. By December 29, the dossier was in *(Continued on page 99)*



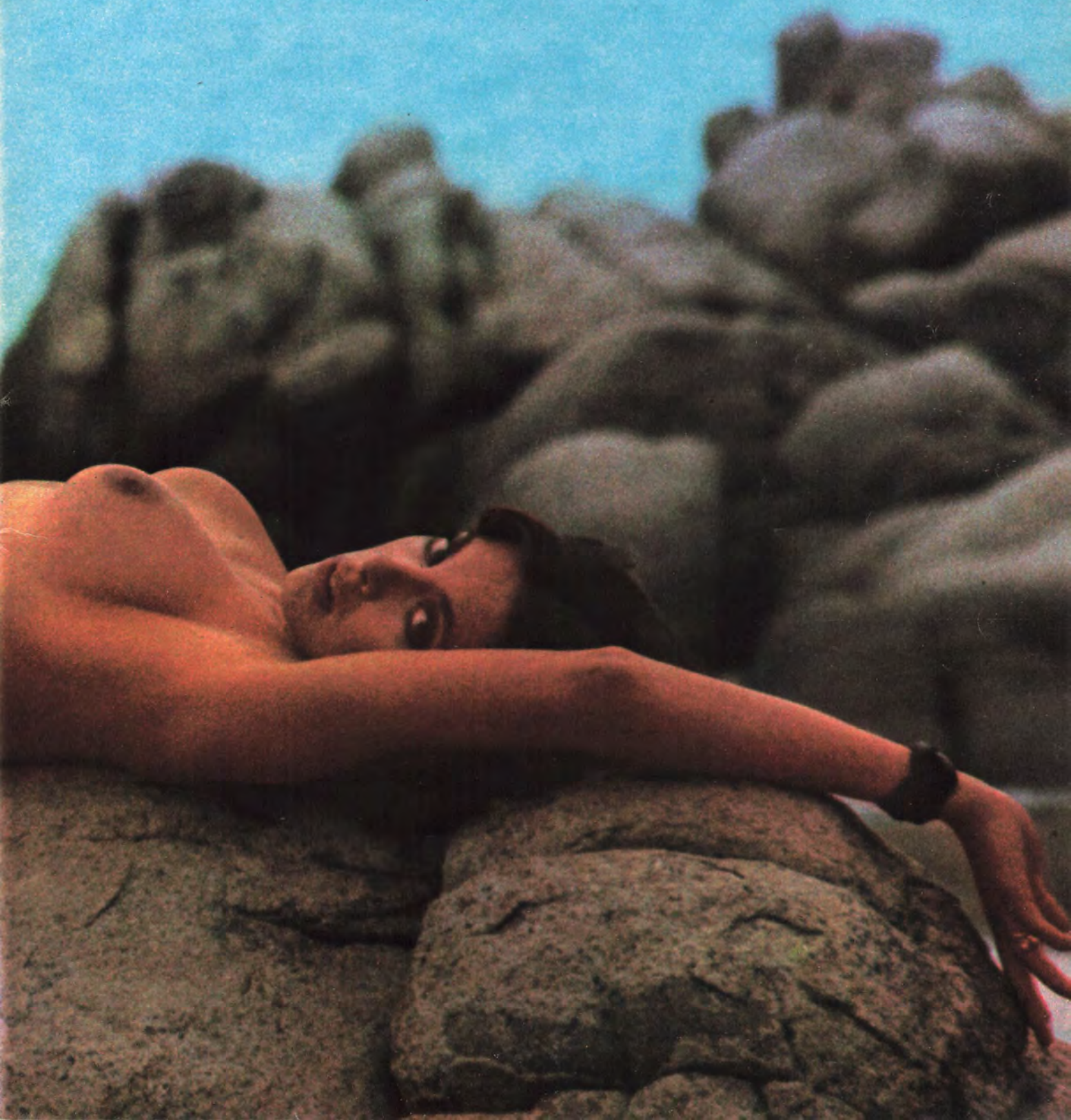
Most stories written to go along with pictures of women without any clothes are largely untrue. This one is not one of those, because the Contessa really is starring in a new United Artists movie with Michael Caine, and because the Contessa's mama and papa really *were* German immigrants to the USA, land of the Contessa's birth. And because mama really was a dancer and papa an actor, the family barnstormed from Philly to Indianapolis to Woodstock to—you name the city, the Contessa really has been either there or someplace indistinguishable from it. Especially Woodstock, the selfsame Woodstock that people are talking about when they are talking about Bob Dylan, The Band from Big Pink and the mythic "Woodstock Generation." Woodstock was where the Contessa really lived, went to school, studied jazz, acting, painting and design—until she was 16. You know how 16-year-old girls are. That was when she split

Nadia Cassini The Bareback Contessa

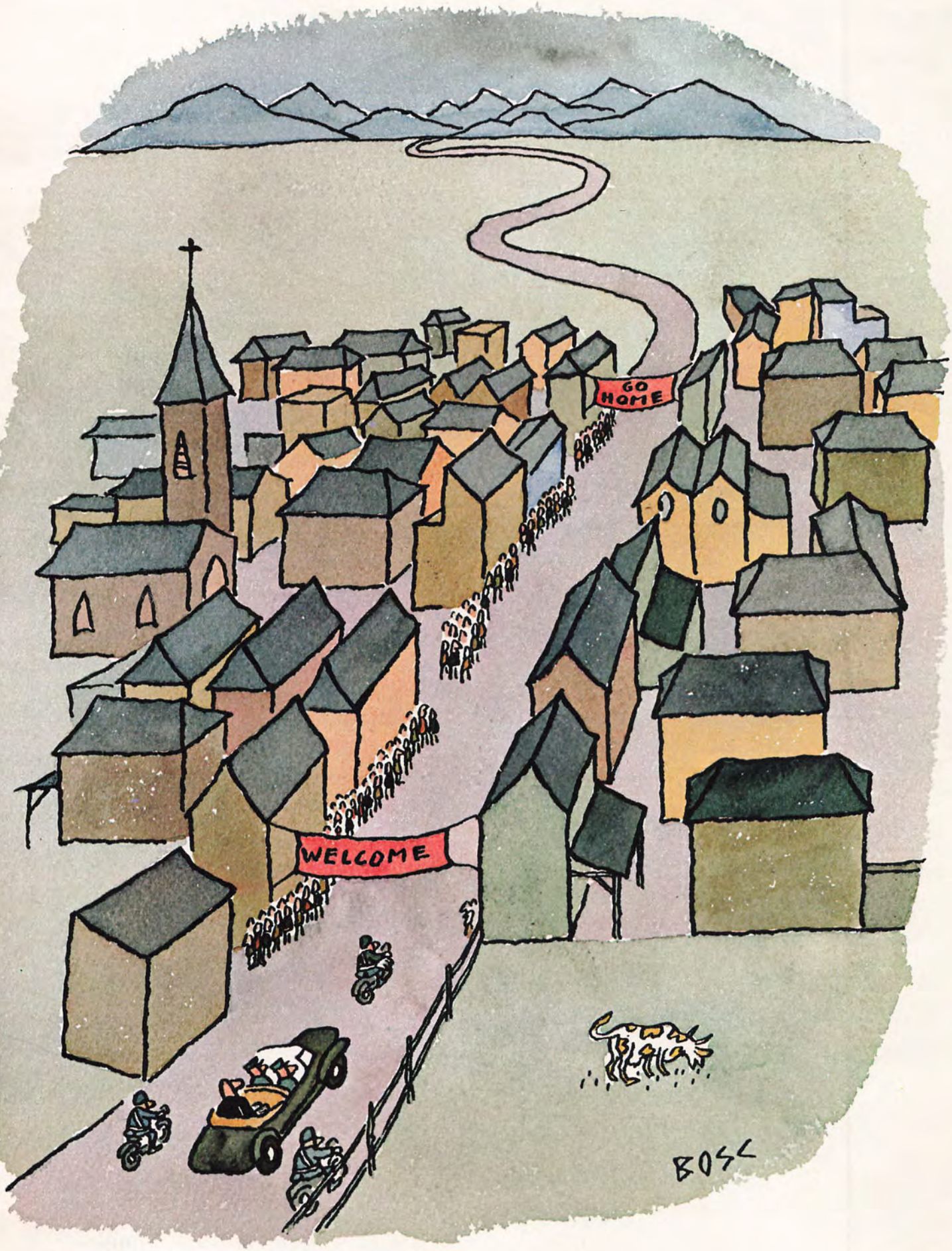
for Paris, and quicker'n you could say, "She's barefoot," she really *was* barefoot and dancing at the Café de Flore. There wasn't any band. There wasn't any jukebox. All they had was one lousy tambourine. But one tambourine was plenty, because night after night she was absolutely *wigging* Igor Cassini, pal of the Kennedys, ex-gossip columnist (does the nom de plume Cholly Knickerbocker ring a bell?), who really is a count of Tuscan nobility. Pretty soon one thing led to another, and here's how the Contessa became the Contessa: She married the Count and they awayed to his palace in the heart of Rome (the one with the golden faucets and the huge decorative froggies with emeralds for eyes, out by the imported Indonesian goldfish pond) called the Palazzo Colonna on the Piezza Bocca Di Leone. It's a neat place.

Before she sailed off to Paris, the Contessa studied ballet with George Balanchine in New York, where

occasional TV and modeling jobs had meanwhile fallen into her lap. Not content to rest upon her recent nobility, riches and general voluptuousness, the Contessa has made the best use of early learning experiences to get herself into movies. Her first was a bit part in *Divorce*, starring Vittorio Gassman. She also did a sex comedy about primitive men and women with an incredibly long title in Italian that no one remembers or particularly wants to. It was so bad that they called it *When Women Go Ding-Dong* in American, a title that fairly begs for some sort of smartass retort, but not in these pages. Her very latest is *Pulp*, in which she is chief bird to a gangster named Mickey Rooney and runs off with Michael Caine, who acts like a schlock pulp writer. When she isn't working on a movie, the Contessa swims around a lot. The rocks and lapping waters you see here belong exclusively to the Tunisian coast.



The Contessa remains as spirited a girl today as she was when she was 16, seven years ago. Currently, she's heavily involved with Yoga. "I am," says the panduriform Contessa, "particularly fond of the Lotus position." Yes. Indeed.


GO HOME
WELCOME
BOSC

NAZI HUNTRESS *Beate Klarsfeld approaches Chancellor Kiesinger, yells out, "NAZI!" as loud as she can and strikes him. The whole world saw that slap and heard that word, "NAZI!"*

(Continued from page 91) the hands of the French government. Two days later, Banchero was no longer alive.

May 5, 1972: Count Jacques de Bernonville, condemned to death *in absentia* in France after the Liberation, is killed in Rio, according to Brazilian police, by his housekeeper's son. Actually, there were two assassins. Count Bernonville, head of the French authorities in Lyons during the Nazi Occupation, had known Barbie intimately. He would have been the perfect person to make an irrefutable identification.

May 10, 1972: A package arrives for Beate Klarsfeld at her apartment in Paris. "A nice present," says the *concierge.* Beate's husband, instead of unwrapping it, took it to the police laboratory. It turned out to be a packaged death trap, big enough to blow up a whole floor.

You take a lot of risks when you make vengeance your profession. The surviving Nazi leaders have bands of assassins and intricate secret networks to protect their new identities. "That won't stop me," says Beate. "The danger just proves that I'm on the right track." Beate had set her teeth into this Klaus Barbie, never to let go.

Rumors describe Beate as the daughter of rich Jewish merchants from Berlin, who travels and hunts Nazis almost for pleasure. In truth, she was born Beate Kunzel, in Berlin, to a poor *petit bourgeois* family. Her father was an insurance salesman. He was mobilized into the *Wehrmacht* during the war, and ended the Russian campaign as a company clerk. Her mother worked as a domestic. The family hid its face, covered its ears and held its tongue.

"My parents were part of the great mass of good Germans that, through its passivity, did nothing to stop the Nazis from coming to power." And, like Sartre's hero in *The Condemned of Altona*, Beate Klarsfeld repeats, "We are German, so we are guilty." She is not a Jew sworn to avenging millions of massacred brothers but a German with a guilt complex that has given her an obsession with retribution. "In school," she says, "it was amazing how quickly our teachers passed over the years from 1933 to 1945. No one ever mentioned the Jews. I had Jewish friends in Berlin who would sometimes talk about the deaths of their parents. But I was incapable of putting these scraps of information together into a coherent whole. I had no historical awareness of the Nazi era. And my mother had no dreams for me other than a typical marriage, with a cute little apartment somewhere, pretty dresses and vacations in the sun."

Beate knew she had to break her family ties. In March 1960, when she was 21, she took off for Paris to be an *au pair* girl. "My first shock was the discovery that in Paris no one wanted to see anything more in me than a servant responsible for wiping their brats' noses seven days a week and doing the housework, in exchange for a disgusting room, bad food and a little pocket money." She got angry enough to write a guide for *au pair* girls, which was a great success in West Germany.

At the Porte-de-Saint-Cloud station one afternoon, a young man got into the train compartment with her. It was Serge Klarsfeld, a French Jew she married in November 1963. Thus began Beate's transformation from a dissatisfied working girl to a committed woman who took a personal responsibility for her country's Nazi past.

Serge's Rumanian-born father enlisted in the French Army in 1939 and was deported to Auschwitz, where he struck back at a guard who was beating him. The SS executed him on the spot. So Serge's white-haired mother, a sensitive and cultivated Jewish woman, wanted to have nothing to do with Beate, this daughter of a *Wehrmacht* soldier. "That reaction was new to me," says Beate. "And Serge's friends—Jews like him—classified all of us Germans together, even the young ones like me. I decided to read books about the Nazi period. My eyes began to open. I realized that while Serge's father was at Auschwitz, my father was fighting for Hitler. I understood that we were all guilty. And then I had a very clear thought: that one can *always* do something, that the 'good German' excuse of inevitable passivity—of not knowing what was going on, the story I got from my parents—was false. And I decided that if men lacked the courage to act, a woman should."

August 1967: Beate Klarsfeld zeroes in on her first target—the head guy, German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger, a former Nazi who had been assistant director of Hitler's foreign propaganda. She writes a scathing article exposing his past and is fired from her job at the Franco-German youth office in Paris. Kiesinger supported her dismissal.

"Even the students told me to give up on Kiesinger," says Beate. "There are Nazis at all levels of the government and trying to get rid of them is impossible—you destroy one, there are a thousand others. I felt that everything I was doing was meaningless. I went from newspaper office to newspaper office with my briefcase stuffed with documents and proofs of Kiesinger's Nazi past. A Nazi as Chancellor of West Germany! But it was impossible to break through their wall of silence. I thought I was going crazy."

November 8, 1968: Before thousands of Christian Democrats gathered in the Congress Palace in West Berlin and cordons of police, Beate Klarsfeld approaches Kiesinger on the podium, yells out, "NAZI!" as loud as she can and strikes the Chancellor across the face. Everybody goes berserk. There are shouts of "shame!" and "unheard of!" Party Secretary Bruno Heck, a big, paunchy man, throws himself on Beate with "pompous zeal," according to reporters. Former German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard helps him turn Beate over to the guards. Kiesinger, still flat out at his chair, keeps rubbing his left eye—which had connected with Beate's right hand—asking only: "It was that Klarsfeld woman, wasn't it? Wasn't it the Klarsfeld woman?" He later hid behind dark glasses, like Rex Harrison trying to dodge the *paparazzi.*

Kiesinger was through. It's unheard of for a woman to strike a man in Germany, especially when that man is the Chancellor, the symbol of supreme authority. "What's more," says Beate, "because of his bearing, his upper-class breeding, his impeccably groomed silver temples, Kiesinger was the prototypical authoritarian father figure. He was revered by the masses of German women who still live under the three 'Ks' Hitler was so fond of citing: *Kinder, Kirche, Küche*—Children, Church, Kitchen. I had precipitated a national crisis. They would have forgiven me anything, even killing him. Because that wouldn't really have bothered the established order. But the slap . . ." The whole world saw that slap and heard that word, "NAZI!"

Seven hours after the incident, Judge Eberhard Drygalla gave Beate Klarsfeld a year in prison for "corporal and moral damage" to the Chancellor. "I got a year for slapping Kiesinger," she says. "Nazi killers got less."

Kiesinger's political career ended ten months later. Willy Brandt was elected Chancellor of West Germany, the first postwar German leader with a clean past. Kiesinger's prestige, his moral authority, had been mortally injured by Beate Klarsfeld. In 1970, Brandt tried to include Beate, whose symbolic gesture had so transformed Bonn politics, in his party for his first state visit to the U. S. The State Department refused her a visa, "for security reasons."

After the Kiesinger affair, the Eastern Europeans took her up as an anti-fascist heroine. To *(Continued on page 108)*

Naïve and A Little Presumptuous: The Ideal French Wine Cellar

There has been a lot of hype going down recently about pop wines. These wear such names as Apple Dapple, Ripple and Tipple—wines meant for indiscriminate boozing. You like them like you like your kid sister. And while they're relatively new in the market place, the concept has been around for a long time. Back in the Fifties, there was drinkin' wine spode-ee-oo-dee, drinkin' wine, bop bop . . . sticky-sweet red wine cut with beer. It went well with greasers, Top 40 and passion-pit necking. Yes. But today, well, we think today calls for a little touch of real class. And that, friends, is what the line-up opposite is all about. The Ideal French Wine Cellar. You are seeing a hundred bottles, enough to entertain your friends in naive and slightly presumptuous elegance for one whole fiscal year. That's right.

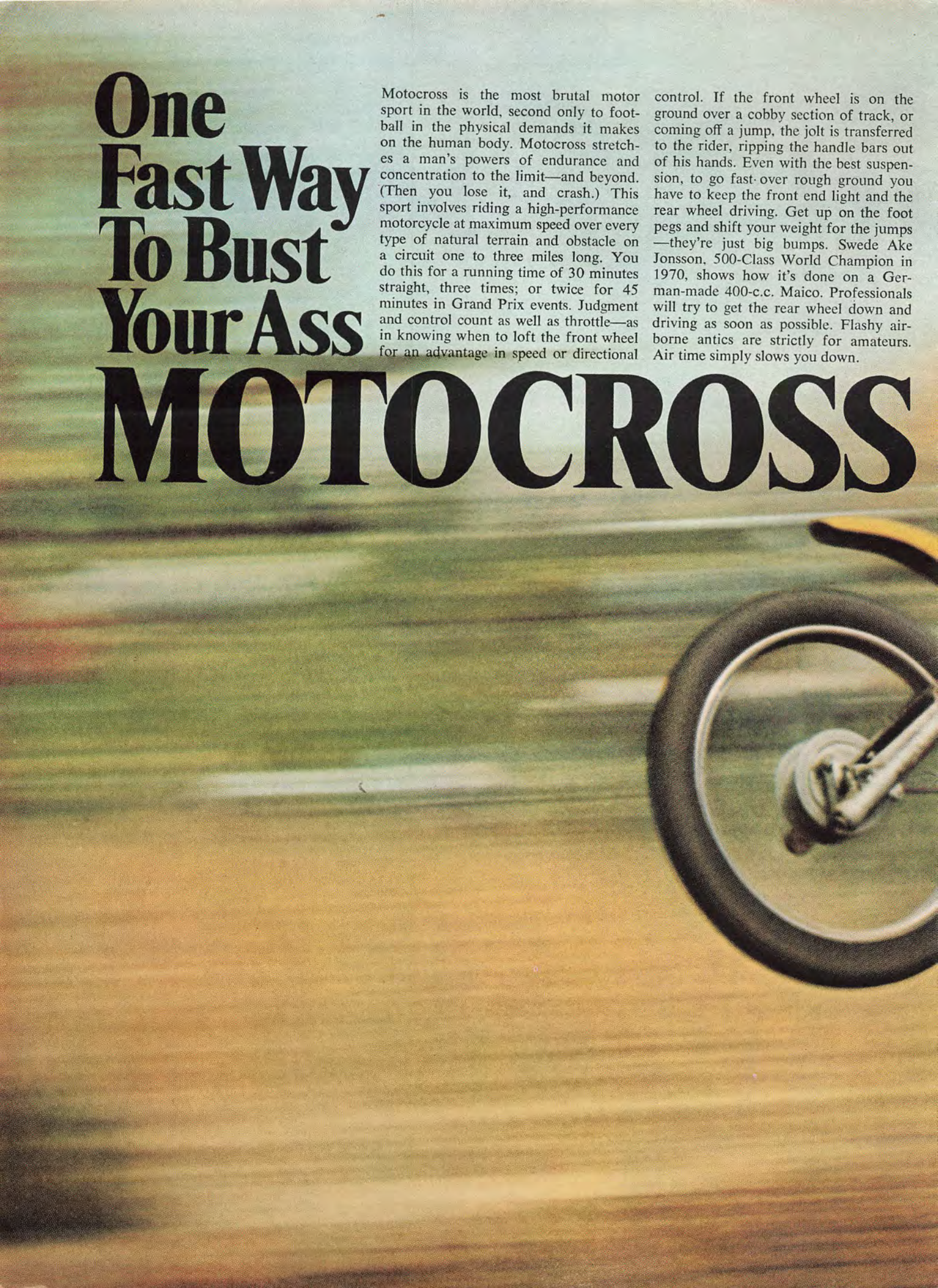
The ideal line-up was carefully prepared by our own wine expert, who really exists. We pay him. His name is Alexis, as any proper wine expert should be named. Alexis isn't actually a snob—he will recommend Gallo Hearty Burgundy at a buck plus a bottle; stuff that helps you get through the week. But when the time comes to dress up, Alexis is the kind of man who believes that breeding definitely counts. No doubt about it.

The wines that Alexis has picked are for buying now and drinking over the next year—they're not for investment and they're not for saving. They're all French, if you notice, because it seems that, despite all the good grapes in the world, if you're buying vintage, or dated, wines, only the wines from France are worth spending a lot of money on. This has to do with the fact that in California, for instance, you get pretty steady weather, so the wines come out the same year after year. In France, on the other hand, some of the vineyards have been going since the 12th Century and the wine is different each year because of variations in the soil, the way the winds blow, how the sunlight strikes the vines and how capricious the *(Continued on page 114)*

Mouton-Rothschild 1962
Château Cos d'Estournel 1959
ALSACE
Gewürztraminer 1969
WHITE BORDEAUX
Château Olivier 1969
RHONE
Hermitage 1966
Châteauneuf-du-Pape 1969
Château Pichon Lalande 1966
Château Figeac 1964
Château Trotanoy 1964
WHITE BURGUNDY
Chablis Grand Cru 1969
Pommard 1969
Clos de Vougeot 1966
Clos de la Roche 1966
CHAMPAGNE
Champagne, Taittinger (no vintage)
Champagne, Louis Roederer Cristal 1966
RED BURGUNDY
Côte de Beaune-Villages 1969

One Fast Way To Bust Your Ass MOTOCROSS

Motocross is the most brutal motor sport in the world, second only to football in the physical demands it makes on the human body. Motocross stretches a man's powers of endurance and concentration to the limit—and beyond. (Then you lose it, and crash.) This sport involves riding a high-performance motorcycle at maximum speed over every type of natural terrain and obstacle on a circuit one to three miles long. You do this for a running time of 30 minutes straight, three times; or twice for 45 minutes in Grand Prix events. Judgment and control count as well as throttle—as in knowing when to loft the front wheel for an advantage in speed or directional control. If the front wheel is on the ground over a cobby section of track, or coming off a jump, the jolt is transferred to the rider, ripping the handle bars out of his hands. Even with the best suspension, to go fast over rough ground you have to keep the front end light and the rear wheel driving. Get up on the foot pegs and shift your weight for the jumps —they're just big bumps. Swede Ake Jonsson, 500-Class World Champion in 1970, shows how it's done on a German-made 400-c.c. Maico. Professionals will try to get the rear wheel down and driving as soon as possible. Flashy airborne antics are strictly for amateurs. Air time simply slows you down.



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On this page, the rider on a Husqvarna machine "crossed-up" over a jump. He wears a Swedish-designed Jofa mouthguard to deflect stones thrown up by other bikes. Most International-class riders wear protective equipment to shield their bodies from the rocky natural terrain of European motocross courses. Most courses in the U.S. are not as rocky, but American riders wear Jofas because the European motocross stars wear them. The Husqvarna rider is "crossed-up" so that his bike and body are set for a sharp turn below the jump before he hits the ground. On the opposite page, six-time 250-Class World Champion Joel Robert throws his factory Suzuki GP machine into a berm, making a high-speed turn. Riders like Robert don't actually turn in motocross. They shoot into a dirt berm at full throttle and bounce off, like a bank shot in billiards. This technique squares off curves on the course into straight lines. Robert makes a lot of straight lines.

This rider is braking and turning at the same time, without using his brakes or pointing his front end in the direction he plans to go. The efficient way to make it around a sweeping turn is to apply body weight and add throttle, which breaks the rear wheel loose . . . and slide while the bike decelerates enough to turn and point down the course toward the next turn. It requires a lot of what top riders call "concentration"—what observers would call "balls"—to come into a loose-dirt turn at 70 and lay it over. The machines have to take it, too. They are highly specialized, limited-production bikes, traditionally of European make. The Japanese recently entered prototypes in the Grands Prix and captured world championships in both the 250-c.c. and 500-c.c. classes. The decade-long domination of the sport by European riders is now being challenged by Americans entering the world's fastest growing international motor-sport competition.

—John Huetter

Catalogue for the Fall Semester

ECONOMICS 1

The Incredible Journey of Kobe the Cow. A study of maximum input systems, and how Beef Jerky wrecked Dr. Archibald Merton's widely publicized gums. Three units.

WEAVING 17

Nobody Knew the Bleeding Heart. Ms. Ann's cough remedy, her roommate's secret telephone confession to the Ferrari driver, a chronology of strange perfumes, the shocking lies perpetrated by Fire Chief Ward in the wake of Good Friday's disturbance at Osprey Regional Park. Two units. Prerequisite: Channing's *Guide to Ticks, Bloaters and Other Blood Suckers.*

MUSIC 5

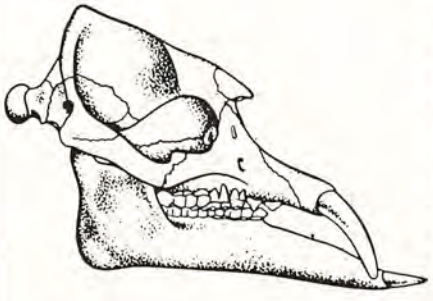
Time as an Effortless Piano Concerto in E Minor. Members of the delegation drinking goat's milk. Four Units. Meets daily.

METAPHYSICS 8

The Third Eye of Romano Cabrillo's Mother. Freight train rides, $5 per person. All luggage must be checked by the panel of volunteers. It is illegal to carry small arms, gaffs, throbs, curfews, detectable religious insignia, poetic licenses, antacids, crimps, marsupials, Iowa tests beyond the White Dotted Line. No credit. Tax exempt.

MECHANICS 313

The Last Telephone. No connection to "The First Telephone." Listings reveal 8012 numbers. When lined up, they are equivalent to 194 quart-size milk cartons. The dark night seems empty, the wind scudding; and Agnes alone knows the tune my heart hums. Several units. A companion to *Options for Panhandlers.*

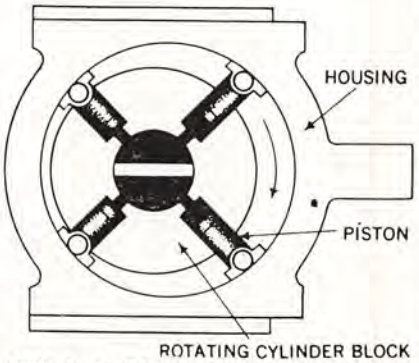


MILITARY SCIENCE 202

Micro-Orgasmic Techniques—The 8-Cylinder Conspiracy. A direct descendant of the American Drive-in. Sue is blonde. Sue lost a toe. Sue surfs. Some, possibly most, of the speakers are inoperative in the filtered moonlight. The prepared text requires a ballerina capable of The Jugger, The Ladle, The Ten-knot Trounce. Two units.

JAPANESE 100

Perceptions in Gauze. The bells peal in waltz time, and divert many of the fanciers of this finch, that towhee, to extraneous levels. Blood is available, without charge, to those who donated earlier. Gags galore, some toys, branding instructions and a list of government operatives at the paddle-boat concession. Three units. Meets in the morning dew.



AFTER E. F. WRIGHT, "PUMPS," "MECHANICAL ENGINEERS' HANDBOOK"; REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MCGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, INC.

ARITHMETIC 1

No listing. No listing. No units. Nothing.

WOODWORKING 178

A Glamorous Gambol Along the Sugar Pines. Several exquisite models to choose from, including those recently photographed. There is a moral to every tale, beer bust, political nuance or dead wringer. Units offered on a first come, first served basis. No waiting around, plus bus fare.

BIOLOGY 6

Two Part Inventions: Luminous Thermometers. With certain Natives, explores the mangrove theory. Much mud in the river leads Joyce and Ned to a lonely coffee shop. Exposes conversations, explores psycho-sexual undercurrents of manipulative double negatives. Joyce's rash improves. Ned culminates in an inflatable rubber boat. Good fishing. Three Units. Field trips on successive Saturdays and Christmas.

ECOLOGY 10152

Carmine Gnats Amok in Skye County. Traces the rule of thumb, with suggestions no new vectors will threaten. Five cyclists of the classical school meet fiery deaths. Scenes of ravines, deer paths, Air Force installations, Enoch's dogs and trifles as they are more available. Two units. Women are preferred.

NAZI HUNTRESS *She chains herself to a tree in Warsaw.*

(Continued from page 99) place her in the moral hierarchy of East Germany, the Council of Peace gave her one of its highest honors, the Lambrakis Prize, named after the assassinated Greek deputy played by Yves Montand in *Z.* But that honeymoon didn't last long.

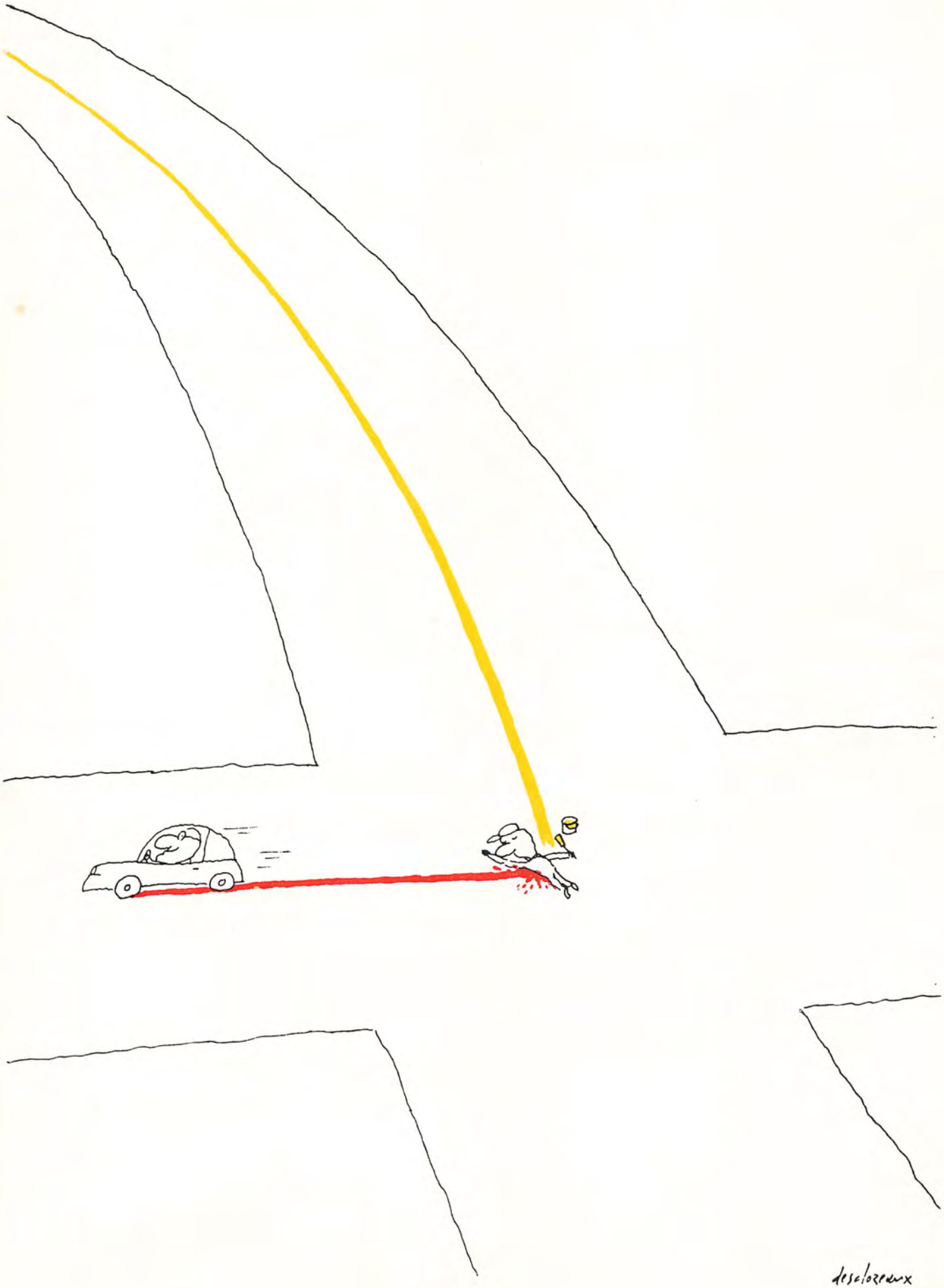
August 1970: Beate Klarsfeld chains herself to a tree on Marszalkowska Avenue, the Champs Elyseés of Warsaw, with two padlocks bought in a West German hardware store. She hands out leaflets denouncing the regime's anti-Semitism and the persecution of Jews. Police arrive ten minutes later to saw through her chains. "They were stunned to see their anti-fascist Joan of Arc act that way," says Beate. "They got rid of me as soon as possible, as though I had the plague. They stuck me in the pilot's cabin of a plane leaving for Paris." And why did she provoke the East as she did the West? "I depend on no one. I'm not the slave of any system. Politics is my own private business. No doubt I'm the first of my species, a German woman who is neither of the East nor the West, forbidden to stay in East Germany, imprisoned in West Germany, a partisan without a party, the first citizen of a Germany yet unborn."

"When Beate decided to fight the Nazis," says her husband Serge, "I gave priority to that battle, I sacrificed the rest." He gave up just about everything —his successive jobs in television, in the import-export business and at the Lyons bank.

As the philosopher Jankelevitch once wrote, "The difficult role that Beate has chosen is to make scandal break out, scandalously. Not through words, but through actions, dangerous actions." Beate's family leads a precarious life—a life for four in two tiny rooms in Paris —the mother-in-law, the husband, their son and Beate, plus a cat. Along the top of a massive cupboard, there are rows of bulging dossiers on important Nazis.

"Sometimes I'm lazy," she says. "I'd like to wake up in a cozy bed instead of on a train going to the Rhine or an airplane over South America." But brief periods of depression soon pass, and she is off again on the hunt. How is it financed? "Money borrowed from friends," says Beate. "Occasional payments for an article, once in a while a gift of an airplane ticket."

March 22, 1971: Four men and a woman post themselves outside the Cologne home of Kurt Lischka, the SS colonel who headed the Paris Gestapo and the man responsible for the sinister raid in July 1942 that rounded up the Jews of Paris in the Vélodrome d'Hiver



desclozeaux

NAZI HUNTRESS *Beate revealed to the Paris Stock Exchange that Michael Fribourg's Continental Grain Company was severing all contracts with Nazi war criminals. But she had faked it!*

Stadium for transport to the concentration camps.

Standing guard on the sidewalk, Beate signals to the commando unit to attack Lischka. A group of children suddenly appears on the street; Lischka is right in the middle. The group decides to wait.

That afternoon, Lischka is jumped by the four men and dragged to their car. He yells out as he is clubbed on the head. A policeman runs up, and the job is botched. "The policeman was running after us," says Beate. "I assumed he was going to arrest us. But instead he cried out, 'Return the hat, please.' During the struggle to subdue Lischka, one of the commandos had taken Lischka's hat."

Thus began the latest method in Beate's attempt to rid the world of Nazis. For months she examined the dusty dossiers of the Third Reich, creating a list of 125 war criminals condemned in France *in absentia*.

She went to the French authorities with her list of war criminals and their addresses. Couldn't Paris demand their extradition? "We find it difficult," said a high French official, "to undertake procedures of this kind with regard to friendly German authorities." Lowering his voice, he said: "But bring them to us roped and tied, and we'll take them." That was how the commando raid on Lischka started.

November 1971: Lischka is heavily guarded. "I decided to get him at his most vulnerable point," says Beate, "namely, his professional standing." The war criminal was doing business with one of the largest cereal companies in the world, Continental Grain, a company with offices in New York, Paris, Hamburg and Geneva. "I asked Michael Fribourg, the president of that company, to renounce his contracts with former war criminals such as Lischka and Kurt Bechet, a Bremen grain merchant responsible for the deportation of 500,000 Hungarians to Auschwitz. Fribourg refused to cooperate."

Beate came up with a brilliant idea: a deliberate forgery. "I revealed to the Paris Stock Exchange that the Continental Grain Company was severing all contracts with Nazi war criminals. I included a declaration from Michael Fribourg stating: 'Out of respect for the innocent victims of such torturers, I have decided to end all business relations with these individuals, and I have no doubt that others will take the same position.'"

This dramatic statement created a sensation in Paris, since Continental Grain was the principal grain trader with Germany. The other merchants on the exchange applauded the statement and said they'd go along with Fribourg.

Continental Grain was astounded. "Fribourg's lawyers demanded that I take everything back, that I call the Fribourg statement a lie. I answered that it was unthinkable, that I considered the statement to be one of the most honorable documents of the century, the act of a true gentleman, and that Fribourg should be *grateful* to me for having had that idea for him. However, since he wasn't grateful, he could obviously retract the statement himself, continue his business with former Nazi war criminals and take me to court."

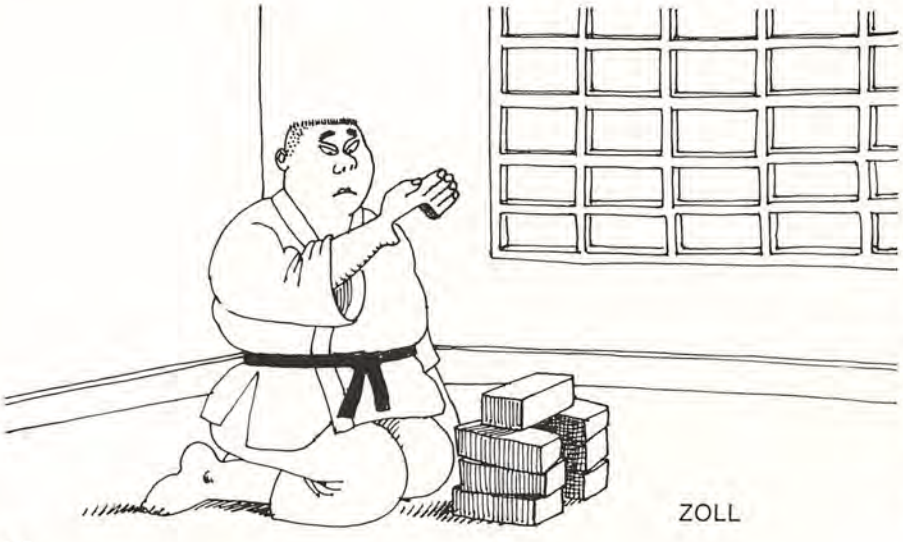
December 1971: Beate goes after Barbie. In 1950, the French had given up on finding him and closed his dossier. They had twice interrogated him in an American intelligence office near Augsburg after the war, but the American Occupation forces refused to extradite him. He then moved to South America and disappeared.

In Munich, in 1960, German victims of Nazism brought war crimes charges against Barbie for ordering 41 Jewish children from France to the gas chambers at Auschwitz. Beate and her husband tracked down the relatives of the children until they found a witness who had heard Barbie say, "Deport them or shoot them, it's the same thing." The case was then reopened on grounds that Barbie did indeed know what fate awaited the children at Auschwitz. The German prosecutor then allowed Beate to go over Barbie's dossier. In it, she found a picture of Barbie belonging to a German living in Bolivia, who claimed that he worked for a Klaus Altmann.

Barbie was mysteriously warned that Beate was on his trail. He left Bolivia for Peru and took a villa next to Banchero's residence. Two months later, Herbert John, Banchero's man, gave Beate Barbie's new address. She arrived in Peru right after Banchero's strange murder. Herbert John came to see her at her hotel. He was pale and nervous: "I'm terribly sorry, but I can do nothing for you. After what they did to my boss, I'm afraid of getting killed."

Beate went on alone. She tracked Barbie to Bolivia. Despite police harassment, she made Latin America aware of Barbie's presence. The La Paz papers gave the affair enormous headlines. On February 9, 1972, *The New York Times* ran a story entitled "French Woman's Pursuit of Nazi 'Hangman of Lyons' Leads to the Arrest of a Businessman by Bolivia." Photos comparing Altmann and Barbie were studied by anthropometry—the science of measuring parts of the body. The birth dates and first names of Barbie, his wife and two children were the same as those of the Altmanns. Altmann was finally brought out into the open. He paid for time on Bolivian television to claim that he had, indeed, served with the SS, but that he was not the infamous Barbie. The French are demanding his extradition. Bolivia has not yet responded, but he has been jailed for owing $4000 to the Bolivian Development Corporation, which might prevent him from fleeing to a country softer on ex-Nazis, a country like Paraguay.

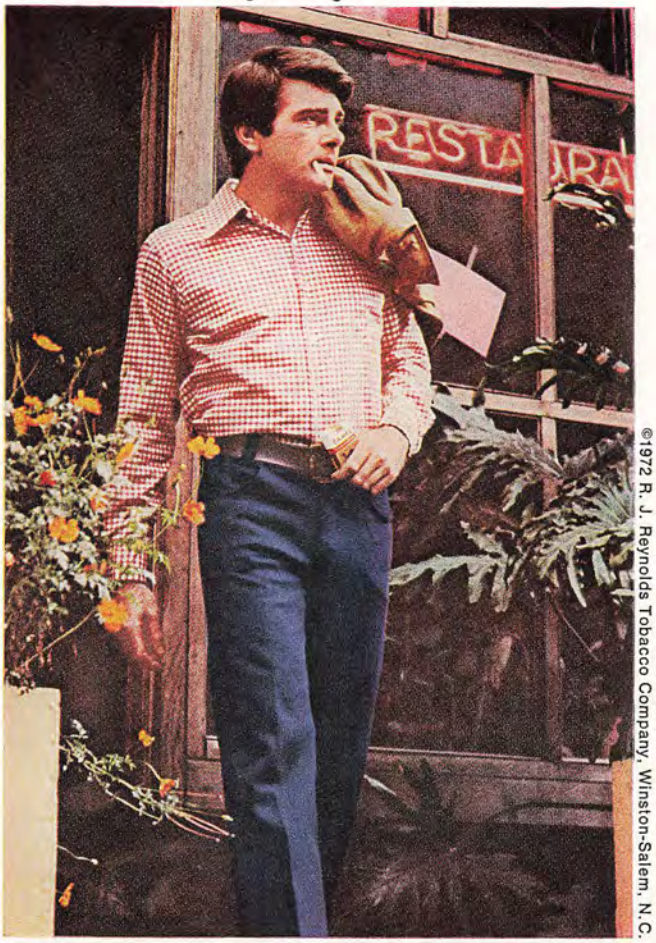
Beate Klarsfeld is back in Paris, aware that this last great burst of passion and fascination with Barbie has made him a man marked as a monster. For the moment, she has exorcised her own personal devils. "I've done all this as a German," she says. "These criminals have been rehabilitated and occupy high posts, as if their crimes were forgivable." —*Philippe Bernert*



With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR.'72.

Save bread

There's a new world of photography, full of young photographers who don't *collect* fancy cameras to impress their friends but to *take pictures*. A few hundred thousand of them have bought Mamiya/Sekor DTL cameras. Why? The dual metering systems appeal to photographers who like to shoot difficult lighting situations; lots of back and side lighting.

They need a spot meter. When speed is the point, they flick the Creative Switch and take an averaging meter reading. Whichever... perfect exposures every time. And the price of the DTL is right. Competitive. So the photographer has money left over for more lenses. If you're the kind of photographer who takes pictures, why not save some bread and take *more* pictures. Marketed in the U.S.A. by **Ponder&Best, Inc.** Corporate Offices: 11201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.

It's a new world and the Mamiya/Sekor DTL is a vital part of it.

THE IDEAL FRENCH WINE CELLAR *Did you know that champagne was the first pop wine? That white wines are best drunk young? Or that some Bordeaux may double in price soon? You didn't know that?*

(Continued from page 100) weather is. Also, Alexis hasn't included any *rosés*, light reds or whites from France. These, he says, are the kinds of wines you can pick up as the year goes along —they're a little too fragile for you to let them hang around in your closet. Anyway, the white wines are best drunk young.

On our office adding machine, we calculated that all the wines pictured here would set you back anywhere from $747 to $865. We don't expect everyone to pay the price for the perfect line-up, but you can try to have parts of it. The average bottle in Alexis's Ideal French Wine Cellar runs about $7.50, and that's not *too* bad. There's really no point in laying out much less than $2.50 for a bottle of French wine that you're going to put away in your cellar. But if $7.50 still sounds like a lot of $, it's only fair to warn you that the prices of fine French wines will surely rise, and possibly steeply, this coming year. Some of the Bordeaux may double in price as their popularity increases.

Regarding the vintages, or years, of the Bordeaux and Burgundies he listed, Alexis had this to say: "Red Burgundy was successful in 1969 and 1966. The 1970 is fine, but not widely available. The 1962 and 1964 are excellent, if you can find them, but they are expensive. In the red Bordeaux, the best vintage is the 1966, but the 1967 is quite good and will be ready to drink sooner. The 1969 was overrated, and so none are chosen here. The 1970 is excellent, but won't be in the U. S. before 1973 and then should age in the bottle for several years. Most 1962s are good, as well as some of the 1964s, but they, too, are expensive. To sum up: The 1959, 1962 and 1964 red Bordeaux can be drunk now, but all are expensive. The 1967 can be drunk sooner than the 1966, but the 1966 will eventually develop into a finer bottle. The outstanding 1961s are still not ready to drink and are very expensive, so I haven't included them. My idea is to choose good recent vintages for lesser wines, and older vintages for finer wines."

Alexis has also listed some champagnes. Don't let champagne put you off—after all, it was the first pop wine. In the late 1600s, a Benedictine monk named Dom Perignon found a way to keep and nurse and doctor a naturally effervescent effect in the whites of the Champagne region, some 90 miles east of Paris. The dry champagne marked *Brut* makes a nice drink before dinner. But don't serve champagne in those shallow, flat-bottomed birdbath glasses everybody uses—they let all the bubbles just bubble away. Instead, get a glass shaped like a tulip, because its pointy bottom tends not to promote bubble loss. Though it seems odd, champagne marked *Extra Dry* is actually sweeter than *Brut*, so it's good with dessert.

The ideal line-up gets quite specific, but there's a reason. Some years can really be lousy, no matter what the name. For example, the 1966 Louis Roederer Cristal champagne is rumored to be great. Alexis told us: "If you get to taste the wine after it's photographed, you'll understand." So we got out the paper cups and did just that, right here in the office.

"Can we do this every day at five o'clock?" asked the administrative assistant.

"Good. It makes you drunk. But $15.56?" said one editor.

"Not dry enough," said a French editor, somehow managing to move his nose sideways on his face, which we interpreted as a deft Gallic gesture meaning that the champagne was not dry enough.

"Pugnacious, yet subtle," said our California wine freak.

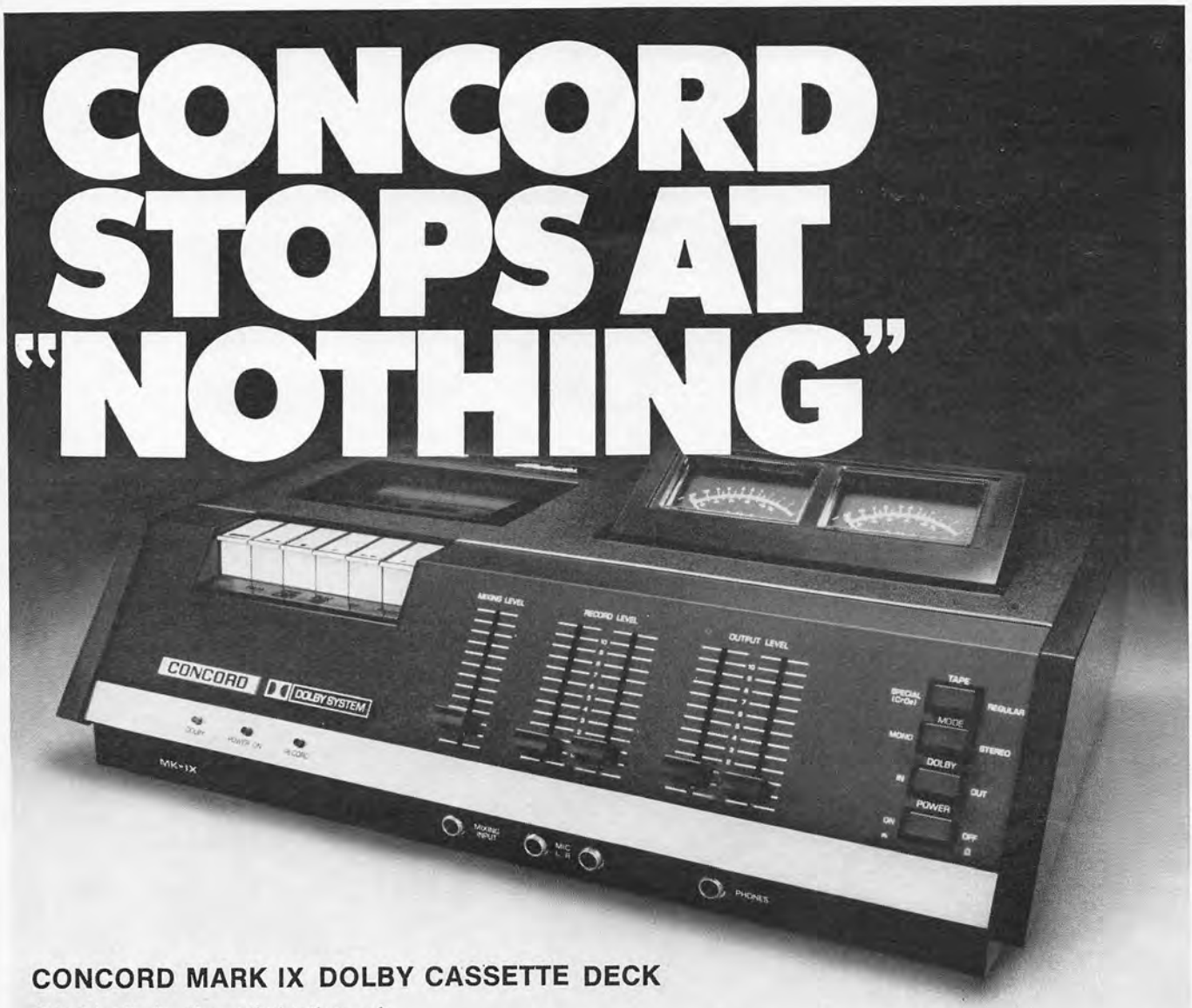
"It's a good French imitation of a California champagne—it's got everything but character." That was another French taster.

So we began to wonder. We began to worry. The response was not overwhelming. And then, with an unremitting insistence on facts, we checked the label. Disaster. We'd been doing Vintage 1962 and Alexis had told us not to mess around: 1966 or Coke. Actually, if champagne bears a vintage, it should be good. But when it hangs around for years, especially in a store, the chances of it going bad increase. Watch those numbers. And if you can't find the specific bottles Alexis recommends, try to find the liquor store in town with the largest selection of wines. A well-stocked shop is bound to be run by a more knowledgeable person, and he can at least *interpret* our ideal line-up photograph somewhat intelligently in terms of his particular inventory.

Once you've stocked up, you've got to find a cellar, but really a closet will do as long as it is not next to anything hot or cold. The idea is to keep your wines quiet and at a steady temperature so they don't get sick. Store them on their sides—you might use sturdy whiskey cartons—so the cork stays wet and expanded. This keeps out the germ-bearing air that can turn this good stuff into very expensive vinegar.

Good luck with all this. Just remember what we said—we think today calls for a little touch of real class. And if the perfect line-up ain't classy, then nothing is.

CONCORD STOPS AT "NOTHING"



CONCORD MARK IX DOLBY CASSETTE DECK

"Nothing" is the elimination of everything that interferes with perfect sound reproduction. Concord is proud to come as close as we do to "nothing" in the new Mark IX.

Designed for conventional and new chromium dioxide tape cassettes, it has Dolby noise reduction built in with pushbutton control and indicator light. Add a bias frequency of over 100kHz, and a tape head with an ultra-narrow one micron gap, for performance you never expected from a cassette deck; frequency response from 30 to 15,000 Hz, and a better than 50dB signal-to-noise ratio. Even without Dolby!

But Concord didn't stop there:

- Endmatic automatically disengages tape and transport. Shuts off motor when tape is completed.
- Professional slide controls for adjustment of playback levels.
- Pop-up backlighted VU meters.

Check out the Mark IX Dolby Cassette Deck at your Concord Dealer. But beware—after you've heard "nothing" . . . nothing else will do.

"NOTHING" IS HERE, TOO.

The new Mark 7 professional standard record/playback cassette deck incorporates Dolby Processing in a smaller unit. Achieves a remarkable frequency response of 15,000Hz, coupled with a startling signal-to-noise ratio of 56dB.

The brilliant, new Mark 6 without Dolby features superb frequency response of 15,000 Hz with a signal/noise ratio of 48dB.

Available with exclusive Endmatic from $139.85 (manufacturer's suggested retail).

"Dolbyize" your own tape deck with the DBA 10. Plugs in between amplifier and deck. Calibrated in minutes.

Make and play back standard or Dolby recordings and decode Dolby FM broadcasts.

The DBA 9 is a similar unit without separate playback level controls.

Available from $99.85 (manufacturer's suggested retail).

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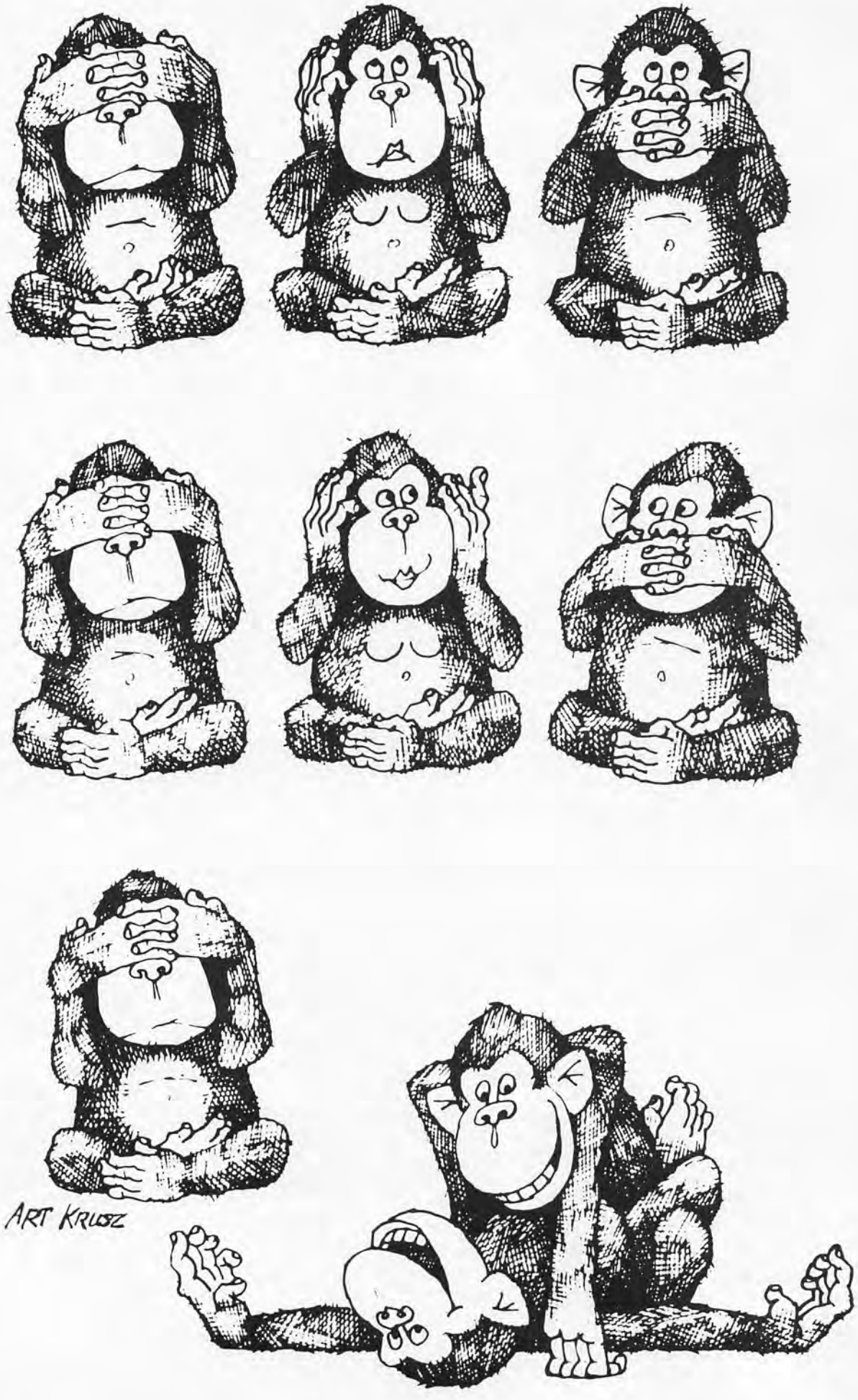
We put more engineering in . . . so you get more music out.


ART KRUSZ

(Continued from page 56) and poor Claude couldn't even walk down the street for fear of assault. The old producers sneered at us. Our next film, *Les Godelureaux*—which flopped, and deservedly so—broke up the team for years. About the "little" films imposed on all of us during those dark days—the less said the better. We consoled ourselves that no one had to eat—and, anyway, in this age, prostitution is no crime.

BLACKOUT.

WE SEE TECHNICIAN WITH SLATE THAT READS: "VADIM'S DILEMMA, SCENE 85B, TAKE 8." HE SNAPS SLATE AND DODGES OFF CAMERA AS WE HEAR OTHER TECHNICIANS SAYING, "SPEED . . . SOUND . . . ROLLING." WE SEE ROGER VADIM AND CATHERINE DENEUVE SITTING IN A SMALL, SPARSELY FURNISHED WHITE ROOM. SHE LOOKS AT HIM LOVINGLY. HE FIDGETS, OBVIOUSLY WANTING TO LEAVE APARTMENT. THEY DO NOT SPEAK.

NARRATOR: Vadim was living with two women in an arrangement so inextricably complicated that he couldn't leave his apartment, either apartment, without telling unheard-of lies. One couldn't help, however, admiring his incredible aplomb. He wrote his lovers —Catherine Deneuve and actress Annette Stroyberg, who wound up being his second wife—almost identical letters. With the same tender words and formulas, he explained to one or the other, *I love only you. I stay with her only out of charity. Let's let the time pass: she'll grow tired of my coldness and I'll come back to you, my love, forever.* Naturally, one day the ladies exchanged letters. That night, Vadim, Deneuve and I were having dinner at a friend's.

CUT TO SCENE OF DINNER. VADIM IS BEING INCREDIBLY TENDER TOWARD DENEUVE, WHO SPARKLES FROM THE ATTENTION. SUDDENLY THE FRIEND ANSWERS A KNOCK AT FRONT DOOR. STROYBERG ENTERS, GOES TO DINING TABLE AND SITS DOWN. THEY RESUME EATING. NO ONE TALKING EXCEPT STROYBERG AND DENEUVE, WHO MOUTH POLITE ONE-SENTENCE SILENCE-BREAKERS AT EACH OTHER. FINALLY THE TWO WOMEN GET UP FROM THE TABLE AND GO TO AN ADJOINING ROOM. CLOSE-UP OF VADIM'S FACE, FILLED WITH DREAD . . .

SUDDENLY WE HEAR FAR-OFF CALLS FROM BOTH WOMEN . . .

DENEUVE: Vadim!

STROYBERG: Vadim, come here . . .

25

Tons of Raw Corn

It is 1872, and the coals of the recently devastated city of Chicago glow red in the night. And standing over the coals with a popcorn popper is F. W. Rueckheim. And glowing in F. W.'s head is an Idea.

It is an idea that will cause him to invest his life savings of $200 in a small popcorn stand, and then a larger popcorn stand, and then, with financial assistance from his brother Louis, a small confection company, manufacturing candy, marshmallows and . . .

And a confection that becomes the rage of the Columbian Exposition in 1893, ranking with Little Egypt and her sensuous dance, ranking with Mr. Ferris's thrilling wheel ride. A confection that F. W. and Louis can't seem to stuff fast enough into the wooden tubs they ship it in. Curious, because that's all it is—popcorn and peanuts covered with a kind of caramel coating. All it is! With millions of kids and grown-up kids, Cracker Jack is not just warmed-up corn—it's a way of life. The stuff is even sold in 54 different countries, although 80 percent is crunched up in the U. S. It's being eaten in more than 25 million households, sticking to more than 25 million living room rugs, adding possibly unwanted calories to 25 million diets. But, has anyone eaten *one* morsel of Cracker Jack, and stopped?

In 1896, Louis discovered a method to keep the coated popcorn from sticking together in a gooey mess. F. W., meanwhile, was hiring salesmen and all kinds of business personnel to keep up with the demand. One day, F. W. fed his confection to a salesman, who said, "Say, that's a cracker jack!"

"So it is," replied F. W. And so it was. Soon thereafter came the slogan—taken from a letter from a contented customer—"The More You Eat, The More You Want." Eating Cracker Jack became a national pastime, like taking me out to the ball game.

In 1912, they added prizes. In 1919, the little sailor boy and his dog Bingo came to stay, as did the fully-dipped moistureproof packages. The sailor boy and Bingo get letters to this very day. Nowadays, the Cracker Jack people include some 500 different prizes in their packages of gooey goodness, including such neat lagniappes as spin tops, finger puppets, non-permanent tattoos, rings, watches and mini-pinball machines.

More than just candy

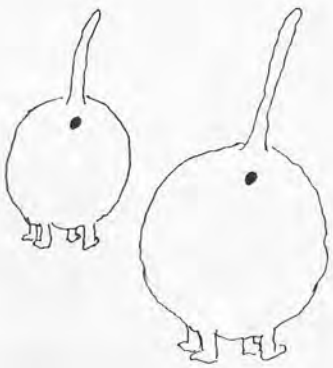
During World War Two, Cracker Jack packed field and emergency rations and powdered eggs. And in 1963, Borden's bought them up. Today, they are the world's largest user of popcorn, and they pop some 25 tons of raw corn each day. A ton an hour. And would it be possible to believe, the wonderful people who bring you Cracker Jack, have also brought you Campfire Marshmallows. Two of the best stick-to-your teeth items in recorded history.

Here at OUI we salute the men and women who have made the last century a Cracker Jack one. And to the late F. W. Rueckheim, our deepest thanks. —*E.W.*

NEW WAVE LOWDOWN *"After his success with* Le Petit Soldat*—starring Anna Karina—Jean-Luc Godard had purchased her from a nonfigurative painter for a paltry 4000 francs."*

DENEUVE: We have something to tell you . . .

WE SEE HIM CROSS THE ROOM, WALKING AS IF TO A JUDGE'S BENCH, SPINE CURVED, HEAD HUNG LOW. WE WATCH VADIM BECOME MORE ERECT STANDING IN THE ENERGY FLOW BETWEEN THE TWO ACTRESSES. WE SEE HIM GAIN MOMENTUM, BECOME ARROGANT AND CHARMING. NARRATOR FILLS US IN . . .



NARRATOR: Incredible—but Vadim got out of it by mere arrogance. He said he wouldn't answer to blackmail. He denied nothing—it would have been impossible . . . But the explanation was withheld. He told them he'd give his answer when *he* felt like it. And *not* to both of them at once. Divide and conquer . . . The two women soon found themselves blubbering confessions to Roger, who was now glowing with victory . . . God knows what he could have told them, but they left one after the other, each wearing a smile.

CUT TO GODARD BEHIND HIS DARK GLASSES IN A DIM, DIRTY MOROCCAN RESTAURANT IN PARIS. WE SEE HIM FUMBLING WITH WINE AND FOOD FOR LONG MOMENTS BEFORE GEGAUF SHOWS UP. BUT GEGAUF'S NARRATION PICKS UP WITH START OF SCENE, GODARD ALONE . . .

NARRATOR: Godard, on the other hand, lived in the throes of rapture. Actress Anna Karina had him up to his ass in trouble. After his success with *Le Petit Soldat*—starring Karina—Godard had purchased her from a nonfigurative painter for 4000 francs . . .

CUT TO GODARD IN THE RESTAURANT HASSLING A WAITER . . .

NARRATOR: Though she was to star in his later and more lucrative revolutionary epics, I felt only an unmitigated sympathy for her, because Godard was such a crazy man.

HERE GEGAUF ENTERS RESTAURANT, SPOTS GODARD, SEATS HIMSELF AT TABLE WITH THE UNSHAVEN GODARD AS THE NARRATION ROLLS ON . . .

GODARD: I've got to talk to you. I've got more trouble than you would believe. Anna has left again and it's going to end badly. Do me a favor. Go and talk with her.

GEGAUF: Well, what should I say to her?

GODARD: That's up to you. If she doesn't come back tomorrow, it's going to be a tragedy. A *tragedy*, Gégauf.

CUT TO APARTMENT OF ACTOR MAURICE RONET, WHERE ANNA KARINA WAS LIVING. ENTER GEGAUF, WHO CONVERSES WITH RONET WHILE KARINA DISHES UP SOME BALTIC HERRING.

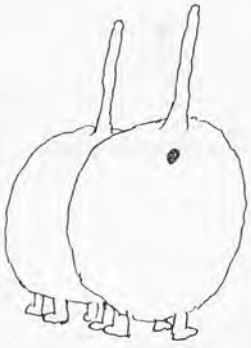
GEGAUF: Godard is stewing. He told me about Anna and you, and promised some sort of tragedy unless Anna comes back to him.

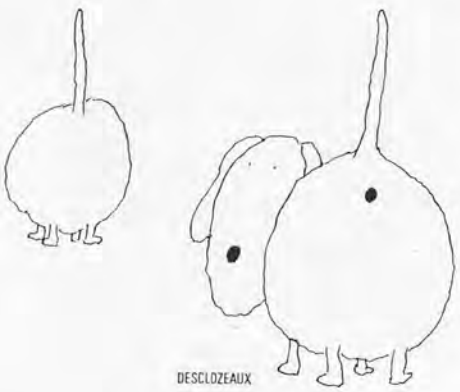
RONET: You're very kind to let me know how he feels, but what can I do?

GEGAUF: That's up to you. But there's a storm brewing in Godard. He can be the most courteous man in the world. The gentlest man in the world. And he can be the most violent. I've seen him try to stab a girl who wouldn't love him. I've seen him buy a hatchet to assassinate a movie producer.

RONET (*bemused*): I'll do what I can.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF GODARD'S APARTMENT ON THE RUE NICOLO. A FINE RAIN IS FALLING, SHUTTERS CLOSED. SILENCE. GEGAUF KNOCKS. KNOCKS AGAIN. GOES INTO THE GARDEN TO BANG ON A SHUTTER. HE HEARS A COUGH FROM INSIDE AND PLEADS FOR GODARD TO LET HIM IN. PRESENTLY THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND WE DO SEVERAL LONG, SLOW





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The Chance of a Lifetime

(See Page 119)

NEW WAVE LOWDOWN *"I've seen him try to stab a girl who wouldn't love him, and buy a hatchet to assassinate a movie producer."*

TAKES ON THE SPECTACLE THAT IS REVEALED:

GODARD LIES NUDE IN AN ENTIRELY RAVAGED ROOM . . .

THE PIANO HAS BEEN BASHED TO PIECES . . . GODARD HAS SAWED THE FEET OFF THE FURNITURE, TORN THE SHEETS, MANGLED THE ENGRAVINGS, TORN THE WALLPAPER, TORN THE CURTAINS, BROKEN THE WINDOWS, FLUNG INDIA INK ALL OVER THE CARPETS, SMASHED THE PORCELAIN VASES, KNOCKED THE HEADS OFF THE BUSTS . . .

CLOTHES ARE STREWN EVERYWHERE . . . EVERYTHING GODARD & KARINA OWN . . . IN TATTERS . . . SLEEVES CUT OFF . . . STREWN AMID THE GENERAL RUBBLE . . .

WE SEE ALL THIS IN TOTAL SILENCE. THEN GODARD SPEAKS . . .

GODARD: At any rate, it's an unfurnished apartment.

IN THE DIM LIGHT, KARINA HAS BEEN OBSCURED. WE SEE HER NOW, AT THE REAR OF THE ROOM, ENTIRELY NUDE, WEARING NOTHING BUT A TOP HAT. SHE IS DANCING NOISELESSLY ON A PLATFORM. FOR TWO HOURS SHE DOES HER LASCIVIOUS GAVOTTE, WHILE GODARD AND GEGAUF SIT THERE, CONSIDERING THE ROOM. IN OUR FILM, THIS IS CONDENSED TO LESS THAN A MINUTE, SEEN THROUGH A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES AND QUICK CUTS AND DIFFERENT ANGLES . . .

GODARD (*finally, to Gégauf*): I'd offer you a drink but there are no more glasses. Go buy us two raincoats, Paul, so we can leave.

CUT TO MALIBU, WHERE GEGAUF IS WORKING ON A FILM WITH VADIM. VADIM HAS JUST MET JANE FONDA, WHOSE HEAD, AT THIS POINT, IS BEREFT OF MARXIST IDEOLOGY. A GOOD BOURGEOIS AMERICAN GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE A GOOD WIFE AND WHO IS, AT THE SAME TIME, BEGINNING TO SEEK SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT . . .

FONDA (*talking to narrator—straight into the camera*): You're going to Nepal. I just got back. You've really got to go see the Chili Lama at Bodnat. On my behalf. He is a sage among sages. If you are respectful, if he discovers the spark within you, he will make another person of you.

CUT TO GEGAUF, LIKEWISE TALKING STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA . . .

GEGAUF: When I got to Nepal, I paid a visit to this holy man. He was counting dollars. *Salaams* on both sides. He offered me everything I could want. Ancient carpets, opium, Tibetan Buddhas. The next day he was taken away in chains for graft, theft of holy objects and the murder of a taxicab driver.

CUT TO MALIBU SCENE OF GEGAUF WAKING UP IN BED. BRUSHES TEETH. PULLS ON ROBE. IN LIVING ROOM HE DISCOVERS A DOZEN GIRLS. VADIM HAS CALLED THEM ON THE PRETEXT OF A TRY-OUT. (A LIE, OF COURSE.) IN THE CROWD IS AN EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL BLACK GIRL. SHE HAS COMPLETED HER INTERVIEW AND IS WAITING AROUND. GEGAUF, WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO, ASKS HER WHETHER SHE'D LIKE TO GO TO CHRISTIAN MARQUAND'S HOUSE, SIX MILES AWAY.

(*A description of the Marquand house*: AT THE END OF MALIBU, THE BEACH ENDS AT AN ENORMOUS JUTTING OF CLIFF WHICH FALLS PERPENDICULARLY INTO THE SEA. THE MARQUAND HOUSE PERCHES ON THE SUMMIT, WITH A PRIVATE TRAM PROVIDING ACCESS TO THE SEA.)

CAMERA SHOWS US THE REDWOOD-CONSTRUCTED MARQUAND HOUSE WITH ITS TREMENDOUS OCEAN VIEWS & SUNSHINE. INSIDE WE FIND MARLON BRANDO AND HALF A DOZEN PEOPLE WE DON'T KNOW. ONE OF THEM IS PREPARING SOME SORT OF MIXTURE WITH A MORTAR. PROBABLY IT'S A PEYOTE MIXTURE: SOME GREEN PASTE, BECAUSE WE SEE LITTLE BUDS. GEGAUF TAKES THREE SPOONFULS. TIME PASSES IN EVER-QUICKENING (AND STRANGE) TABLEAUX, AND EXACTLY 45 MINUTES LATER: YES, GEGAUF IS REALLY RIPPED! THE VERY TRUMPETS OF THE APOCALYPSE ARE SOUNDING IN HIS HEAD. WILD-LOOKING, GEGAUF RUSHES TO THE TERRACE, FOLLOWED BY THE BLACK GIRL, WHO HAS TAKEN THE SAME DOSE. IT IS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON AND THE HEAT IS OVERWHELMING, OPPRESSIVE.

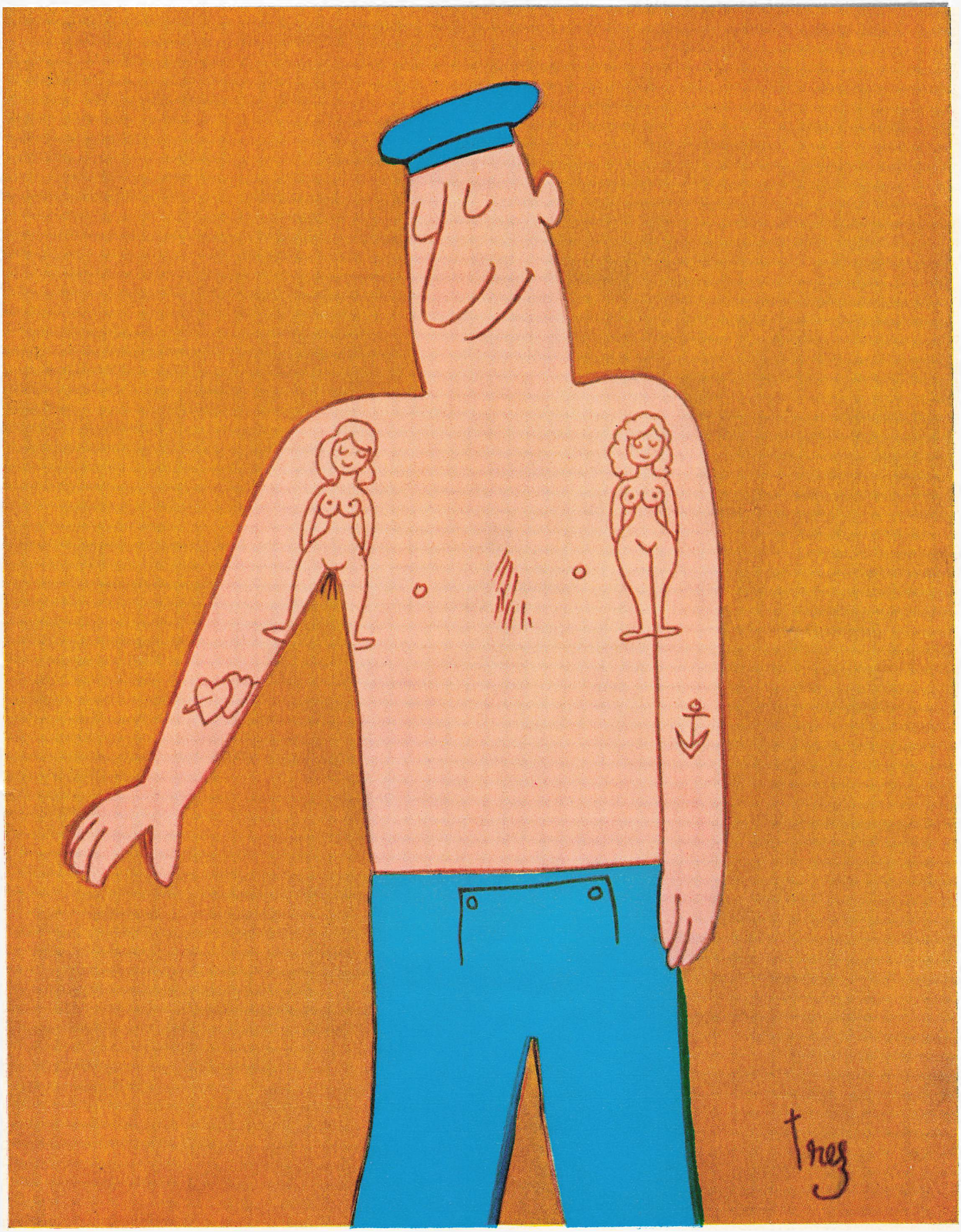
GEGAUF: Why don't we borrow the tram and take a dip in the Pacific.

BRANDO (*entering quickly to catch them before they split*): Be careful. Don't screw around on the beach. It's full of police helicopters looking for nudists and heads.

GEGAUF AND THE BLACK GIRL ARRIVE ON THE BEACH, UTTERLY STONED, OBVIOUSLY HOT TO MAKE LOVE. THEY START FUCKING IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME DESERTED DUNES. THEIR LOVING IS ACCOMPANIED IN PERFECT TIME BY A LONE GUITAR. THEN THE GUITAR IS IMPERCEPTIBLY SUPPLANTED BY HELICOPTER SOUNDS, THE ROTORS WHOPPING THROUGH THE AIR. GEGAUF AND THE GIRL BOTH SEE THE HELICOPTER SUSPENDED OVER THEM, BUT SHE SMILES AND THEY KEEP ON FUCKING DETERMINEDLY. HELICOPTER-WHIPPED SAND BEATS ON THEM. LOOKING UP AGAIN, GEGAUF SPOTS THE LARGE BLUE EMBLEM ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE HELICOPTER:

THE SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

ENTER NARRATOR'S VOICE: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NEW WAVE *"Don't screw around on the beach. It's full of cops."*

NARRATOR/GEGAUF (*as we watch him continuing to ball the girl*): I'm still not sure how long that helicopter stayed . . . But its departure coincided with the end of our efforts . . .

FOLLOWING NARRATION SAYS WHAT'S HAPPENING ONSCREEN . . .

NARRATOR: . . . We went back to the tram, and when we came over the last dune we saw an enormous crowd of at least 3000 people, every one of them with sunglasses. Marquand's terrace was also filled with spectators. Crazily, I screamed: *What are they doing—were they all watching us*?

MARQUAND: No, not at the beginning at least. They came for the President.

GEGAUF: What President?

MARQUAND: Didn't you know about Johnson's visit?

NARRATOR/GEGAUF: Later, I found out that the helicopter above our dope-crazed fuck scene contained none other than Lyndon Baines Johnson, 36th President of the United States of America. To this day, nothing has eclipsed the feeling of pride that welled within me when I discovered that the most powerful man in the world had paused to watch an exhibition of my sexuality and approved of my performance.

CUT TO A 17TH CENTURY CHAPEL, WHERE GEGAUF STANDS BEHIND A HIGH PULPIT INTONING A DREARY MESSAGE THAT WE CANNOT HEAR OVER THE SWOONING ORGAN MUSIC. WE PAN BACK FROM THE PULPIT AND SEE THAT THERE ARE NO LESS THAN 13 OPEN CASKETS IN FRONT OF HIM. HE IS DELIVERING A SORT OF MASS EULOGY WHICH WE CAN ALMOST HEAR, BUT NOT QUITE . . .

THE CAMERA TAKES US CLOSER TO EACH CASKET TO LOOK AT THE FACES OF THE DEAD AS THE GARBLED SOUNDTRACK DRONES ON . . .

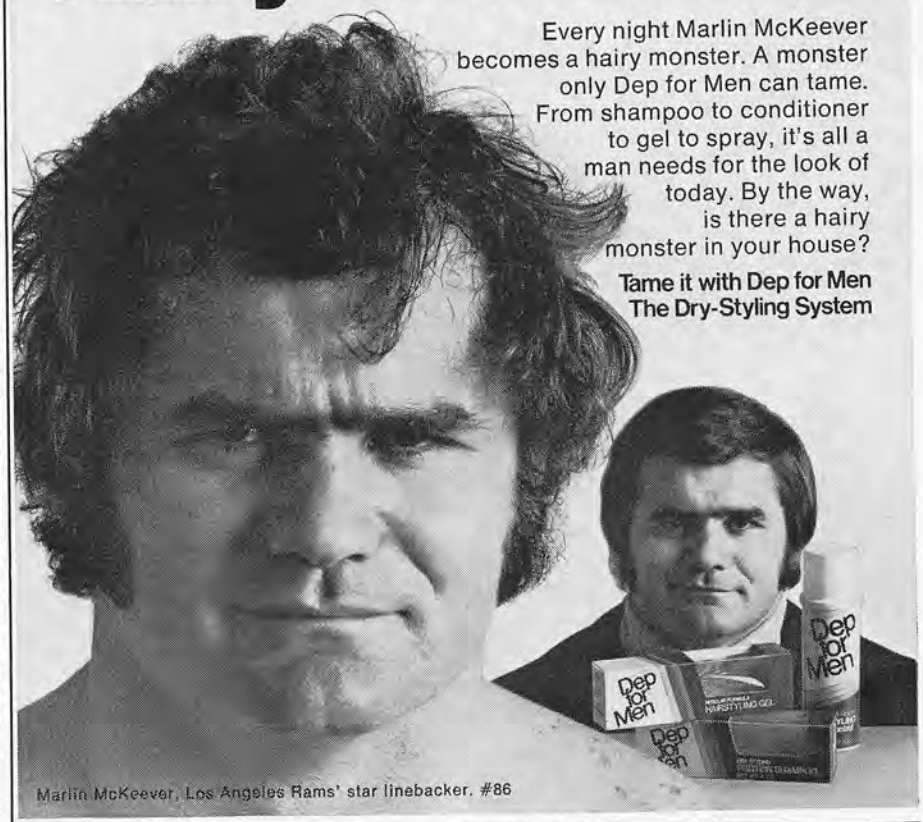
ROHMER . . . CHABROL . . . BRANDO . . . FONDA . . . VADIM . . . DENEUVE . . . STROYBERG . . . TRUFFAUT . . . GODARD . . . KARINA . . . KEKE . . . KOKO . . . THE BLACK GIRL WHO WAS BALLING GEGAUF IN LAST SCENE . . .

NARRATOR'S/GEGAUF'S VOICE BEGINS TO EMERGE MORE CLEARLY OUT OF THE SWARMING ORGAN SOUNDS. IT TURNS OUT THAT HE'S DELIVERING QUITE A TENDER EULOGY TO HIS OLD FRIENDS. HE SEEMS SOBERED BY EMOTION. BUT, AT THE END OF IT, WITHOUT CHANGING EXPRESSION IN ANY WAY, GEGAUF ADDS . . .

GEGAUF (*from the pulpit*): . . . But fond as I was of all of them, they all double-crossed me . . . They cheated me . . . They were late . . . I had to wait for them . . . They were often unfeeling when I needed them . . . They stole my money . . . They cuckolded me . . .

BLACKOUT/THE END

Hairy Monster #86



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THE MAN WHO HAS (ALMOST) EVERYTHING *Thomas bases his rip-off philosophy on Sir Walter Scott's observation that what you own is what you can defend. Anyway, he likes a lot of neat stuff.*

(Continued from page 59) the ceiling of the second-floor bedroom. One wades through it rather than walks, and along the way encounters everything: gallons of a rust-removing compound, hand-tooled knives hanging from the walls, a quick-sorting manual punch-card filing/research system, two metal desk organizers and framed and thumbtacked prints, both pornographic and poignant, culled from the over $12,000 worth of periodicals and books taken in the last ten years. The pictures, clippings, magazines and books cover the house like Sherwin-Williams covers the earth, and the suggestion of take-your-own-chair-if-you-want-to-sit was not merely a mild joke as I had at first assumed.

"The house," Thomas says, "is like a cave in the south of France that has maybe eight or ten layers of human culture from Paleolithic through Neolithic and early Bronze in sort of random drifts." He kicked his way through a pile of leather-bound corporation law volumes and moved on. "When I go looking for something, I won't find it three times out of ten, but I'll find something I forgot I had, like the asphalt paving compound. Neat stuff."

Ten minutes later we surfaced from the basement and took our places on the patio as the sun dipped slowly below the trees. Thomas sat with his hands together, his back toward the house and an unerring eye on the road.

"People," he suddenly said, "who consider themselves somewhat liberated from the bulk of the moral dogmas of their fathers are a strange lot. They'll drop God, say, and then should drop the ten commandments. But they won't do that. They'll pick and choose. 'Well, I'll commit adultery, but I won't bear false witness.' That's dumb. You drop one, you drop them all. If one doesn't make any sense, none of them makes sense. The notion that their instincts, their beautiful insides, can tell them which of these moral imperatives that they've been brought up on are the ones they ought to hang on to is palpable nonsense to me. It's a kind of stupid arrogance people have in trusting their feeling. You know, deep down inside I'm beautiful, and when I'm really acting out of the center of me, I do everything right. Honestly, now." He paused and took a long look at his house in the darkening shadows. He laughed to himself and again turned back to me.

"Kiss the hand you cannot sever!" He picked up a plastic mailing tube from an Eastern insurance company. The tube contained a small plastic bottle in which you are supposed to put a urine sample or some other liquid and mail it off, postage paid. The insurance company mails back the analysis.

"I once sent for a five-year subscription to *Saturday Review*, but something so incensed me in the first issue I received that I immediately wrote them a letter blasting them, and demanded that my subscription be canceled. A month later I received a check in the mail for the full amount of the five-year subscription price, minus the cost of one issue." He shook his head. "Sir Walter Scott, in *Rob Roy*, noted that what you own is what you can defend. There's nothing more to property than that. What you can acquire and defend is what you own, and that's it. As soon as someone is able to take something away from you, well, it didn't belong to you." He rolled the plastic tube in his hands. "They're idiots, those corporations and weird little businesses. They've got so much crap through overproduction that they've got to get rid of it. I don't need it either, but it's fun to get stuff in the mail. It's fun to accumulate material possessions, *if* you don't have to be responsible for them. I mean, if I had to pay for all those things, it wouldn't be any fun. I'd be responsible for them. But I can't help wanting all that stuff. They try to make themselves interesting, don't they? They go to great lengths to titillate my interest, and I have no sales resistance. I'm just like everybody else. So they deserve me. They got me interested in crap I normally wouldn't be interested in. It only makes sense that I should have all *this*." His arm, gesturing toward the yard and house, swept the air in front of him. "After all, you do remember what Sitting Bull's motto was, don't you?"

No, I didn't.

Thomas leaned his great girth forward in the calm of the late afternoon. His eyes were dark, and he tapped me on the chest with a thick knuckle.

"*There is more!* Never forget that. There is more." —*J.R. Young*

Shirley's Fables

Shirley took it pretty hard. She really loved Cecil, so you can imagine her surprise when this nice man from Milwaukee showed up and spent a lot of time persuading her to Do What Was Best for Everybody. She couldn't go home because They Would Never Understand.

She got a job as a waitress. The tips were good. At night she took drama classes and, much to her surprise, she had Talent—or so her teachers and fellow students said. They soon urged her on to Bigger and Better Things. When she got a small part in a new musical, she quit her job. Unfortunately, the play folded.

Times were hard, and jobs were scarce. Things went from bad to worse. In her depression, Shirley decided to go so far away that nothing bad could ever happen to her again. She picked the North Pole as her destination. Where she got her equipment no one knows. How she made her way through the treacherous passes and ice floes is also a mystery. But when the rescue party found her nearly frozen body beside an American flag at the very hub of the planet, on the precise spot that had eluded so many great explorers, her dying words were: "A polar expedition is one of the cleanest and most isolated ways to have a bad time the world has ever devised."

Cecil secretly loved Shirley; you knew that all along, didn't you? His heart was broken when she disappeared completely.

Lawson Little

Following his natural inclination, Cecil hit the bars, where he talked at length with anyone who would listen and listened at length to anyone who would talk. In this manner he met, among others, a woman who kept her poodle in the freezer next to the ground round, an Indian with a glass eye, a midget who knew whole passages of Dante by heart and a printer with a foolproof system to beat the horses.

Cecil thought this stuff was too good to keep to himself and so he started a newspaper, which flourished. During the course of his life, he had the First Amendment tattooed on his body in a dozen strategic places so he could never forget it, and when he was a very old man he told the world, "The real reason we have been able to champion free speech in this country, as somebody before once said, is hardly anybody has anything to say and no one will listen to anyone that has." —*S.N.*

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CIA'S SUPERPILOTS *The men who fly for Air America are not modest men; they are often openly critical of regular U. S. Air Force fliers. AA airmen say, for example, that they really earn their pay.*

(Continued from page 88) they were phased out by other branches of the military in favor of the more powerful helicopters such as the Slicks, Hueys, Cobras, Jolly Greens and Super Jolly Greens—the litany of new whirlybird nicknames.

Although there is a good deal of *esprit de corps* among Air America pilots, who are proud of their status as civilians, there are noticeable differences that are more than generational between two groups—the older fixed-wing pilots who fly out of Vientiane and the helicopter pilots based at Udorn. From my conversation with Cunningham, my impression is that Air America management is partial to the Vietnam veterans.

One chopper pilot said: "The older pilots resent us. We're younger, but we've had more combat experience. We've been to college and they haven't. have in ten. But I think what really gripes them is that we have good lives a couple of years than the older pilots Some of us have saved more money in to look forward to in the States, and they're stuck with the greatest collection of whores from Seoul to Calcutta for wives. No wonder they can't go home."

Blue-Kini

They still can't get enough American blue jeans in Europe. There are exporters making easy cash by shipping worn-out jeans to rich and poor Europeans alike. And they use every teensy scrap, shred and patch. Very thrifty. Even bitsy bikinis. They're cheap, quite sturdy, and you get an incredible tan.

Many of the younger pilots see Air America as the best flying job around because it offers them the opportunity to save a lot of money quickly. Several men said they had a goal of $100,000 in the bank or invested, and when they reach that goal, they will quit and go home. Most pilots don't object to being called mercenaries. One man said: "Sure, we're mercenaries. We're civilian mercenaries. We're like a good pro football team. It doesn't need a cheering section to win. And we don't need your American public behind us because we're the first team. We win."

A flight mechanic said he did not mind being called a mercenary but resented Americans back home and journalists who pointed a finger of shame at Air America. "I make money off the war," he said. "But look at your journalists and your television networks and the man who sells the peace buttons and posters. They're all making money off the war. I've got a brother-in-law who criticizes me for 'working for the CIA.' But what does he do? He works for a company with a big defense contract. At least I'm not a hypocrite. I'm over here for one thing—the big green."

The point Air America pilots make about money is that they aren't overpaid. A fixed-wing pilot in Vientiane said: "I've been flying for Air America in Laos for ten years, and in all that time I've never backed up to a paycheck. I've earned every cent of it. We all do." A chopper pilot said: "The Air Force people say we earn too much money, but based on flying time, they get more than we do. They cross that river once or twice a month and pick up combat pay for a couple of hours in Laos. We're out there day after day, 70 hours a month."

Although station manager Cunningham says journalists have exaggerated the rivalry between Air America and the Air Force, his pilots are openly critical of the performance of Air Force pilots in Laos, who supposedly have superior equipment but a much lower rate of assignment completion. A chopper pilot at Udorn told me of a rumor among Air Force people that Air America pilots receive a $1000 bonus for every downed Air Force pilot they pick up. "I see a Jolly Green down," he said, "and I figure he's an American, and I'll stick my neck out any day in the week to pick him up. But I don't get a cent for that, and it burns me up that I can't come back and walk into his Officers' Club to buy a hamburger."

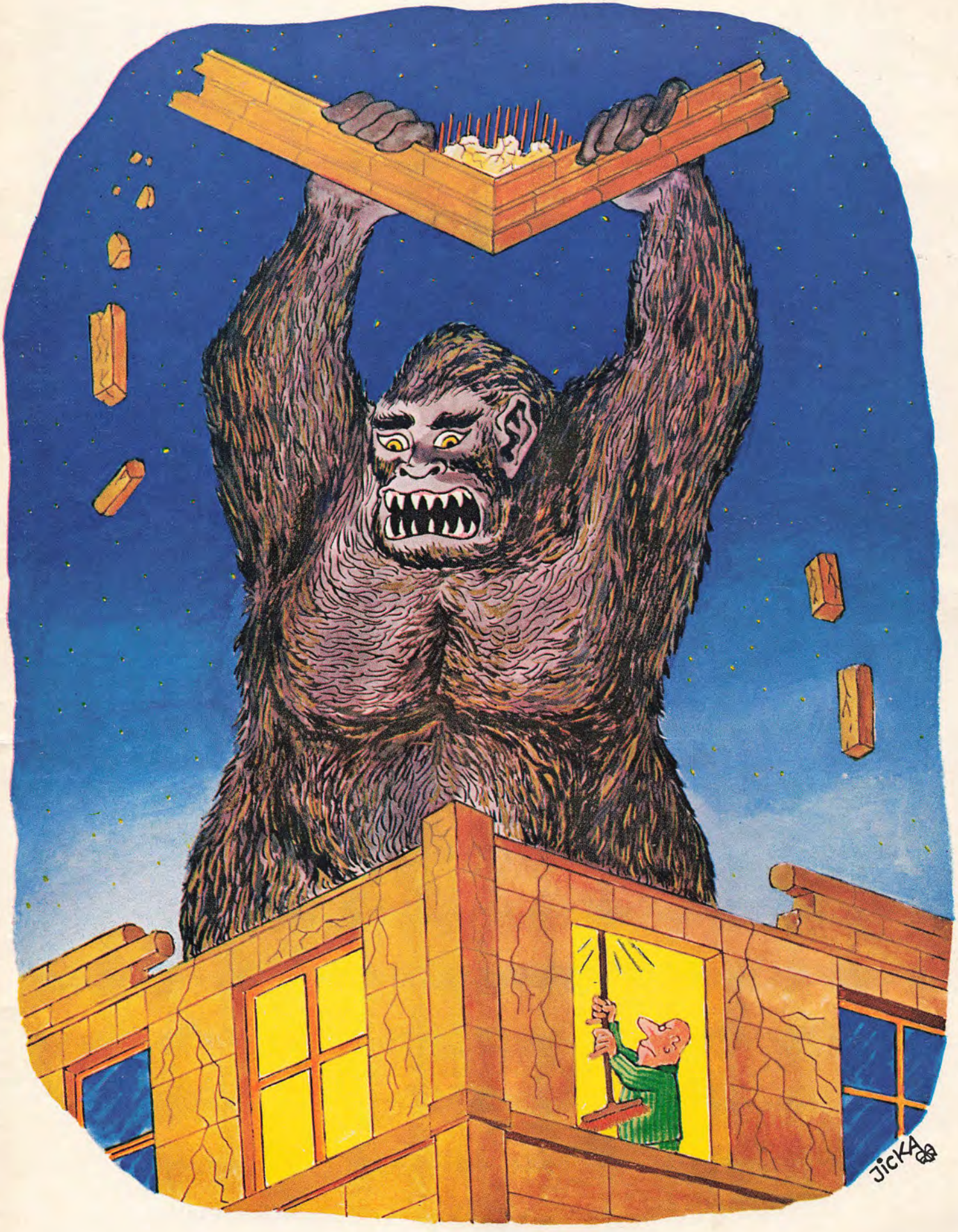
Air America does not seek publicity for its rescues—or for anything else—but its pilots seem to resent the public hoopla when the Air Force accomplishes a rescue mission. A chopper pilot said: "I was a half hour away from some downed airmen one day and couldn't get clearance to go in for them. The Air Force wanted to make its own rescue. Well, it took them 24 hours, and then there was a big story in the papers. They probably put on their monkey suits and threw a party at the Officers Club to celebrate. But if I'd gone in, it would have taken two hours, and nobody would have said a word for Air America."

The pilots who fly for Air America are not modest men. They say they're the best in the world, and it's probably true that they are the best in Laos—for good reason. They have been flying there for years and know every mountain and dirt runway in the country. The Air Force pilots are usually on one-year tours and spend far less time across the river. And the military pilots are allowed mistakes; Air America pilots are not. The company is apparently less concerned with a pilot's mental health than with his ability to perform in the aircraft. One pilot's wife said: "We have a few sickies over here. There's one pilot who likes to beat up on the women he sleeps with. He nearly killed a prostitute last year. A female officer tried to bring charges against him, but it was hushed up. I've talked to my husband about him and he says the company keeps him on for one reason—he's a good pilot." Since 1970, seemingly under pressure, Air America has hired 15 Thai pilots and one Laotian pilot, all regarded by the Americans as inferior in ability. Generally, pilots are scheduled to fly in teams with the senior man in command; the Asian pilots fly either together or with an American who has more seniority.

I recently spent some time in Udorn with an Air America helicopter pilot who had reached the financial goal he had set for himself and was returning to his home in San Diego.

"Air America pilots are no different from any other pilots," he said. "They're all about 60 percent crazy. And then you've got a lot of Marines here, too. A psychiatrist made a study of Marine officers and found that 74 percent of them were mentally unbalanced. Not so that they couldn't function. Just *kind* of crazy. They need to prove themselves. It had something to do with their mothers."

Another problem, he said, is that I was seeing the pilots at play, not at work. "These guys get their asses shot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off six days a week, then come back and get hammered and act like fools. Maybe it's because they are basically egotists. You've got the guy with no education who had some brains, so the military taught him to fly and now he thinks he's pretty smart. Then you've got the guy who's been to college and became a pilot, and he really knows he's smart. So you've got a pretty smart bunch of guys around here."

An Air America pilot's wife with whom I talked on several occasions also discussed the men—but in somewhat more flattering terms. "These men are good at what they do," she said. "They're professional and in good physical condition. They work hard and they play hard. They're young and strong and their masculinity is important to them. They aren't intellectuals or particularly cultured; but they're smart and quick, and physically, they're an elite group."

Another woman told me the Air America job allowed many pilots to "prove themselves as men." Her husband, an ex-Marine, had tried once to work for a large corporation where he was told not to wear a yellow shirt or to try any "Marine rough stuff on the employees—they're union." She said: "The jobs in the States, even the flying jobs, are emasculating. Here, I know my husband is taking a lot of risks and I worry about him, but I wouldn't have it any other way. I know how important his manhood is to him."

There have been numerous helicopter crashes, but in the past two years, only some ten Air America pilots have been killed, a remarkable record considering the time they put in and the dangers involved. In nearly every case, the pilots killed were flying single-engine Porters that experienced mechanical failures or crashed into mountains in bad weather. In June, however, Air America lost its only black helicopter pilot. A Vietnam vet from Los Angeles, he was hit in the head by enemy fire while attempting to land on a mountaintop in Laos.

As to frequent reports in the press of clandestine flights into China by Air America pilots for the CIA, sources in Vientiane say those flights were halted before Nixon's visit to China. Other reports have said Air America aircraft were involved in the transportation of opium and heroin out of northern Laos. The implication is that the CIA, using Air America pilots and planes, is —or has been—in the drug business. Air America pilots told me that some of their planes may have been used to transport opium, but that the purpose was not to finance CIA activities. One pilot said: "What people don't understand is that there are thousands of people in Laos who depend on the sale of opium for their living. It's their only cash crop. If the CIA bought opium from them and Air America carried it out, it was to keep it from reaching the world market." In the strange and complicated context of Laos, this explanation seems plausible. Another pilot said: "If you want to know who's transporting opium and heroin out of the country of Laos, I'd suggest you take a look at the Laotian military aircraft, not at Air America's planes."

I read a memorandum sent to helicopter pilots that described a fairly typical Air America assignment for the CIA. It was dated January 19, 1972, and signed by John D. Ford, an Air America official in Udorn. The memo provided information based on a recent trip by helicopter crews to Changwat Nan—code-named T509—a town in northern Thailand near the Laotian border, where anti-government guerrilla activity has increased substantially in the past year. It gave instructions for future medical evacuation missions and described some problems in radio communications. Security in the area was described as good, "with many soldiers around," but pilots were warned not to leave any valuables in the aircraft, because the Thai soldiers "will nose around at night." The pilots also were apprised of the location of the town's best hotel, a facility without hot water, but for four dollars a night extra, air conditioning was available. The memo alerted pilots that local merchants would not accept U. S. dollars and that Western influence in the area was "negligible." The people, however, were "pleasant' and the food "clean."

Before making my first trip to Udorn, a pilot in Vientiane cautioned me to be careful because "it's another ball game over there, and they don't like people snooping around."

Station manager Cunningham earlier had suggested that I make no attempt to contact his counterpart in Udorn, Clarence J. Abadie, who is "gun shy when it comes to publicity." Abadie, an ex-Marine helicopter pilot, has been with Air America for 12 years but station manager for less than two. He is unpopular with the pilots he supervises. They call him "a very uptight man." Local graffito says "Clarence Abadie reads *Ramparts*." I attempted to reach Abadie by telephone but couldn't get through to him. Two pilots refused to carry to Abadie's mailbox a letter requesting an interview. One said: "If you know what's good for you, you'll leave that man alone. That place is a hornet's nest."

During nearly a month in Udorn, I visited the air base five times. Thai soldiers guard the entrances and, as a rule, they do not challenge any Westerner attempting to enter. For identification I presented either a U. S. passport or an expired New York State driver's license. A pilot told me that American Express cards also work well. On my first day in the city, I spent two hours talking with pilots in the Air America compound that includes a large hangar, terminal, office buildings, restaurant, bar and swimming pool. A week later, I was asked to leave when I attempted to enter that compound. A pilot, who has since resigned from Air America, was warned about the security implications of assisting me in Udorn. He said: "You've got to understand what security means here. It doesn't have anything to do with the enemy. The North Vietnamese know everything we're doing. They're not the problem. The security Air America is concerned about is being secure from the scrutiny of the American people." —*Anne Darling*

White Shoes

I once went out with a man who wore white shoes in the summer, and since he was a critic and he took me to Los Angeles while he critiqued whatever it was that he critiqued, I thought it was all really cool. And somehow, the white shoes were the one thing about him that represented how really cool he was. They were kind of like Gucci shoes in the days before everybody (Thom McAn even) was knocking off Gucci shoes. Put you above the crowd, so to speak.

But recently, I've been seeing the weirdest dudes wearing these same white shoes, and they don't turn me on at all. You know, guys like rug and linoleum salesmen from Akron in town for the linoleum convention (the rug conventions come around Christmas so you can go to another city). When these guys wear these shoes in a dark cocktail lounge (and they're always in dark cocktail lounges, because these are the only places you can really *snow* a girl with how romantic it all is), they look pretty silly. Because all you can see is their little white feet, pitty-patty across the rug. Kind of like Santa's helpers. Or maybe elves. —*C.T.*

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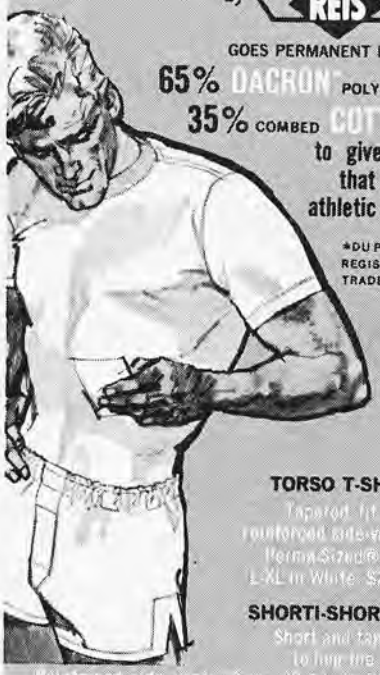
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MARLON BRANDO *"The best actors of our time are the politicians. They talk in such a smooth manner, you can't help believing them."*

(Continued from page 74) was interested then because the director I had came to me two weeks before the production was due to start and said: "I don't know what the story's about." And I said: "It's about $350,000 that we've already spent." I tried to find another director, but I couldn't, so I ended up doing it myself.

OUI: It seems you often end up doing things you had not quite planned.

BRANDO: Yeah, well, it was sort of inevitable. I was thrown out of school when I was 15. I was behind in school and I didn't know what I wanted to do. I had no training for anything. I stumbled into acting and I was lucky, I found one job after another and . . . well, that's the way it happened.

OUI: Are you still interested in acting?

BRANDO: I don't think I ever was interested in it. It paid me a good salary—that was important. But now I think I can use what otherwise might be a vulgar notoriety for a useful purpose.

OUI: Like making this Indian documentary. Who is going to direct?

BRANDO: Peter Watkins, who made a documentary for the BBC called *The War Game*. It was about what could possibly happen in the event of a nuclear attack on England. Did you see it? No? Well, it was so devastating that the BBC would not allow it to be shown because there was some talk at the time about installing nuclear warheads in Scotland and northern England.

OUI: Are you planning other projects?

BRANDO: Well, I would like in some way to promote knowledge of Jane Goodall's experiments with chimpanzees in Africa. I would also like to make films showing aspects of life we do not ordinarily see. For instance, you might be perfectly willing to sit over there and talk to me, knowing that in Vietnam children's faces are being burned by napalm bombs. Because it is a distant reality, you don't really feel involved. But if Nixon or Johnson could not have solved the Vietnamese problem except by killing 50,000 children on the other side of this room with a shotgun, you most probably would not have allowed them to do it. I don't think our leaders would be able to do it. When you bring reality to people, they sometimes think differently about things they take for granted.

OUI: Do you think that is all it takes?

BRANDO: No. It is very sad, but I don't think we have much perspective, we have no sense of propriety and justice. Even when faced with the facts of our own sins, we deny our guilt. We do not believe America can be wrong.

OUI: Why do you say that?

BRANDO: You see, during the Calley trial we were really being put to the test. Most Americans did not want to have Calley convicted. But everybody wanted to have the Nazis killed. They brought Tojo to trial, and they even convicted some Italians after the Second World War. But when it comes to America, somehow it is different. We are just like the people of West Pakistan who will not think of bringing Yahya Khan to trial for what he did in Bangladesh. America doesn't want to prosecute Nixon or Johnson or Westmoreland or Rusk or McNamara. We don't ever want to be wrong.

OUI: You seem to be very interested in politics. Have you ever considered going into it?

BRANDO: It's the same racket. I think the best actors of our time are the politicians. They get on television and they talk to you in such a smooth, sincere manner that you can't help believing them. Their technique is perfect. Many of them even have professional drama coaches to teach them how to deliver their lines convincingly.

OUI: If you had some important political message to convey, would you do it as a speech on television or would you make a film about it?

BRANDO: Movies are just movies. Television is far more effective as a persuasive medium.

OUI: There are some political movies around and more are being made. Do you think they have any effect?

BRANDO: I think it is very important that such films be made. For instance, United Artists is doing two films with Communist directors. I'm not a Communist, and I've never been a member of any political party, but I think it is important for us to approach the Communist point of view with some intelligence and say: "Well, what is he really trying to say?" I also think that the Communists have an obligation to look at the capitalist system and say: "What are they really all about?"

OUI: Do you mean we should try to know where other people stand?

BRANDO: Yeah, we're all human. We all live the same life, play the same game. The rules might be different and we might do things a little differently, but we must exchange ideas. We must put aside our prejudices, whether capitalism, communism, anarchy, socialism or whatever, to find out what other people are doing and what they are trying to tell us.

OUI: You mentioned United Artists is doing two films . . .

BRANDO: One is directed by Gillo Pontocorvo, who is a Communist, and written by Franco Cellinas. It is a Marxist

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON MARIJUANA AND DRUG ABUSE REPORT, 1972

MYTH. Marijuana use leads to heroin.

FACT. "Marijuana use per se does not dictate whether other drugs will be used nor does it determine the rate of progression, if and when it occurs, or which drug might be used."

"Whether or not marijuana leads to other drugs depends on the individual, on the social and cultural setting in which the drug use takes place, and on the nature of the drug market. The fact should be emphasized that the overwhelming majority of users do not progress to other drugs."

MYTH. Marijuana use causes crime and aggressive behavior.

FACT. "In sum, the weight of evidence is that marijuana does not cause violent or aggressive behavior; if anything, marijuana generally serves to inhibit the expression of such behavior."

MYTH. Marijuana is addictive.

FACT. "In a word, cannabis (marijuana) does not lead to physical dependence."

MYTH. Marijuana users are societal 'drop outs.'

FACT. "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users — experimenters and intermittent users — is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

"Young people who choose to experiment with marijuana are fundamentally the same people, socially and psychologically, as those who use alcohol and tobacco."

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The Song and Dance Man from Old Galilee

Greaser's Palace is the third full-length film by director Robert Downey (*Putney Swope, Pound*). In it, Jesus Christ returns to earth by parachute, landing on the outskirts of a one-street Wild West town ruled with guffaws and gunplay by an obscene, mangy gang of brigands, the Greasers. This time around, the Saviour sports a quite sensible Jewish Afro and is dressed immaculately in a white hand-knit tie with a knot the width of a throat, pearl-gray pinstriped morning coat, zootsuit trousers with drooping watch chain and two-tone suede-and-patent pumps. He is moderately hip, if occasionally bewildered. "What *is* this?" He asks, "Where am I? What's going on down here?"

J. C., or Jesse, raises the dead and repairs the halt and blind with a fast laying on of hands and a groovy, "If you feel, you're healed!" He walks on water *con brio;* He skips on it; He turns cart wheels. His sermons are vague, for His heart is in show business. Cool.

The Greaser patriach, a Wild Bunch Godfather burdened with seven braces of pistols padlocked to his paunch, is impressed with the stranger's undeniable gifts, and J.C. is more than willing to render unto Greaser. His reward is a shot on-stage at Greaser's Palace Saloon, where the entire seedy populace watches His act in dismay: a valiant but clumsy soft-shoe-and-song, *J.C.'s Back in Town.* Just in time, He shows His trump, a fast exhibition of stigmata that brings down the house.

Our hero is underplayed beautifully by Larry Moyers in a charming blend of quizzicality, sincerity and hucksterism. Unfortunately, his fine moments are spaced far apart in a movie whose predominant traits are a studied hit-or-miss outrageousness that degenerates into sophomoric set-pieces (homosexual Mexican dwarf, amorous drag nun), an absence of unifying vision or taste and a tendency to overreach, which make for a grotesque imbalance in mood. One moment Greaser is in his outhouse tower gamely attempting to defecate to the accompaniment of a mariachi band—not really a side-slapping sequence, but apparently humorously intended. Suddenly the camera is watching a woman crawling pitifully across a desert, besieged by arrows and rifle bullets that tear her flesh with exploding squibs of gratuitous gore. "Heavy," determined Downeyites may murmur, but in context it seems not Significant but simply Ugly. *Greaser's Palace* does contain one indelible image: the surreal Messiah hanging on the cross in that elegant Big-Bopper tuxedo. Poster sales should be tremendous. —*T.N.*

BRANDO *"In a funny way, I never was an actor."*

view of history. The other film is being done by Bernardo Bertolucci. He is a supremely talented and unique individual who wants to achieve something. He does not care about the glamor of films: he uses them to carry a very personal message and he does not care whether he makes a lot of money or not.

OUI: It's doubtful that United Artists shares his sentiments about not caring for money.

BRANDO: Of course, United Artists is a capitalist organization intent on making money, but at the same time I think they were very brave to have produced these two films—there are easier ways of making money. They risk a great deal with their stockholders. I'm sure they'd have a great deal of trouble if some of their stockholders realized United Artists was financially supporting confirmed Communists to make films expressing the Communist point of view.

OUI: Don't you think this liberalism is rather opportunistic?

BRANDO: You might be right. But unless one knows these producers, you couldn't say whether they are exploiting a new fad or whether they are supporting something because they truly believe in it.

OUI: Is this the first time a commercial film company made films about controversial political subjects?

BRANDO: Well, I do know Xerox once made some documentaries which were extremely unpopular at the time—about the United Nations. Most people seemed to think the UN was no more than a huge organization full of spies over on Manhattan's East Side. But Xerox did its bit. They went out on a limb because they believed Americans needed to be informed about the true nature and function of the UN.

OUI: And you think United Artists is sincere about its venture?

BRANDO: Well, it has always been known as a fairly liberal company. Max Youngstein, the founder, gave money to SNCC and Stokely Carmichael.

OUI: We have not discussed your future plans as an actor. Because of all your projects and interests, you probably don't have much time. But after *The Godfather* you must have had numerous offers, although you'll have little time to be an actor.

BRANDO: In a funny way, I never really was—I never was an actor. I suppose I never really knew what I wanted to do, or what was possible for me to do, so I acted. It takes one a certain number of years to realize something . . . to know what you want to do.

OUI: You mean——

BRANDO: Yeah, I do. I think that as a straight actor, I just—I think I'm coming to the end.

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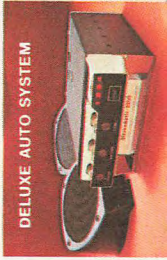

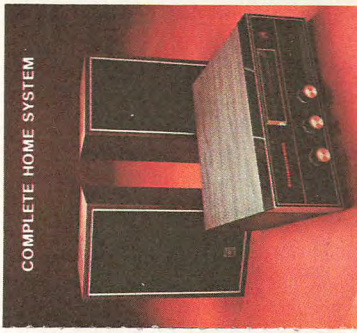

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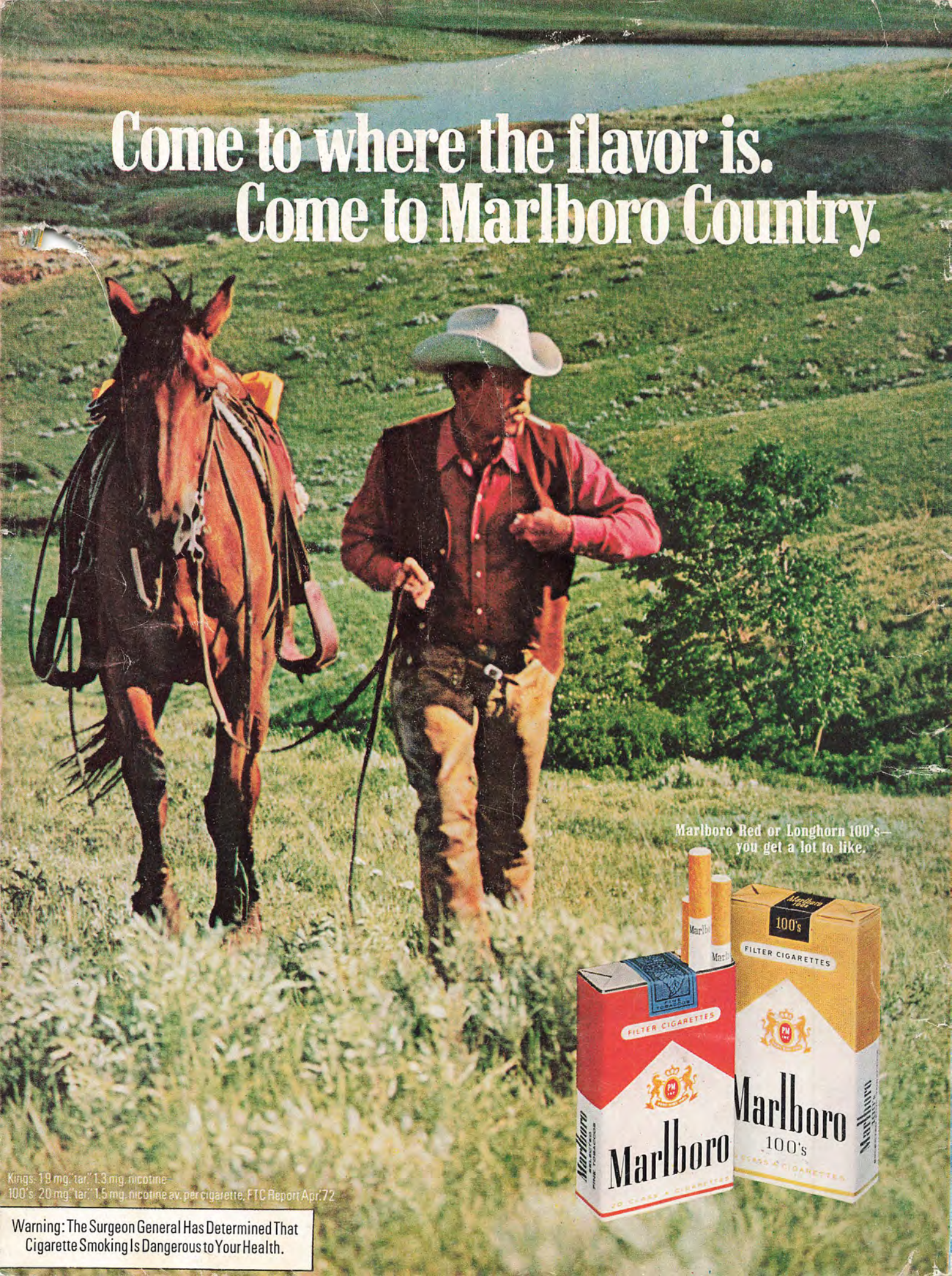

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